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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.
Perseverance and audacity generally win.
To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.
That 'oss a common would not make
My own less bitter; rather more;
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.

—Tenayson.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.

Minds that have nothing to confer, find little to perceive.

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Oh, God, how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blest decree
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And naught shut out the soul from thee.

—Eliza Cook.

Persecution is not wrong because it is cruel, but cruel because it is wrong.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear; robes and fine furs hide all.

The miser is as much in want of that which he has, as of that which he has not.

It is easy enough for one man to bear another's misfortunes like a Christian.

We should not judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but how they use them.

Of this alone is even God deprived—the making that which is past never to have been.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates and wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.

Wer I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man.

—Watts.

It is an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of means to avoid it.

It is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

To him who has thought or done, or suffered much, the level days of his childhood seem at an immeasurable distance.

All papas and mammas have exactly that sort of sight which distinguishes objects at a distance clearly, while they need spectacles to see those under their very noses.

A Few Words by the Editor

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

—Longfellow.

AMERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all! For hundreds of years this greeting has passed from man to man, and for hundreds of years it will continue to pass, without ever losing one whit of its cheeriness and sincerity. There is something about Christmas that draws every atom of goodness in man's nature to the surface, and makes him a little nearer to what God intended him to be than he ever was before. On Christmas day, the whole world prostrates itself before the manger of Bethlehem. All Christendom focuses its attention on the little town that was the birthplace of the Christ child. All over the world they are singing to-day these immortal lines of Phillips Brooks:

Oh, little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee, tonight.

And thus the years roll on, Christmas after Christmas, and more and more with every passing year, humanity needs the inspiration of Christmas to cheer it on its way, and to sweeten the struggle of life with the feeling of human brotherhood, and the hope of that eternal happiness which comes to mankind from the manger of that little far-away town in distant Palestine. Some day, the Christmas spirit, with its "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," will not be reserved for one day of the year only, but will be continued to the whole 365. Can you imagine what a grand and glorious world this would be if every human face retained the Christmas smile, and every human heart the Yule Tide spirit all the year round? George William Curtis says: "In every age some have believed the Christmas spirit to be the ideal, and possible spirit that will prevail eventually in all human society," so your editor is not alone in his ideas upon this subject. Get the Christmas spirit in your hearts then, through all the days of your life other men may become inspired with that same spirit, and follow your example. If every human soul thrilled with this spirit of brotherhood and good fellowship, mankind would again hear the angels singing in the Heavens above, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill towards men."

With the passing of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the Confederacy has lost another figure that went to make up its brief and stirring history. Mrs. Davis at the ripe age of eighty has gone to join the heroes of the lost cause, in the courts above. A stirring life was hers, and she happily lived to see the day when every vestige of bitterness between North and South had been wiped away, and blue and gray were united under the flag that we love so well. Mrs. Davis, in that sphere to which she has passed, will find both Federal blue and Confederate gray, side by side, even as they are here. The differences that once estranged them are now forgotten, and Confederates and Federalists have but one aim, and that is to uphold the honor and dignity of the flag, and to keep our country at the head of the nations of the world.

Blow bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, West, North and South let the long quarrel cease;

Sing the song of great joy, that the angels began,

Sing of glory to God, and of goodwill to man!

—Whittier.

In making Cuba pay the whole of the costs of the military intervention, that brought peace between the warring factions in that island is good sound common sense. To go out and thresh your neighbor, and have your neighbor come out and thresh you, is no doubt lots of fun for people who like that kind of fun; but when every episode of this kind brings a costly bill, which the belligerent parties must settle, they will probably find some way of coming to an agreement without fighting. Had the Cubans known they were to foot the bills for their latest "set to," they would not have embarked on their recent mix up with any very great enthusiasm, in fact they would have been wise enough to have kept out of it. There is nothing like a good stiff fine for making a man behave himself, especially if that man has none too much ready cash. There will be no more need for military intervention in the Pearl of the Antilles now that Uncle Sam has adopted this device of settling the costs of pugilism upon the pugilists.

King of the soil! bear in mind
Your labor is for future hours,
Advance! spare not! nor look behind!
Plow deep and straight with all your powers!

—Richard Hengist Horne.

The wonders of science cease not. Dr. Sajous of Philadelphia, before the Medical Association of Greater New York, has just discussed his great experiments with andrenalin, which he has recently discovered. By the use of this great compound, a headless dog was kept alive for ten hours. Nothing so potent in retaining life in the body after respiration and appearance of life has ceased has ever been discovered. Andrenalin opens up a vast life-saving field for physicians and surgeons. People who have been in the water for some hours, and are to all intents and purposes dead from drowning, have now a chance of being revived, as andrenalin will keep life in the body, until the water can be expelled from the lungs and natural respiration restored. By experimenting on animals, this fact has been positively proved. There is a substance present in the lungs which absorbs oxygen from the air. This substance, according to Dr. Sajous, is found in the adrenal glands in the regions of the kidneys, hence the name andrenalin.

This is the final issue of COMFORT for 1906, and our last meeting for this year. We thank you for all your favors for the twelve months that have now almost passed, and we hope in the year approaching to still further win your confidence and appreciation, and merit your esteem and regard. You will notice one thing about COMFORT—it never deteriorates. We do not have a good number one month, and a poor one the next, as do many other publications. Our progress is steady and constant. It is ever "Onward and Upward," as far as we are concerned, and that you appreciate this fact is

very evident from the tens of thousands of letters that tell us that COMFORT is not only good, but it grows better all the time, so you evidently do appreciate the fact that we are not standing still, but are ever progressing. It is not always easy to keep departments up to the highest pitch of perfection. Writers and literary people have their off days, and you hear readers remarking, "So and So is not as good as he used to be," and "such and such a person does not write as well as he used to do once upon a time." However, we do not think anyone can say this of any of our departments, which never deteriorate, but continually improve in quality and excellence. This improvement will go on through the coming year, and we not only hope to retain the millions of readers we already have, but to gain millions of more friends and admirers before another year has run its course. Those who have not renewed their subscriptions for 1907 should do so immediately, as directly your subscriptions run out, your paper stops. We absolutely do not send the paper after the time of payment has expired, so if you do not want to miss the splendid stories, the superb music, and the other attractive features and departments of COMFORT, which make it an ideal home and family magazine, subscribe now, and at once. You will feel badly next year when you find it costs 25 cents to renew or subscribe for a year when you know you might have taken advantage of this low 15-cent rate during December. Remember, there is no better Christmas present than COMFORT. It is absolutely the best and cheapest gift in the world. This statement is undeniable, and it is a statement you would be the last to question, for you know COMFORT's value, and its worth, and you know its cost to you is out of all proportion to the pleasure it gives you, and the recreation and inspiration it brings into your life. It is, indeed, a COMFORT in every way, and millions of people have discovered that it is impossible to keep house without COMFORT. And so, dear friends, our parting word to you as we approach the threshold of the New Year, is to subscribe at once. If you have not already subscribed or renewed your subscription, do it now. And now, once more, on behalf of COMFORT, and all who comprise its staff and assist in its creation, I wish you the Merriest of Merry Christmases, and the Happiest of Happy New Years. Your friend,

Comfort's Editor.

Told around
the Stove.



Central West Fur Supply

"Some people may think that progress is pushing out all the original inhabitants," said the man with a coonskin vest on, "but there are good many of the old stock still on this side of the Mississippi, and the hunter who is looking for muskrats, raccoons, possums, foxes, and civet cats, with a mink and a weasel, or an otter now and then can find them in the state of Illinois, and other Middle West states in more or less profusion. During the last winter Illinois trappers were busier than in many years. One firm of dealers in Muscatine has been buying furs at the rate of \$3,000 a week, and there are pelt buyers all over the state who are doing nearly as much. It is said that trappers in Illinois will receive \$100,000 for furs this season. Iowa, Indiana and other states are doing about the same. Most of the catch is muskrat, but this is not very popular as their pelts bring only from 12 to 15 cents each. Skunks range from 50 cents to \$2.50 according to size and condition. Coon skins run from 50 cents to \$1.75, possum from 25 to 75, and red fox from \$1 to \$5. The scarcer the animal the higher the pelt, if its fur is any commercial value at all. It looks as if there might be money in the trapping business, with several hundred thousand dollars being distributed, but there are nearly as many farmer boys out with their guns and traps as there are dollars, and the result is that nobody gets very much out of it except the comparatively few dealers who buy the pelts."

American Homes

"According to the census of 1900," said the man who looked prosperous, "there are 16,239,797 families in the United States living in 14,474,777 dwellings, which shows that in some sections of the country there are a good many more than one family to a dwelling, as in some of the crowded cities where the poor are packed like chickens in a coop. There are 6,920,143 families living in their own homes, but there are mortgages on 2,180,229 of these, the others being free. Nearly eight and a half million families live in rented houses. Of those owning their own homes over five millions are native whites, and 372,444 are negroes. Over 48,000 Indians have homes of their own, and 2,274 Chinese and Japanese. The average size of the families is 4.7 persons. The density of the population is 25.6 persons to the square mile, with the greatest density in the District of Columbia, where it is 4,645.3, and the least in Alaska, where it is only one tenth of one person to the square mile, or one person to every ten square miles. Of the states, Rhode Island is the most densely populated, with 407 persons to the square mile; Massachusetts is next with 348.9; New Jersey third with 250.3; Connecticut fourth with 187.5, and Nevada last with .4 of a person to each square mile. If the whole country were as densely populated as the District of Columbia, our population would be about thirteen billions of people, or about eight times the population of the whole world, now. But none of you need be afraid that we shall have that many people to the square mile, because Uncle Sam is the provider for the density in the District of Columbia, and he will not scatter out much beyond the limits of the District."

Beauty Makers

"The beauty specialists have developed greatly in the past few years," said the man from New York, "and in my town there are scores of them scattered all about. They do a rushing business, too, for the women seem to think that beauty is the first consideration. They pay good prices, and some of the specialists are getting rich at the business. I don't think they can improve much on nature, but the women seem to think differently, and as long as the bills don't come to me, I suppose it is none of my business. I was talking to one not long ago, and I'll just give you a few tips as to what it costs to have your beauty done over. This one was a man and he knows how to charge. For making the face of an old person look young, the price was \$150, and no guarantee to keep it that way. To remove wrinkles costs from \$5 to \$5 each treatment, and it may require a dozen to get them out, and probably \$5 a week to keep them so. Home treatment costs \$20, and electrical face massage from \$30 to \$60. A face mask to beautify will cost \$100, and lotions of some mysterious beautifying effect cost from \$5 to \$50 a bottle, or box. A crooked nose may be straightened at a cost of \$100. When the skin gets too loose on the face, from age or other causes, the skin is cut out and patched up, and operations of this kind cost from \$100 to \$5,000 according to the wealth and vanity of the person—and it is not always a woman, for the men have some vanity also, and patronize the beauty makers to a considerable extent. Complexions may also be improved, and to turn out one that is really and truly beautiful will cost \$50. There are people to pay that much, too, but how well satisfied they are afterwards, I can't say. In improving the figure, all kinds of appliances are used, and they cost from \$5 up. Flesh reducing may be had as low as fifty cents a treatment, but it may require a hundred treatments to show any results worth considering. I think I like to see a fine specimen of human beauty about as well as anybody, but blamed if I don't want it to be natural beauty, and I wouldn't recommend the homeliest woman I know to trust her beauty repairing to anybody but herself with the usual simple applications known to every woman."

COMFORT

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; s. stitches; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. pur; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Distributing Christmas Gifts

WHERE I was visiting one Christmas morning we found the big iron kettle swung in its place, and both crane and kettle were covered with moss and evergreens. The brickwork of the mantel was decorated with holly. The back log inside the fireplace was a monster selected for Christmas for its rustic beauty. It was a white birch and its silvery bark was covered with lovely lichens and fungus growths. Santa Claus dispensed his Christmas gifts from the capacious depths of the iron kettle hanging from the crane. Then we started that back log to blazing. A lively game which begins and ends at the Christmas tree serves to amuse a crowd of children for a long time. In distributing the gifts one child receives a note reading "Look in the scrap basket." There is a general rush for that receptacle, and in it they find another note telling them to look in "father's hat on the rack," another note indicates somewhere else, and the merry hunt takes them to various places all over the house. When they reach the farthest limit, perhaps the attic, the notes lead down again, and finally to the Christmas tree where a substantial gift is found and pinned to it these words, "Here I am." A cobweb hunt is a jolly one for the whole family. One member of the family arranges the balls of twine after the others have all retired. A central starting point is selected, either the chandelier of the living-room or hall. Each ball of twine has a card attached with the name on it and the end fastened to the starting point, then you unwind the ball as you go, leading it a dizzy maze up and downstairs, behind pictures, around piano legs, through registers and so on. When your work has ceased and you have sought your couch tired but happy, probably someone else will steal out of a room and softly lead your ball of twine a merry dance. One young fellow last Christmas, after a mysterious time followed the lead of his ball of twine first up to the attic then downstairs another way, in and out of rooms and finally down the cellar stairs to where, wedged in between vegetable bins and boxes his leading string was found attached to a fine new wheel.

T. C. CUMMINGS.

Heart-shaped Needlebook



HEART-SHAPED NEEDLEBOOK. Cut heart-shaped pieces of cardboard, cover with velvet, lining each piece with silk. Cut three leaves of flannel a trifle smaller and button hole edges. Tack together at top after inserting a loop. If one cares to make this for a gift, it would gladden the heart of any woman, to find it filled with needles of all sorts and sizes, and as they used them bring pleasant thoughts of the giver, making the hours brighter.

For the needlebook which is shown both opened and closed cut out four heart-shaped pieces of cardboard, covering the outside of each heart with some attractive material, silk, satin or velvet—nearly everyone has a box, from which the desired pieces can be taken, and a small bit is all that is required. The inside of each heart is covered according to the fancy of the maker and arranged for the convenient things needed in sewing, pins, needles, scissors, etc. A glance at the illustration will show the arrangement.

In confining the four points do not do it too closely, or the folding will not be satisfactory. A little practice will enable one to cut a good pattern and if they fold as shown in the illustration they will see how easily it is accomplished. Sew ribbon at the top and lower heart and when closed tie it, and you have not only a durable, but a useful gift at this blessed season—Christmas, when love and goodwill should open all hearts.

An Emergency Bag

Select for this useful bag any attractive durable material. Cover two pieces of cardboard, shaped on both sides as shown in the illustration, and then connect and form the bag by fusing in a piece around three sides; this can be cut either on the straight or bias. On the outside of one side place a pocket for holding some of the smaller articles.

This bag is designed for emergencies, and to fulfill its mission should be fitted out with



AN EMERGENCY BAG.

these articles: In the bag place a roll of clean soft cotton and linen rags, a roll of surgeon's bandages, a roll of absorbent cotton, a spool

For a tablecover or centerpiece medium weight linen should be used. In drawing out your pattern, have the center star about three times the size of the smaller ones. Draw this and twenty-five little stars on your linen, these can be placed quite close together, run a thread around on each outline, then buttonhole over this closely all around each star, when finished dampen and press well with a hot iron. Now cut out the stars close to the buttonholing.

On heavy paper draw a perfect circle; put the large star in the center of the circle and baste firmly in place. Now divide the circle into five equal parts, and place five stars, each with a point at the points of division, baste securely. It will now be easy to arrange the three in each corner around this star, and finish by placing one, as shown in the illustration, on each side of the large star.

This much accomplished one can fill in the space between with any sort of wheels or stitches which are usually used in drawwork.

For a handkerchief proceed in the same way, only using fine linen and thread. A star about seven inches from point to point for the center, and little ones two inches from point to point, makes a good size when finished, and is most dainty and lacy.

Centerpiece

See Illustration on Opposite Page.

Wheels for edges.

Material required—one spool linen No. 60 and fifteen inch square of linen for the center.

Making chain of eight stitches, join.

1st round.—Ch. 4, 1 d. c. in ring, * ch. 5, 4 d. c. in ring, repeat twice from * join.

2d round.—* Ch. 5, 12 d. c. under the ch. 5 sts. in previous row. Catch to the 2d d. c. in group of 4 d. c. in previous row, repeat from * three times.

3d round.—* 2 d. c. under chain between groups of 12 d. c., ch. 2, 2 d. c. under same ch. Ch. 6, 1 d. c. in 6th d. c. of previous row, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in 7th d. c. of previous row, ch. 6, repeat three times from *.

4th round.—* Start from ch. 3 between groups 4 d. c. in previous row, ch. 8, then 6 r. sts. under ch. between group 2 d. c. in previous row. For

7th row.—Ch. 5, d. c. in 2nd d. c., ch. 1, sl. st., d. c. in next d. c., * ch. 1, sl. st., d. c. in next,

repeat.

8th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each d. c. of 7th row.

9th row.—* 5 d. c. in 2nd d. c., sl. st., fasten in next with s. c., repeat around.

For the Handle

Fasten thread to cup at the bottom of top, or ribbon spaces, and work d. c. into each of 5 d. c. of cup, * ch. 3, d. c. in 4 d. c., repeat until there are 8 rows, then fasten to bottom of cup, sew the sides together so as to form a roll. Stiffen with starch or gum arabic and draw the saucer into place over a large saucer. Place a large cup in the crocheted cup and pull the latter into place over it. Shape the handle and dry well. Run baby ribbon through the spaces.

MISS HANDY, Athol, Mass.

Shield-shaped Wall Pocket

The back of this wall pocket should be cut from firm pasteboard; the front is cut enough larger that it may give the needed room when completed. Cover it with any plain material and decorate as the fancy suggests. This is covered with olive-green denim. The decoration is in couching embroidery. To do it, hold braid or cord along the line of the pattern, and catch down with thread or floss. For this, brown braid and orange crochet silk was used.

Couching may be recommended for its effectiveness, its economy, its speed in working, its adaptability.

A Hair Receiver

For some reason every woman seems to take delight in making bags of one sort or another; they certainly are useful and one can scarcely have too many, and for this reason they are always a safe offering. This crocheted one, designed for receiving combs, would certainly be a handy article.

Darning cotton edged with wool are the materials required. Begin with a chain of nine. Treble crochet in sixth stitch of chain; chain one, treble crochet in ninth stitch, chain six, three treble crochet in each of the three spaces, chain three, one treble crochet, and so on increasing trebles until you have thirteen, then decrease one every other row to the point.

Make three of these, join and then finish the edges with a scallop made by working eight treble crochets in each space, finish the bottom with a ball and hang by cord and balls. When done place a tumbler which has been broken off, a tin can gilded, or a cornucopia of heavy paper inside to hold the combs and keep the bag in place.

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Duster Bag

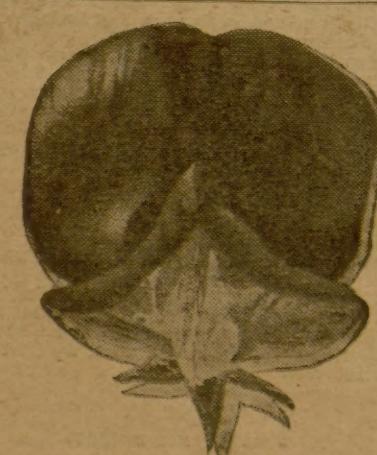
For this bag one could use a figured material, or something of solid color decorated, as shown, or with any appropriate design.



DUSTER BAG.

The hoop makes it convenient to hang it up by, and to keep it in place.

A bag made in this way and filled with cheesecloth dusters is a treasure which any housekeeper would surely appreciate.



BOOKMARK.

Children can easily make little bookmarks for teachers or friends by cutting colored flowers from catalogues, and pasting at the top to rather heavy paper of the same outline.

the base of this work, and a table cover, centerpiece or handkerchief could be made by this pattern, according to the quality of the materials selected.

r. st. throw thread over the needle twenty times, draw through all and fasten with sl. st. Then crochet eight, repeat three times from *.

5th round.—S. c. over ch. of eight until firm, 1 s. c. in each other st., continue all around.

6th round.—Ch. 4, 5 tr. in st above ch. 5, ch. around.

7th round.—Ch. 6, fasten with sl. st. in every other st. of last row.

These wheels can also be made of silk or satin, and are very ornamental for sofa ends or tidies.

Crocheted Cup and Saucer

1st row.—Ch. 5, join.

2nd row.—Ch. 9, 24 d. c. in ring.

3rd row.—Ch. 3, * 2 d. c. in 1st., and second d. c. of 2nd row, 1 d. c. in next d. c., repeat from * to *.

4th row.—Ch. 3, * d. c. in 1st. and 2nd d. c., 2 d. c. in next, repeat from star.

5th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each of the 1st., and 8 d. c., * 2 d. c. in next, 1 d. c. in next 9 d. c., repeat from star.

6th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each of the next 9 d. c., * 2 d. c. in next, d. c. in each of next 10 d. c., repeat as before.

7th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each of the next 16 d. c., * 2 d. c. in next, d. c. in each of next 17 d. c., repeat.

8th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each d. c. of row.

9th row.—Ch. 5, d. c. in 2nd d. c., d. c. in next, * ch. 2, sl. st., d. c. in next, ch. 1, sl. st., d. c. in next, repeat from * and you will have 38 spaces.

10th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each stitch of 9th row.

11th row.—* 5 d. c. in first stitch, sl. st., next, fasten into next with s. c., repeat; this finishes the saucer.

To make the cup fasten the thread into the outer edge of the third row of the saucer.

1st row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each d. c. of 3rd row.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c. in next d. c., * 2 d. c. in next, d. c. in each of the next 3 d. c., repeat.

3rd row.—* Ch. 3, d. c. in each of next 8 d. c., 2 d. c. in next 9 d. c., repeat.

4th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each d. c. of 3rd row.

5th row.—Same as 4th row.

6th row.—Same as 5th row.

The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man With Many Aliases

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PROLOGUE.

Four men sat in a luxuriously appointed room, their heads close together, while outside roared the life of a great city.

"It can be done," one of the men said decidedly. "He was a powerful man, with a bare-lip, and there was a conscious leadership in his manner."

"I suppose so," chimed in another, licking his lips.

"If we were in New York, I would pause, but here in Chicago, we're safe enough, for there is no danger of Crit Truman. In New York we all tremble at the thought of Crit Truman and his men."

"Whoa dem!" asked a young fellow, with the curiously contracted eyes of an opium fiend.

"The Trumans, as they are called? Why, where have you lived not to have heard of them? Just as slick bunch of detectives as you want to meet. I owe Crit Truman this," laying a forefinger upon the disfiguring bare-lip. "He split my lip open, and it has never healed. There is Crit himself, a giant in strength; Ralph Dayton, his chief assistant, and Peter Strongman, an Irish boy. Those three are terror."

"Diss ain't Noo York," grinned the opium fiend.

"You can bet it ain't," replied the man with the bare-lip, then he added:

"When we get things again I'm going to spring a mine. I've had my eye on a fellow in New York, a swell guy, who is connected with a bank. He's a slick one, and I think we can get him on here. He not only is good at doctoring accounts, but the way he can pinch the shiners, is something to open a fellow's eyes."

The other men looked interested.

"I have another lay. We need a swell-looking girl. I know who we can get. She'll come fast enough. No, she's straight as a string, but when we've broken her in, she'll fall in with our plans," and he laughed a wicked laugh, and the others joined him.

That very night Chicago was stirred by a very bold Stickup game, and as usual, the police made no arrests, the crooks escaping with the goods, without turning a hair.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN APPEARS AGAIN.

"HUMPH!" ejaculated Crit Truman.

The great detective and his assistant, Ralph Dayton, were seated in Crit's office, examining the morning mail.

"What is it, Crit?" Ralph asked.

Crit finished reading the letter in his hand, and then paused, passing it to Ralph, saying:

"Read that aloud, I want to get it right."

His assistant read the following:

Office of the Chief,
Police Department of Chicago.
Mr. Crit Truman, New York City.

DEAR SIR:
Although I have never met you personally, I believe that several of my men have worked under you in cases you have had in our city, and I am also well acquainted with your methods and ability.

Doubtless you have read of the reign of crime now existing in Chicago, which, however, I hope to be able to dispel.

The matter which I wish to call to your attention, however, is the work of what I believe to be a thoroughly established bunch of crooks, of the most desperate and degenerate characters. Their lair lies in the holding up of saloons and cafes; at least, ten of these occurrences have happened in the city within the last week, and the similarity of the methods used have brought home to me the conviction that they are all pulled off by the same gang.

The leader has been variously described to me and my captains, some victims saying he is tall and fair; others that he is short and dark, and one even made the assertion that from his manner of talk, he was convinced that the man had a bare-lip.

Mr. Truman, I am forced to admit that my men are powerless to cope with the situation. I have had my Flying Squadron and Murder Squad out night and day (several murders have been committed by this gang during the depredations), but so far they have accomplished next to nothing. Every stool-pigeon who has ever given us the least information has been rounded-up, and swooned by me personally, and by my officers, but nothing of value has been learned by us.

Chicago is a proud city, and we who are in control of her welfare, like to feel that we can manage our own affairs, but as the Chief of Police of this city, I realize how heavily the responsibility of my position rests upon me. I have to, and will, stop the nefarious proceedings of this band of crooks.

Therefore, Mr. Truman, admitting that my men are unable to find any clue which will break up this awful state of affairs, I ask you, as man to man, to give us some of your valuable time (I fully appreciate how busy you are), and to come to the Windy City to lead us your able assistance. Hoping to receive a satisfactory reply, I remain,

Very sincerely,

The letter was signed by the Chief of Police of Chicago.

"Well, Ralph," Crit said, after a moment's silence, "what do you think of it?"

"What do you mean? Of the request, or of the facts given?"

"First, of the facts regarding the leader of the gang."

Ralph silently turned to the paragraph regarding the description of the leader, and placed his finger on the word "bare-lip."

Crit smiled.

"Well, what does that mean, boy?"

"Can't you think?"

"Better tell me."

"It just brought up a little case we participated in on the East Side, about two years ago."

Again Crit smiled.

"I often wonder, Ralph," he said, "if you're a mind reader."

Ralph snuffed, too.

"So that's what you're thinking of, too?" he asked, leaning forward a little in his earnestness.

"Just the same, boy. Let's see if I recall the case," and the great detective drew thoughtfully upon his cigar as he commenced:

"We were called to investigate a series of crimes, principally connected with the holding up of small saloons on the East Side, and after some little trouble, managed to corral many of the members of the gang, which had committed these crimes."

Crit looked at Ralph for confirmation, and the latter nodded.

"We failed, however," Crit continued, "for

By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

some time, at least, to find the leader, for each man had evidently been so intimidated by him and so impressed by his desperate and cruel deeds, that none could be found, even to save himself, who would reveal the name or whereabouts of the leader."

Crit paused to relight his cigar.

"However," he continued, rather grimly, "we caught him. One of his pals while in jail, after trial, caught a fever, and in his delirium gave his chief away."

"Yes," Ralph said, with a wise nod of the head.

"I was there myself, and learned that the leader of these desperados was one Jim Hollis, alias Jim Holmes, alias Chris Dougherty, alias so many other names it seemed impossible to get to the end of the list."

As Crit paused, Ralph shifted expectantly in his seat, his eyes glistening with the light of recollection, as his chief continued:

"After a little time, during which you, my boy, did some exceptionally clever work, we captured this Hollis, alias Holmes and all the other names, and saw him safely landed in Sing Sing, only to learn later that he had killed his guard, and broken jail, escaping no one ever found out just how, probably through the aid of confederates."

"And then we got him again," Ralph interrupted, laughing grimly.

"We did," Crit acknowledged, and for a moment these two, the great detective and his chief assistant, were silent, the well-trained minds of each busy with recollections of this case, which was but one out of thousands of others they had taken and carried to a successful termination.

After a short time, Crit resumed:

"Yes, we did recapture him, but while we were doing it, The Man with Many Aliases and I had a little misunderstanding, which led

"Perhaps," he answered doubtfully. "Then relative to the bank robbery? Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?"

"Perfectly."

"That ends it, then, though I think they are wrong. They ought to have prosecuted, for their man's no good, and we'll have trouble with him later on."

"It will be no lesson to him, then?"

"None in the least. Percy Mandeville has the making of a confirmed criminal in his composition, and will eventually land in the pen. Better put him there now, than to let him run wild, and do a lot more mischief. This practice of settling when money is returned is something a little against my principles," and Crit threw aside his cigar, and lit a fresh one. After it was fairly going, he asked:

"Anything new on the lists?"

"Several, but not in our line. Two would-be clients want our services in obtaining evidence in divorce cases—"

Crit violently shook his head, and Ralph with a smile on his lips continued:

"Another wants his son watched to discover if he is paying attention to a popular actress."

"What kind of people do they take us for?" Crit asked indignantly. He and his men only dealt with tremendous cases.

"There's a missing girl, but I am afraid it is only the usual foolish runaway episode, which makes work for the divorce courts later."

"Yes, I see, nothing of any importance, then?"

"Nothing, except—" and Ralph paused.

"Except what?"

"That jewelry robbery on Fifth avenue."

"I remember. Well, I think we have that case pretty well in train, so it can be left for a few days, eh?"

"I think so."

"Yes. Then, Ralph, I've made up my mind

scornful of the man and his imputation which was utterly false. She had never liked him, and being without any desire to win a love she could not return, had never given him the slightest encouragement.

"You'll pay for this," the man hissed between his teeth, but the girl refused to notice his remark, but crossing the room, pressed the electric button. To the servant who appeared almost immediately, she said almost coldly:

"James, show this man out. If he ever calls again, I am not at home."

The servant bowed. The orders of the daughter of the house were obeyed without question.

The man turned, his face livid with rage, and with a look and gesture the girl never forgot, he left the room. With a bitter sigh Sylvia Lyster sank into a chair, and said half aloud:

"Oh, the wretch! How I hate him! Still I could but spare him on account of Kathie," then she again pressed the bell, and ordered that Miss Gordon be summoned.

As she sat there waiting, she presented a charming picture of a representative American girl of the upper classes of unusual intelligence. Her hair was a soft gold, her eyes were those of a story-book, deep violet, and her skin, delicate as a rose petal, glowed with perfect health. As the door opened, she sprang to her feet, and ran forward, throwing her arms about the young woman who entered.

"Dear Kathie," she whispered, kissing her.

No one but these two knew what Sylvia Lyster had done for Kathie Mandeville, who, deserted by her worthless husband, had been discovered by the society favorite in some of her settlement work, utterly destitute. Sylvia had taken her to her own house, treated her like a sister, and gained from the wife, with her dark Spanish beauty, a passionate devotion nothing would ever change. Sylvia had heard much from Kathie, and could give information which would have placed the man who had just asked her to be his wife, behind the bars, but on account of his young wife, and a child yet unborn, she remained quiet, although her blood boiled as she thought of his wickedness.

"Kathie, dear, are you brave?" she asked gently.

"Why?"

"Because I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Percy Mandeville has just been here and asked me to marry him."

The young wife gasped, then threw back her head:

"Wretch!" she half sobbed.

"You can't love him, yet."

"Sylvia, dear, when you once love a man," she did not notice Sylvia's deep blush "you will know that it is not just for fair weather. I can't help loving Percy. It's a part of me. Sometime he will be glad of my love, and turn towards me; I am sure of that" and there was a devotion in her face beautiful to see.

Sylvia's face was still flushed when Kathie went back to the suite of rooms assigned to her by Sylvia who was mistress of her father's big Fifth Avenue home, and at last she went to the telephone, and raising the receiver called a number. When it was given her she was almost too bashful to talk, but at last she managed to ask softly:

"Is that you, Custer?"

"Of course it is."

"Recognize my voice?"

"You know it is the sweetest music in the world to me," was the ardent response, and it brought still more color into the lovely face, for Sylvia Lyster's engagement to Custer Quex was only of two days' length.

"Will you come to dinner tonight?" she continued.

"Will I? Just wait and see. But, darling, a moment, I want to see you alone when I first come."

"All right," came in sweet tones over the wire.

"Then until I see you tonight, good by, sweetheart. I wish I could kiss you right here and now."

"Custer?"

"Honest. In half a minute I'll come right up now."

"Wait until dinner," she said with a little laugh.

"Then you'll be waiting for me, where?"

"In the small reception-room, James will show you in."

"You blessed one. Say, Sylvia, wear that sweet blue dress you had on night before last, will you?"

"It's awfully old."

"It's the sweetest thing I ever saw you wear, for in it you promised to marry me, you know. I say, Sylvia, I can't wait for my kisses until tonight, I'm coming right up."

How afterwards he wished he had carried out his serious threat.

"If you do, I'll not be at home," she said with pretty impetuosity, and so after calling her so many endearing names over the wire that she was covered with blushes, Custer Quex at last rang off, and kept looking at the clock to see how the moments dragged; for it seemed ages before he could decently call at the home of his beloved.

That was the last happy afternoon he was to know for many a long day, for when he reached the Lyster mansion that night, he found that Sylvia was missing, and that she had left no trace behind her.

CHAPTER II.

TOO STRANGE FOR BELIEF.

"But I really don't."

"Are you sure?"

"Why not? I have asked my heart a question, and it says no. I am sorry for you, but this must be final."

"You have encouraged me."

"Mr. Mandeville, I deny that."

"And I tell you that it is so."

The two speakers were standing, and both looked angry. The girl, one of the sweetest to be seen in New York, held her little head high,

CHAPTER III.

THE DETECTIVES ARRIVE.

"And now to business, Chief," Crit Truman said gravely, two days after his conversation with Ralph, as he and the latter were sitting with the Chief of Police of the city of Chicago, in the latter's private office at headquarters.

"I'm yours truly," responded the chief. "Ask any questions you desire."

Crit and Ralph had at once made their way from the Union depot, at Adams and

**Points to Remember**

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work—give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it—we also give, when possible, the name and address of the party who submitted it, and any further information must be obtained from them. It is absolutely useless for you to write us.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offer of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be kindly noted us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenirs postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as you receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DEAR READERS:

Perhaps some of you seeing this page for the first time will wonder just what is the aim and object of this corner; this and other queries which naturally arise will be answered if you carefully read the above rules. To them I desire to add a few words. We sincerely wish to give you each all the privileges possible, and have, relying upon the honesty of each, individually, inserted offers of various sorts, freely; however, as several cases have been brought to our attention of notices which have been inserted purely for advertising purposes (although appearing innocent enough), hereafter only formulas of remedies for various complaints will be published. This method will benefit all without the trouble of corresponding, and also make it impossible for some few to profit in this unfair way.

The writers who have responded to these offers have either been asked directly for money or have been advised to patronize some medical company. As it is impossible for us always to decide whether an offer is made in good faith or has a string of this kind attached we make the above ruling for the protection of all.

We ask the continued interest and help of all that this department may increase in interest and helpfulness as much in the next twelve months as it has in the last.

Many thanks, Mrs. Laney, for the postals. Mrs. J. E. Glover. The quotation to which you referred is:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;

Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

It is from a translation by Longfellow, Retribution by Friedrich Von Logau, an author of the 17th century.

Miss Annie Wand. We could not publish your request; read rules given above.

Wishing you each a happy, happy Christmas and bright New Year, I will step aside for the many who are anxiously waiting their turn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I'm only a girl of nineteen years; quite young to ask for admittance, but I'll try my best, although it's the first time I've ever written to so interesting a circle. I am writing about Christmas presents I like to make are hemstitched handkerchiefs with either hand-made or lace one can buy; collars and cuffs are also pretty, and besides, are useful. A handkerchief case is made as follows:

Buy two common wire stands, used to set teapots or flatirons on, and one half yard each of two contrasting colors of silk, pale blue and pink. Using a common dinner plate, cut a circle of paper for a pattern, and by this cut two large circles of pink silk, the same of blue and of sheet wadding. Split the latter and sprinkle with sachet powder, if you wish. Place the circles together, pin on one side, blue on the other, with wadding between, stitch around edge on the sewing machine and turn them, finishing the open place neatly by hand. Press both circles thus completed; press with a hot iron.

Find the center of a circle and attach to the center of the wire stand, on the bottom or side that curves, having the blue side come next to the wire, and attaching with pink baby ribbon, forming a small bow on the inside. Next, attach all around the edges, allowing the silk to form a frill over the edge. Make the other side just the same, only fastening a bow of wider pink ribbon on the outside; twist the last over the first and form hinges of the baby ribbon. When finished, you will be pleased with your case. Another handkerchief case is made this way:

Take two pieces of cardboard, each three by three inches, covering with white silk, and padding one slightly. Holding together the two uncovered sides, buttonhole stitch them with stitches one sixteenth of an inch apart, using pale blue crochet silk or silk-finished cotton. Make a border of knot stitch, a little full all around, and more so at the corners, about six inches deep. In the last row fill the holes with double crochet to form little scallops around. Take one half yard pale blue ribbon to match the silk, one half inch wide, run through the last row of holes and tie in a pretty bow, also tie a little bow in the center of bottom. Many attractive cases can be made and are always useful.

Here are a few ways to make presents for the "pen" and "pin" friends:

A Blotter

This is especially designed for a gentleman. Take a large piece of blotting-paper and upon it mount water-color paper; the blotter when finished is about six by twelve inches, perhaps a trifle

larger. At one end appears the face of a girl done in sepia, and below it these lines:

"Blot out all the faults in me;
Remember only the good in me."

The other corners of the blotter may have crossed pipes or some bachelor comfort pictured.

Holder for Hat Pins

An odd holder for hat pins is made of a flat bottle, five or six inches high. Make a loose bag of ribbon, place the bottle in it, stuff it out smooth with cotton batting, gather the fullness around the neck of the bottle, leaving a frill, and suspend by a narrow ribbon. Decorate the bag with a bit of embroidery or painting, and use it for stick pins, etc. The bottle holds the hat pins.

I hope that someone will be benefited by these hints. Sisters, here is a verse which I've always loved and repeated many a time:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I, to others, show,
That mercy show to me."

I would like to say more about fancy work and myself, but my letter is too long already, and I'm taking the room of some others which are more interesting and useful, so will close with best wishes to all and success to our COMFORT.

MISS IDA R. IRVING, Courtland, R. F. D., 1, Minn.

HELLO, CENTRAL:

Give me the COMFORT Sisters' corner, please. Sisters, how are everyone of you? I have wanted to write many times. I greatly enjoy this cozy corner of ours, and I know that everyone of you do. Our September issue was full of interesting things.

Mrs. Lizzie Warner. Your Hardanger doily is beautiful, and I wish I understood the work. I am going to make a crocheted collar after the pattern of the corner table cover, sent in by Margaret Quinn. I will make it out of very heavy linen thread.

Mrs. Van Dyke. I always look for your interesting letters.

Mrs. Joseph Linden. Your remarks about fires are very good. Our big barn burned to the ground Saturday morning, September 22nd, and all its contents, including wheat, hay and farm implements, were destroyed. It was only the rare presence of mind of my husband that what stock there was in the barn at the time was saved. Our loss was \$1,600, with but small insurance.

Helen Carr. I am glad you have such a pleasant place to rest in.

How many realize how much is paid out every year for hats? I know one woman who had five

think I should have them published. Any information on this line would be thankfully received.

Sisters, keep yourselves dainty and fresh looking. Always do your hair becomingly. I am thirty-four years of age, but look young as a girl. I wear my clothes to harmonize with the rest of myself. I have a fine head of hair and a good complexion; am a blonde.

We hear so much about clean housekeeping, do you ever think it is all right to keep clean hearts and lips?

Mrs. J. C. V. Remington. I agree with you about gaining the confidence of our children.

What a good mother you must be, Ina Kellogg. Write, please, and I will answer. Sisters, send words of cheer to Mrs. Sinai Smith, Slicker, Tyler Co., W. Va. With best wishes for the coming year.

MRS. CARLYLE HAVERLY, Box 30, Alpine, R. F. D., 14, Ind.

Don't fail to promptly renew your subscription to COMFORT while the present 15-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time, but if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and extend your subscription for two years from the time of its expiration.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just received my October number of COMFORT and have decided to write to the sisters' corner and some of the shut-ins.

I must say that I think more of COMFORT than any paper I have ever seen. And I especially love the "Sisters' corner."

I will now describe myself. I am eighteen years old, five feet two inches in height, have dark, almost black hair and blue eyes, and am married to the dearest man you could ever imagine.

I quite agree with Miss Handy in thinking we should begin to plan for Christmas even thus early. I will send in a few little hints in regard to making candies that I hope will help someone.

Christmas Candies

By the way, do you know that a pretty box filled with home-made candies makes a very nice present? A box can be covered with crepe paper, filled and tied up with red ribbon and with a spray of real holly on the cover is a dainty sweet gift.

Take two pounds of confectioner's sugar with half a pint of hot water and bring sharply to a boil; then allow it to boil steadily for eight minutes without touching or stirring it; as soon as it begins to thicken, test it by dropping a little from the spoon, and if it threads lift from the stove, and rub a small spoonful of the mixture against the side of the pan.

Comanche

Mix two cupfuls of white sugar, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cup of milk, butter the size of an egg and two squares of chocolate. Stir all the time it is boiling and boil until it bubbles up and looks thick. Flavor with vanilla and pour in buttered pans. Then take two cups of brown sugar, two cups white sugar, one cup milk, butter the size of an egg. Cook as you did the other, only when taken from the stove add chopped nuts and pour over the brown part.

MRS. JAMES MARSHALL, Clay Center, R. F. D., 8, Kansas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
This is my first visit, and I do hope you'll make me welcome. I have received many helps from the sisters' corner, and I want to thank you for them.

I am twenty-three years old, five feet one inch tall, weigh one hundred and forty pounds, and have dark eyes and light hair. I live in the Blue mountains, am a bachelor girl, and have a homestead here. We have a beautiful, and best of all, a healthy country. For anyone suffering from pulmonary troubles, these pine-covered hills will certainly benefit them.

Now sisters, I want to ask a favor of you. I wish those who conveniently can, would send me a sofa pillow cover for my "COMFORT COZY CORNER." Any kind, color, or shape. I will gladly return all favors.

Now if the sisters do not object, I would like to come again. I would be very glad if some of the sisters would write to me.

MISS JESSIE STEWART, Grouse, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Again I am asking permission to enter the happy circle over which you preside. When I came last year I guess the COMFORT room was filled. I have made many delightful acquaintances, both among those who are shut-in and those who are not. It is a great and good work, this helping the sick and afflicted, or even those, who are only sad and lonely.

Mrs. C. S. Anderson. The work you have begun is noble, and if you keep it up, you will always find it pleasant; for there is no greater happiness on earth than that of making others happy. I trust that you may continue in the good work of aiding the shut-ins.

My dear Mrs. McCapprey. I sincerely sympathize with you in your troubles. I will write you later.

Now, sisters, one and all, I wish you would write me. I am fifty years old, but don't think for one minute I look it, for I do not. I have such a sunny cheerful disposition it keeps me young.

Now dear Mrs. Wilkinson, with many thanks for your attention, will bow myself out that others may have room.

MRS. LENA T. TAYLOR, Stamford, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:

I enjoy reading COMFORT, and especially these letters.

I wish I could send all the lonely, suffering ones something, but money is so scarce around this house.

I know how to sympathize with those who have lost their children, as God has taken my precious darling almost five years old. It seems sometimes as though I can't live without her. But God has promised that all things shall work for our good. Oh, for more faith and trust in these lonely hours. I suppose you all have hours of trial.

What terrible calamities have befallen some of our cities during the earthquakes. Our house only trembled a little. I should like to hear from all those interested in the meaning of all these earthquakes, cyclones, fires, etc. I believe I have some light on the subject, which I should like to pass along to those interested.

We are just starting on a new place, and if any have seeds to spare from what they save this year, I would be glad to have some, especially sweet corn or pease.

LOTTIE BRIGGS, Madua, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I have been a reader of COMFORT in my old Indiana home, ever since it was first published, I will now write you from my new home in the wilds of South Missouri.

We left Sims, Grant Co., Indiana about the middle of June, arriving on our Walnut Grove Farm of one hundred and fifty-four acres, in time to plant a truck-patch.

This is a healthful place to live in; there is an abundance of clear, soft water obtained from driven wells, and the springs and rivers. There is also an abundance of large timber, and the soil is dry, sandy, and rather rocky, but gives good crops of grain, hay and fruit, and is also a good region for cattle.

Neighbors are rather scarce as yet, but we are fortunate in having five within three quarters of a mile. Still we do not have much time for visiting as yet, for we are all struggling to get a start in this rugged, picturesque section of the country.

Poor, honest people willing to work find this a good place to secure homes, for land and taxes are still low in price.

I will write again when I have had more time to become acquainted, and have seen more of the country.

We are eleven miles northeast of Cabool, and ten miles from Houston.

With many good wishes for all, and our most excellent magazine,

CELIA R. COMER, Elk Creek, Texas Co., Mo.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 219 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months into 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

DEAR LADIES OF COMFORT MAGAZINE:

Will you kindly give me your attention while I tell you very briefly how successful I was in cooking a pumpkin today. I selected a fine pumpkin and set it in the oven where I was baking light-bread; by the time the bread was done the pumpkin was well cooked. Then I removed the pumpkin from the oven, cut out all of the seeds from the inside, then the rind peeled off just like paper, and I think that of all the pumpkins ever cooked you would say with me if you were here that this is certainly the best.

Thanking you for your kind attention,

MYRTLE M. HOLADAY, Ridgefarm, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in? I can't stand outside any longer. Would you like to know who this intruder is? I am a Norway girl, and came to this country four years ago, to my father. I have no mother, you see, so I am my father's housekeeper, and I really do like housekeeping.

Oh sisters! but I do enjoy my single life. I am past the twenties already, but I am having a good time, still don't you think I am right, sisters? I fully agree with Cousin Marion when she advises the cousins to wait. Isn't she a sweet lady? I am really in love with her.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

CENTERPIECE WITH CROCHETED WHEEL EDGE

By Mrs. Stephen Heckman, Stroudsburg, Pa.

new hats last spring and summer, and then got angry at her husband because he wouldn't pay out eighteen dollars for another one. One of the most stylish hats I have made myself. It is a beautiful shade of red and is a scratch felt. The breast is a beautiful one with shades of red, blue and green.

There is a large choux of navy silk ribbon in front. I am very proud of it for it was

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass took him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. He tempts the man with money, and the Indian, reticent by nature, and Dick Clarke, occupied with thoughts of his own, travel in silence.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO THE DARING.

PROBABLY neither the Indian nor his companion was sorry to come in sight of the building which was known for twenty miles around as Hill's Tavern.

It was not a large building, and the accommodations which it could offer travelers must have been very limited. But its chief business was not providing lodgings. Travelers were too few in number to make that a very important item. The bar was decidedly the leading feature of the establishment, and the amount of liquor consumed in the rude barroom would have appalled an advocate of temperance. It was not unusual, when the evenings were pleasant, to find a majority of the settlers living within five miles gathered in the barroom alternately drinking and gossiping. Nor was the patronage confined to the whites. Here, as elsewhere, one of the earliest lessons in civilization for which the Indians were indebted to their white brethren was the taste for rum, or "firewater" as they not inappropriately designated it, and a large share of the proceeds of Indian industry—whenever they could be induced to work—went for intoxicating drinks.

On this particular evening the fury of the elements had prevented the usual collection in the barroom. The landlord had not opened the door for a single customer through the evening, and he had about decided to close for the night when a knock was heard at the door.

Pricking up his ears with professional eagerness, the portly landlord, who rejoiced in the military designation of Captain Hill, hastened to the door which he had already fastened, and withdrawing the bolt, looked out to see who his late guests might be.

At first he only caught sight of the Indian, who was generally known in the settlement as Indian John, or Jack. With a feeling of disappointment, for the Indian's patronage would hardly be sufficient to make it worth while to forego his purpose, he said: "You're too late, Jack. I am just going to close."

"Hello there, landlord!" exclaimed Dick Clarke, coming forward in some alarm lest he should after all be deprived of the shelter which had cost him so much trouble to reach. "Is it the custom in your neighborhood to shut your doors upon guests that reach you no later than nine o'clock, and in such a storm too? If it is, I must say it is the most inhospitable region I ever came into, that's all."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the landlord with deference. "I didn't see you. I thought it was only Jack here and I knew he might have come in the daytime for the glass of liquor which I suppose is all that he is after."

"I must do Jack, if that is his name, the justice to say that he would never have thought of coming at all, if I had not tried the effect of a little silver upon him. But being here, I suppose he would not object to a little something hot to make him forget the wet and cold now which he as well as myself is suffering."

The Indian who had been standing by in seeming apathy, seemed to understand the meaning of what had been said, for his eye brightened with eagerness, and he ejaculated eagerly:

"Yes—yes. Me like rum."

"No doubt about that," commented the landlord, adding, "Don't you think you'd feel better for taking a little yourself, sir?"

"Faith, it's not a bad proposition. I think I'll accept it," said the traveler, throwing off his dripping overcoat, and taking a seat near the fireplace in which a large back-log was burning brightly. "I begin to think better of your country, landlord, than I was disposed to do a couple of hours since."

"It's a pleasant country, sir—fine soil."

"I dare say," returned his guest carelessly, "but you'll admit that my reception至今 now has not been of a nature to make my first impressions very pleasant."

"Then you've never been this way before?" said the landlord, indulging a curiosity for which his frankness is somewhat noted.

"Never in my life before. I didn't know the settlements extended out so far."

"You come mayhap from the city of New York?" suggested the landlord in an inquiring tone.

"Mayhap I do," was the not very decisive reply. "At any rate I have been there. It is quite a promising place; a good deal of business done there."

"So I have always heard," returned the landlord. "But after all I don't like being cooped up in a city. Give me the country,

where I can have plenty of elbow room. However, I might feel differently if I were in a good business in the city. Perhaps you are so engaged, Mr.—ahem, your name escaped me."

"I don't remember having mentioned it," said Clarke, with a little malicious enjoyment in disappointing the landlord's evident desire to find out who he was.

"Ah, indeed, perhaps not," said the portly host, not abashed. "I only thought it would be convenient to know what to call you. I'm thankful to say that I am not one of those landlords that are constantly prying into the business of their guests and all about them. Are you intending to stay long in this part of the country, sir?"

The inconsistency between the first and the last parts of the landlord's remarks brought a smile to the face of Dick Clarke, who, however, saw fit to cease quizzing his host and communicate at once all that he was intending to do.

"You may call me Clarke," he said. "As to my stay, that will be guided entirely by circumstances. For an idler like myself I don't know but I may be as well off here as anywhere."

"He is a good-looking fellow," said the landlord, who had been won by the young man's frank and affable bearing to take quite a strong interest in his success. As he said this, it was only natural that he should cast a glance at the not over prepossessing countenance of his guest.

Dick Clarke penetrated the landlord's meaning with no great difficulty, but it was not one of his foibles to be sensitive on the score of his personal appearance. Accordingly he said, in a good-humored way:

"And you mean to intimate, friend landlord, that in that respect he has the decided advantage of me."

"I don't deny, sir," said the landlord hastily, not wishing to offend his guest, "that you are a very good-looking man of your years."

Dick Clarke smilingly surveyed his host's proportions and replied: "Perhaps they don't regard personal appearance so much as you think, my good friend. It isn't all that can sound a woman's heart, or read her preferences. However, it isn't worth while to spend too much time upon a girl I have not seen and may not like. I may be very willing to leave her to this young Davenport after all. But I see by your clock in the corner that it is getting late, at any rate for one who has been on a horse's back pretty much all day. I suppose you can furnish me with a comfortable chamber?"

"Yes, sir. I can give you a good comfortable room, where I have no doubt you will sleep as sound as a top. But perhaps you will take another glass to serve as a night-cap. It's a sovereign thing to give one a good night's rest."

"I don't care if I do," was the reply, "provided you will join me in it."

"That I will with great pleasure," said Captain Hill with a heartiness which left no doubt of his sincerity. "I'll drink your health in a bumper."

"And success to my suit, eh, landlord?"

"Yes, provided you don't trespass on another's manor."

"That qualification spoils all. But here's one I warrant will drink without any such qualifications. Do you think you can stand another glass, Jack?"

The Indian came forward from the settee on which he was reclining and expressed his eager assent.

"Jack is always on hand," said the landlord. "If he keeps on drinking at this rate, he'll lose half his name and become a demi-dwarf."

The landlord laughed obstreperously at his own witticism, which so far put him in good humor that he gave Indian John permission to spend the night on the settee which he had already occupied.

"Yes, Harvard College."

"That's the place. Well, the young man got his schooling there, and a fine scholar he was—at the head of his class, I've heard. But he's been back here now about a year and a half. Some say he brought home a lot of law books, and is studying law at home, but I don't know for certain about that."

"Who else have you among your principal men?" asked the guest, who apparently took less interest in young Davenport than in narrator.

"There's Squire Parkhurst—"

The traveler started. "What is his first name—his Christian name, I mean?"

"Joseph, I believe. Do you know him?"

"Probably not, although I have known a man of that name. But go on, tell me something of this man."

"I don't know very much to tell," answered the landlord. "He lives about five miles from here in a lonely place, and keeps himself very much to himself, which I think is a pity, not so much on his account, but it must be dull for his daughter, who is as pretty a damsel of eighteen summers as you will be likely to see anywhere about."

"Ah, he has a pretty daughter, then, has he?" said Clarke, veiling under an indifferent manner a stronger feeling of curiosity than he had yet felt.

"That he has, and I rather think there's a certain young gentleman has found it out."

"Ha, ha, has she a suitor?" demanded the traveler with a visible air of chagrin, which was somewhat surprising in one who professed to have heard of her for the first time only the moment before.

The landlord, however, was somewhat obtuse, and noticed nothing remarkable in the tone of his guest.

"It's that same young man that I was just telling you about," he continued, "Major Davenport's son Henry. I oftentimes see them walking or riding together, and I guess Major Davenport's is the only house where Squire Parkhurst goes. As I told you only a minute or two since, he isn't inclined to be very social, and keeps himself pretty much to himself."

"Does Mabel Parkhurst, think you, encourage the attentions of this young man?"

"One point, however, his caution had overlooked. He had unwittingly used the young lady's Christian name. The landlord did not fail to notice this slip, and asked with an air of surprise, "You know her, then?"

"From what do you infer that?" inquired Clarke unsuspiciously.

"How should you have known that her name was Mabel Parkhurst, otherwise?"

"From your mentioning it, of course, landlord," said Dick Clarke with unblushing

assurance. "How else should I know it?"

"I suppose I did name it, then," said the landlord, overborne by the other's confident declaration, "although I don't remember it."

"However, though I don't know her now," continued Clarke, "your representations have so stimulated my curiosity that I shall certainly take the earliest opportunity of making her acquaintance; that is, if I remain here long enough."

"They ain't so come-at-able as some," said the landlord dubiously.

"All things are possible to the daring," said Dick with a careless laugh. "Perhaps I may yet cut out this college stripling of yours."

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voted to the culture of flowers, and presented with its many hues, crimson and golden predominating, a very attractive picture. This was under the especial charge of Mabel, who had brought the seeds with her from the East. Fortunately she had a more delicate appreciation of such things than the companion who had accompanied them hither.

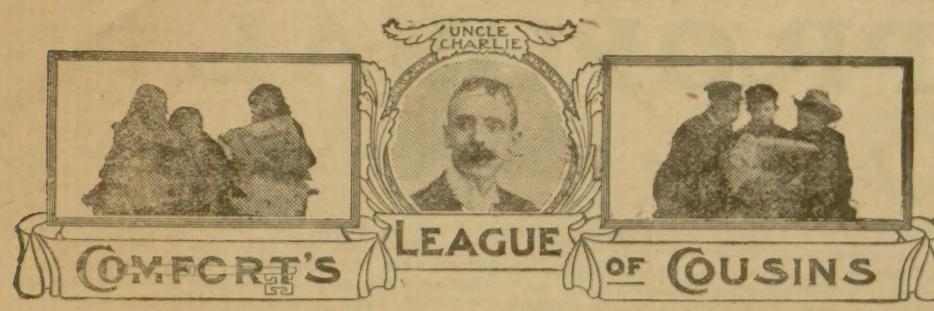
Mehitable Higgins deserves more than a passing notice at our hands. She was tall, angular, and bony, and to judge from present appearance could never have possessed a very large share of that beauty which is said to be skin deep. Yet Mehitable was by no means sensible of her deficiency in the matter of personal attractions, but evidently thought herself a handsome woman, in spite of her long and hooked nose, and her pursed-up mouth.

As Mehitable had attained the age of thirty-seven years without marrying, it was quite doubtful whether she would ever have an opportunity to do so. It was her habit, however, to indulge in mysterious hints respecting a certain Joshua Perkins, who, she would have believed, was madly in love with her at some period in the past, but whom she had disappointed with a flinty refusal. She further hinted, for on this point she never came directly to the point, out spoke with a degree of circumlocution and indirectness, that the said Joshua was plunged into such a state of distraction by his disappointment that he made frantic efforts to put an end to his existence, and was only deterred therefrom by the united efforts of his relatives.

Mehitable was in her secret heart jealous of the superior youth and beauty of her young mistress, and was won't to deprecate as far as she dared the tastes and employments to which Mabel was partial.

"I don't see the use of giving up so much time to flowers and such trash," she was heard to say more than once. "They ain't good to eat, like cabbages and onions. All they are fit for is to smell of, and a body doesn't want to be smelling all the time."

" Didn



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

AMERRY CHRISTMAS to you all. Another year gone. It seems only a few weeks ago that I was telling you about Billy the Goat swallowing the turkey, and here I am with another Christmas dinner to be thought out, and planned for. The turkey Billy swallowed last year, after six months' sojourn in Florida, was no worse for the ordeal, and he's ready for business. He is going to cut his own head off on the 24th of December, as I simply couldn't do the job myself. After he is decapitated he is going to pick his own feathers off to save us the trouble, and is going to roast himself over the top of Mount Vesuvius, as that is the only fire in the world big enough to do the job. After he is roasted we shall carve him into twenty-five thousand ten-pound chunks, and souse the sections with gravy and cranberry sauce, and attach each chunk to twenty-five thousand picture postals, and mail them to every one of the League members. I think that is a neat way of disposing of my Christmas obligations to you, don't you think?

I want to beg you all to renew your subscriptions as early in the month as possible, so as to give the help this end a chance to have a little time for holiday making and enjoyment. From Christmas to March, the pressure in the subscription department is tremendous, and so to avoid the rush period, and the errors that are always liable to occur, when a person is trying to do forty-eight hours' work in twenty-four, get busy now, and send in your renewals, and send in all the new League members you can. Every reader of COMFORT should come into the C. L. O. C. and help the good work along. It only means adding five cents a year to your "sub" and you're then one of the elect. Don't hesitate, but come in at once. It costs twenty cents to get in; nothing less goes. I want to thank you all for the lovely way you remembered me on my birthday. To Anthony Good, of Willow, Pa., Lawrence Whiby of Chilton, Wis., and Jennie Snyder, Neosho, Wis., I return hearty thanks for five dollars sent in currency. I returned books of my poems to these good souls to cover amount donated. To those who sent their greetings by postal cards, I am just as grateful, and my only regret is I cannot see you all personally, face to face, and tell you how much I appreciate the affection you all lavish upon me.

Will the cousin who sent a dollar anonymously from Oxford, Ohio, send in name? This amount will be retained by the business office until name of sender is received, and it breaks my heart to think I can't get it. To the three cousins who send in the most League members before the first of January, I will send autographed copies of my book of poems; one to each. These are exceedingly handsome books, and well worth trying for. The cousin who sends in three new members is likely to win a book, as the majority of people stay out of contests, thinking they have no show, and so a few hustlers get in, and with very little exertion win everything in sight.

Don't forget the shut-ins at Christmas. This is the hardest time of the year for them. Everyone is reveling in health and plenty, while they lie with wan faces on beds of pain, without the necessities of life. Get ten dimes, and mail one to ten individual shut-ins and Christmas will be so much happier to you, and God will send you a blessing for your goodness of heart.

Any girl, or woman, desiring a good home and liberal wages, write to Mrs. Collison, Cloverlea Farm, Mayo, Maryland.

A number of you have been sending in five cents, and asking for our club badge and certificate, and League membership. Why do you do this? You know perfectly well it costs twenty cents to join this League. If you are a subscriber, you must subscribe again for another year, as it doesn't pay cost of time to verify your statement that you are already a subscriber. Unless your letter contains twenty cents you will positively not get into the League. Sending five cents is paltry. We want to consider your pockets in everything, but this is not a League of Nickleites. We're all swell twenty centers, and nothing less goes. If you want to get your name on the correspondence list, you must write your name, age, and address legibly on a slip of paper. Not one in a hundred do this, though I give you a scolding every month about it.

A little bride will now talk about the joys of married life.

SAN AUGUSTINE, TEXAS, Sept. 29, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I have something to tell you. The last time I wrote to you, I signed my name Miss Willie M. Gray, but there has been a change and now I sign my name Mrs. G. R. Alvis. I was married August 5th to Mr. George Alvis. Uncle, I surely do wish you and the cousins could have been there. My wedding dress was white silk, trimmed with white lace, and I had white flowers in my hair. Mr. Crocket, the Episcopal rector of San Augustine, married us. There was certainly a large crowd there, and we received more bridal presents than you could count. We received glassware of every description, and a set of silver teaspoons, and I just can't tell you what and all we did get, but the nicest was a fine Jersey cow. Uncle, I want you and the cousins to come to see me some time, and see how you like my husband. Uncle, tell the girls if they were to see him, some of them would be attempting to kill me to get me out of their way so they could get him. He is the best and kindest husband to me, you ever did see. Uncle, I haven't gone to housekeeping yet, we are boarding. Mr. Alvis is at work in Hemphill, on J. O. Too's house. We are staying at Hemphill about twenty-one miles from my father's house.

Uncle, do you approve of novel reading, I do. I have read a good many, among them are "Woman Against Woman," "Dora Thorne," Lyndall's "Temptation," "Lerna Deane," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Jessie Graham," and I am reading St. Elmo at present, and have read a good many more too numerous to mention.

Uncle, I am the proudest woman that walks the streets of San Augustine, or any other place. I wish you could see my sweet and loving husband.

He treats me so good and nice. Some people say that a woman's husband ought to be about two or three years older than her, but there are a good many years difference in mine and my husband's age. I was seventeen the 26th of July, but that was thirty-two the 14th of August, but that doesn't stop me from loving him. I love him better than I do my own life. Uncle, please print this for my sake. I'll close for this time. From your loving niece, Mrs. G. R. Alvis (No. 7,783).

Mrs. Alvis, your letter is very enjoyable, as there is nothing so delightful as looking into a little bride's heart, bubbling over with love for the only man in the world. All the world loves a lover, that's why all the world loves me, because I love everybody. A little seventeen-year-old bride is just the sweetest thing in all the world, and Mrs. Alvis is no exception. I'm glad you've changed your name dear, as Willie for a girl's name gives me bad case of blind staggers. So you had white flowers in your hair, that must have been very fetching, and that's where you've got the bulge on me. If you gave me a million dollars I couldn't put flowers in my hair. If you wanted to put flowers on my head, you'd have to nail 'em on. There's only one thing that grieves me in the letter of this little girl-bride and that is, she has gone boarding. I've had nine letters in the last few weeks from League cousins who have married, and all have gone boarding but one. I know of no worse place for a man to take his wife than into a boarding-house. Mind, I've nothing to say about the man whose business keeps him moving from place to place, as he can't have a home in fifty different places, but I do most emphatically protest against the habit young married folks have of going boarding. A man who can be content with a measly shabby room in a boarding-house and boarding-house food, and can take his wife into such a place and call that "home" has got some queer notions of what home must mean. I've made a study of the folks who frequent boarding-houses, especially the women folks, and I've got opinions of them that would have to be soaked in chloride of lime before they could be put in print. Personally, I'd like to see a law passed in Congress, compelling all able-bodied married couples who live in boarding-houses and hotels, and are permanently located in those places, to go housekeeping at once or pay fine. I don't mind speaking out fearlessly upon this subject, as I know that every home-making father, and every house-keeping mother, will endorse every word I say. Satan finds employment for idle hands and the women who live in boarding-houses are invariably victims of chronic inertia, or in plain English, laziness. A great many of these women never even get down to breakfast, and the poor idiotic dol of a husband packs it up on a tray, and she'll lie back on the pillows like a chronic invalid and pick a little bit here and there and waste the rest. "I've a headache, John, dear," she'll say in a half-dying tone, "and I don't seem to have any appetite. I don't know what's come over me." Poor John goes to work worrying about his wife's health, instead of yanking her out of bed and chasing her round the block with a club a half dozen times. Of course she's got a headache and no appetite. The human body to be in a healthy condition, needs exercise, and your female boarding-house habitue never takes any exercise; she either breakfasts in bed or crawls down to table in a wrapper of some kind, and then she nibbles, and crawls back to her room, and overcome by the strenuous exertion, collapses in the rocker, or subsides on a lounge. Later the hired girl fixes up her room, and makes the bed for her. Possibly during this operation, she'll crawl into Mrs. Jones' room next door, to talk about the newly married couple that's come to board, and wonder what the husband does for a living, and where the bride got that dreadful-looking dress, with the green bows and red flounces down the front. Then after an hour of scandal, she returns to her room, grabs a novel, and reads and does until lunch time, then she crawls down to lunch, and cackles faintly with other derelicts of her stamp, and crawls back to her room and gets at the novel again. Maybe in the afternoon she'll muster up sufficient energy to dress, and crawl to the corner and get aboard a car and go to the store. It is only two blocks, but she'd die if you asked her to walk it. Then she goes to the counter, and has all the clerks hauling down goods for her to look at, buys five cents' worth of ribbon, which she has charged and sent home for her, and crawls aboard the car, and crawls back to her home and room. When the poor "gink" of a husband gets home in the evening she is lying on the lounge, and the following conversation takes place: "Oh, John, dear" (she says this in a whisper), "I've had such an exhausting day, I never was so tired, I ache all over. It is not good for me to work as hard as I do." "What did you do, dear?" inquires the poor Goop of a husband. "I went to the store for some ribbon," the wife replies proudly, and by the way she says it, and the look of delight on Mr. Gink's face, you'd think she had discovered the North Pole. "Ah," replies the husband, "you always were ambitious Jane, you should not try to do so much, I think you had better have Doctor Dope and stay in bed and rest up tomorrow," and she does. You think this is overdrawn, but it isn't. I've met scores of such women as this. The young woman, the bride, has more energy, and she sews a bit, and gads and gossips, but after awhile she falls into the same rut as the others, her energy and ambition dies, and she lolls around in a wrapper, and crawls to and from the table, and reads and dreams, and dreams and reads, until she is as useless as the other female curios that rust out in boarding-houses. There is another danger in boarding-houses, and that is the worst of all. There are a whole lot of men in these places that you have to meet and know, that you would not allow over your doorsill, if you had a real home. The most objectionable

ones will be the ones that will appear the nicest to you. They will offer you cigars, and after awhile you will invite them to your room, and introduce them to your wife, and maybe you have a friendly game of cards, and you all get to be very great friends, and the man makes himself as much at home in your room, as though it were his. He's a good fellow you think, and don't mind. Then business calls you away for a couple of weeks, and what more natural than your male friend knowing your wife is lonely, should try to make things agreeable for her in your absence, and he does, and that is the beginning of the end. If you analyze the divorce records, you'll find that seventy per cent of them occur among boarding-house and hotel folks. The boarding-house atmosphere is distinctly demoralizing, and tends to take off those fine edges that are the safeguard of virtue, and throws one into the society of all sorts of people, many of whom are mere human flotsams and jetsoms—adventurers of the worst type. To all young married folks I say, keep away from the boarding-house. It will ruin your energy; it will kill your ambition, and maybe ruin your happiness and blight your life. Boarding-houses are admirable institutions for single men, and those whose business keeps them on the move, but they are not admirable institutions for young married people, and they are exceedingly bad places for young working girls, who at once become the target of every man in the house. Girls, don't marry a man unless he can give you a home. If he can't afford to furnish a house of a few rooms, wait until he can. Better live in a soap box or a chicken coop, that's your own, than a palace rented of others, where you've nothing to do but loll and gab and read and acquire habits of sloth. The strength of a nation lies in its homes, its weakness lies in its boarding-houses. A man will die for his home, but the man never lived that would raise a finger to protect his hash house. Now, little bride, these remarks are not for you, as your husband's business keeps him moving, and I know you'll have a home soon, and a happy one. I'm glad you got so many presents. One present I certainly envy you, and that's the Jersey cow. If I could get a present like that I'd marry every man woman and child in America. In fact, if I could get that cow I'd, yes, dad binged if I wouldn't marry the cow herself, but if I did marry her, I'll be hanged, drawn and quartered, and eternally bejigged if I'd ever take her to a boarding-house and hash dispensary.

Our next letter is one of great interest.

CHILENO VALLEY, CAL., Sept. 26, 1906.

UNCLE CHARLIE AND COMFORT COUSINS:

This is a very beautiful part of California—right in the Coast Range, and only about seven miles from the beach of old ocean. The wind blows up the valley almost every day in summer; but we are very nicely situated in a little valley that branches off from the main one, and the wind seldom reaches us. The crops always grow nicely for the people here; no matter how they blight in other places. Our house is situated at the foot of three hills which rise on the west, northeast and east. At the top is a tableland from which we can see for miles in every direction.

How many of the cousins experienced the earthquake of the eighteenth of April? It caught us in bed, as I suppose most everyone was. It did not last as long to get into the open, you may be sure.

It seemed as if the earth would surely open and swallow us up. The ground heaved, rolled, rocked and tossed like the waves of the sea. It is said that the shock lasted less than a minute, but for at least fifteen minutes, here at our place, the shake seemed to be almost continuous. Of course, not hard all the time, but enough to keep the windows rattling and keep us outside of the house.

While all this disturbance was going on in the earth, the sky overhead was serene and blue, with a few flecks of white clouds on its surface, the air was balmy, and the sun had just kissed the highest mountains. It seemed strange that such a mighty convulsion of nature should come on such a lovely morning. We believed a volcano had burst out somewhere—there are several extinct ones near here. When we returned to the house, we found everything in chaos; stove down, soot all over, milk all over the floor, mixed with the soot, broken dishes and glass mixed with the other mixture. We had to pick our way about for a little while till we could clean up the mess.

We lived in fear and trembling all that day expecting a heavier shock all the time. In one of our fields it broke open the earth in cracks from one to six inches wide, and ten to thirty feet long. It caused the creek banks to cave in on the bank of one creek, started a stream that had gone dry and made the water in our well taste so bad that we could hardly drink it. We climbed the hill in the afternoon and saw that our neighbors had suffered no greater loss than their chimneys. Being twelve miles from Petaluma we knew nothing about what was going on in the outside world. Thursday afternoon black smoke came pouring over the mountains. We could not guess what caused it till one of our neighbors told us that San Francisco was burning. He had been to Petaluma and heard the news. Of the dark days afterward, the world knows now. How money was unattainable, and provisions were scarce. We thanked the Lord we were uninjured and still had a house over our heads if it was badly wrecked. We think you are tired of that story so will make a change and describe ourselves.

Jesse is thirty-six years old, six feet high and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds (good solid muscle, not fat), has black hair, brown eyes, black moustache and is considered handsome.

I am thirty-five feet six inches high, and weigh one hundred and seventeen pounds. I have blue-gray eyes, brown hair. We are both Americans. Jesse is a native Californian, being born in the house we now live in on the same ranch we call our home.

Chileno Valley was settled by Spaniards long ago. Jesse's ancestors owned this whole township, known as Rancho Laguna de San Antonio. It was long ago sold, and now Swiss people own all the land around here and the Spanish people are all gone.

Well, our letter is long enough. If Billy the Goat, does not get this will write again some day. So good by.

Your nephew and niece and cousins,

JESSIE AND MAY WILLIAMS (Nos. 12,651, 12,656).

Cousin May, your letter is indeed of deep and stirring interest. We have had a great many "quake" letters, but none like yours. You were far away from those who compare notes, and exchange news with you, and I've no doubt suffered more from mental shock than those who were in the cities, and were sustained by excitement and the presence of fellow sufferers. It is always hardest when we suffer alone. For all you know, all the rest of your state had been engulfed in rain and utterly destroyed. The suspense must have been terrible. May and Jesse, we are proud to have such genuine Americans in our League. Not many Californians are living in the same house in which they were born, and thirty-five years of residence on one ranch in a comparatively new country, speaks well for you and yours. We are all grateful your homestead was saved from complete destruction, and Billy the Goat regrets he was not on hand, to lick up the soot and milk, as he says a few yards of that across one's chest before breakfast is an excellent tonic and very soothing to the complexion, and Billy, known. Billy would have enjoyed the broken glass, especially. Jesse, it's time you got married. I don't like to see prosperous, handsome,

thirty-five-year-old boys single. Cousins, get after Jesse!

Here's a letter from a youthful, but old friend of ours.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, Sept. 23, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE DOUGLAS:

I am in my first year at High School. I drive four miles into the Bluffs every day. My sister is a graduate of the Boston College of Oratory, in Boston, Mass.

I should like to hear you sing. Sometime I may go to New York and study vocal music; then I shall go and see you and if I sing good enough you may write a song for me.

I use my hog money for my music lessons.

My red pig got to be a hog and I sold it, and have to feed another piggy. I guess you remember me as the girl with the pigs.

I hope you will have a lot of birthdays.

I have one brother and a sister teaching school.

Did I tell you my grandfather Garner was a cousin to Alexander Stephens of the South, and my grandmother was a cousin to Hon. W. H. Grady, the orator of the South? You seem to like the South. With lots of love.

HAZEL SMITH.

Bravo, Hazel, your letter is finely written, and you give every promise of becoming a very smart young lady. Hazel says she drives four miles into the Bluffs every day. My, oh, my, did you ever hear the like of that? Fancy that poor faithful gee-gee tunneling four miles into the earth, burrowing all that tremendous distance into the towering Bluffs. Fancy what a time Hazel's mamma must have washing her pretty frocks after she's been digging her silly, fairy, dainty, little nose into four miles of dirt.

Oh, Hazel, my dear, do, do, do, give up that unladylike habit of driving four miles into the Bluffs. We should all like to hear Hazel's sister make a speech. Oratory is a divine gift, but it is not to be wondered at that Hazel's sister can declaim, when we consider the fact that she is a relative of the late Hon. W. H. Grady, the great Southern orator, and late editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

The gift of oratory is a rare one. Webster was a great orator, so was Henry Ward Beecher and Patrick Henry. Oratory and speech-making are very different things. Most anyone can make a fairly good speech, but orators are very scarce. Orators make language into rippling music, and by the magic of their words, and the magnetism of their personalities, sway human hearts, and play on the human emotions as a pianist plays on the notes of a piano.

Maria is a great orator when she gets on the roof at night, and lays down the law to her gentleman feline friends, as to what is and is not dignified conduct for midnight observation by gentlemen cats in the presence of their lady friends.

Hazel hopes I will have a lot of birthdays, and so do I. I remember having thirty-seven in one month once. Every place I visited (and I still keep up the practice,) I'd say "This is quite an important occasion for me, it's my birthday." Then everyone hustled around for lemonade, cake and coffee, and I held the center of the stage. Whenever conversation is lagging, and you want to be "IT" just say, "Isn't it strange, I never thought of it, but it is my birthday." You will say, "Oh, but it isn't right to have more than one birthday every year." No more it is for ordinary people, but men of genius like Toby and myself have got a right to be born as often as we like.

Folks tell me I was born on the Fifth of September, and I ought to know as I was there at the time, but somehow I forgot to make note of the occasion, and people might have got mixed on the date, so to make sure of getting it right, I have a birthday celebration all the year round. Hog money, Hazel! I never got a show to hog money. I'm sorry your pig got to be a hog. What made a respectable piggy get to be a hog. You should have taught him better, Hazel. Toby got to be a hog the other day, and I had to chastise him, now he's just a plain dog again. If you'll divvay up with the hog money, Hazel, I'll write you a heart touching ballad entitled, "The day we chewed the bristles off the old hog's tail." You could have the tail in your hand while you were singing, and between the verse and the chorus, you could bite off a mouthful of bristles, and hand one a piece round to the audience for souvenirs.

This suggestion bristles with great possibilities. I'll tell you what I'll do, Hazel. You give me half the pig for writing the song, and sell the other half for music lessons. You'd better have the front half, as there's more music that end, and you like music, for I remember now that you are studying to be a piggydowns. I'll have the part that goes under the fence rails last. It isn't as handsome as your end but I think it is more meaty, and will give better results when it goes into the pot. I once sold a song for four dollars that cleaned up \$8,000 for the publishers, so you'd better close on the hog deal and I'll be sure of bacon for Christmas dinner anyway. It is about all I am sure of.

Our next letter is capital, read it and judge for yourself.

PEACE, WASH., Sept. 30, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I've come to take you on a short trip through the country in which I live. I have been a member of the League of Cousins since last October. I am five feet seven inches in height, with gray eyes and brown hair. I was sweet sixteen last July. I live 100 miles from Spokane City, one of the busiest little cities in the northwest, the population of which in 1894 was 73,802, of which 11,552 were school children, over five years of age. Well, Uncle, here we are at Daveyport (Queen City of the Big Bend,) ready to start on a ride through Lincoln Co. We'll now drive northwest from town, down along the ranges of Cottonwood Creek for a number of miles, passing many prosperous ranchers' homes. Now we see acres of grain where the reaper's are busy, and again in the distance we hear the toot-toot of a steam thresher at work, or again we see large straw stacks where the thresher has already passed.

And next we come to the head of Hawk Creek Canyon, and commence the gradual descent towards the Columbia river. In some portions the canyon is very narrow, showing a sheer descent of several hundred feet, and now again the canyon widens and we see the home of the hardy rancher nesting beneath the high basalt rocks. A short distance further down the canyon and we approach one of the richest hay and fruit sections known.

Stack after stack of hay we now see which have just been cut and harvested from the rich bottomland

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Leighton, rector of St Marks, is in love with Anna Ruthven. He re-reads a letter, received the day before from Thornton Hastings, his college classmate, and opens to the second page. He will spend the summer at Saratoga, where Mrs. Julia Meredith takes her niece Miss Anna Ruthven. He's expected to fall in love and marry her, but he has presentiments that Arthur is interested in Anna Ruthven and he promises to treat her as brotherly as if she were already his wife. Arthur Leighton determines the matter shall be settled before Anna leaves Hanover with Mrs. Meredith. He writes a letter, asking her to be his wife. Mrs. Julia Meredith arrives at the farmhouse. She and Anna go down the Glen. Cunnally the aunt talks; she hopes to see her well settled in life. Whatever she leaves behind death goes to Anna and she expects her to make a brilliant match. There is no one in Hanover whom she, as a Ruthven, would care to marry, and as she asks the question, the rector comes around a rock where they are sitting. Privately to this he calls at the farmhouse to leave a book for Anna, and slips the letter into it, and trusts to faithful Esther, who takes it to Anna's room. Mrs. Meredith suspects something, and finding the letter in the book partially unsealed, thinks it her duty, as the sister of Anna's dead father, not to let her throw herself away, and Anna little suspects how near she has been to the great happiness she hopes for, or dreams how fervently Arthur Leighton prays that night that God will grant him the priceless gift of Anna Ruthven's love.

The following Sunday the rector listens to Anna Ruthven, as she sings, "Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord," and he cannot think she means to darken his life. The Hethertons, with Dr. Bellamy, arrive late at church. Anna Ruthven is introduced to Fanny Hetherton and Lucy Harcourt, the latter telling Colonel Hetherton how she had met Mr. Leighton among the Alps, and afterward had traveled with him until the party returned to Paris. Anna wonders what had brought the rector and Lucy into such familiar relations. Lucy Harcourt invited the rector to a picnic. Miss Ruthven is to be there. If his answer to her letter does not come before he will ask her for it. He receives a forged letter from Mrs. Meredith, in which Anna, though she has great regard for him, cannot be his wife, and hopes when they meet, it may be exactly as heretofore. He will find Anna appearing very natural. In the meanwhile he writes Thornton Hastings that he is free to press his suit. He goes to the picnic. Anna, unconscious of her aunt's treachery, expresses sincere regret at his recent illness, and wishes he would go to Saratoga. Later in the afternoon he finds himself alone with her. She does care whether she is missed by the parish poor and by him. He does not know how often she will think of him, or how sorry—She does not finish the sentence, and he asks if she has repented her decision. Thinking he means about going to Saratoga, she tells him Aunt Meredith, and so do I think it best. She talks blindly, her thoughts upon one subject—the rector's upon another. She would have given words if he had asked at once.

Anna cries that she has harbored a feeling of bitterness against Lucy Harcourt and will take her to see the Widow Hobbs—it will give her some idea of the duties of a rector's wife. There is nothing but distressing poverty everywhere. The rector appears—he does not expect to find two ministering angels—he is sure of one. Lucy asks Anna if Arthur has ever—Anna, guessing what is coming, tells her he never did, and never will, but some day he will ask her to become his wife. Lucy is an heiress and would give every dollar for Arthur Leighton's love. Thornton Hastings goes to Newport instead of Saratoga. Mrs. Meredith leaves Saratoga for Newport. Thornton Hastings is away when she arrives—on his return he finds her card in his room. Arthur's letter affects him strangely, while added to this is fear that Anna is influenced by what may result in an acquaintance with him. Mrs. Meredith is too wise to mention Thornton Hastings' name and Anna is totally ignorant of his presence at Newport. She looks at him in unfeigned surprise when Mrs. Meredith presents "my niece." Anna does not dance, and Thornton Hastings talks to her, as he seldom talks to women, and when he leaves her he realizes how keenly Arthur Leighton must have felt at her refusal. He resolves to study Anna, and she pleases him better than anyone he has ever known. Anna does not mistake the interest Thornton shows, and she dreads to speak the word which must carry pain. She cannot be his wife. Thornton Hastings receives a letter from Arthur Leighton, announcing his engagement to Lucy Harcourt. Anna Ruthven, at the same time receives one from Lucy Harcourt, and as she reads she falls forward with a low, moaning cry.

Captain Humphreys, Anna's grandfather, as senior warden, conceives in his duty to talk to the young rector; he does not intend to marry Lucy Harcourt he better let her go. Lucy tells him Arthur, and asks if he is displeased. He tells her people are talking about his seeing her so much. Lucy reads between the lines—she will not be in the way. Arthur thinks he sees his duty plain and he continues:

CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.)

THERE is a way to stop the gossip and make it right for me to see you. Promise to be my wife, and not even Captain Humphreys will say aught against it."

Arthur's voice trembled a little now, for the mention of Capt. Humphreys had brought a thought of Anna, whose brown eyes seemed for an instant to look reproachfully upon that wooing. But Arthur had gone too far to retract—he had committed himself, and now he had only to wait for Lucy's answer.

There was no deception about her. Hers was a nature clear as crystal, and, with a gush of glad tears, she promised to be the rector's wife, hiding her face in his bosom, and telling him, brokenly, how unworthy she was, how foolish and how unsuited to the place, but promising to do the best she could do not to bring him into disgrace on account of her shortcomings.

"With the knowledge that you love me, I can do anything," she said, and her white hand crept slowly into the cold, clammy one which lay so listlessly in Arthur's lap.

He was already repenting, for he felt that it was sin to take that warm, trusting, loving heart in exchange for the half-lifeless one he should render in return, the heart where scarcely a pulse of joy was beating, even though he held his promised wife, and she as fair and beautiful as ever promised wife could be."

"I can make her happy, and I will," he thought, pressing the warm fingers which quivered at his touch.

But he did not kiss her again. He could not, for the brown eyes, which still seemed looking at him as if asking what he did. There was a strange spell about those phantom eyes, and they made him say to Lucy, who was now sitting demurely at his side:

"I could not clear my conscience if I did not confess that you are not the first woman that I have asked to be my wife."

There was a sudden start, and Lucy's face was pale as ashes, while her hand went quickly to her side, where the heartbeats were so visible, warning Arthur to be careful how he startled her, so when she asked:

"Who was it and why did you not marry her? Did you love her very much?" he answered indifferently:

"I would rather not tell you who it was, as that might be a breach of confidence. She did not care to be my wife, and so that dream was over and I was left for you."

He did not say how much he loved her, but Lucy forgot the omission and asked:

"Was she young and pretty?"

"Young and pretty both, but not as beautiful as you," Arthur replied, his fingers

softly parting back the golden curls from the face looking so trustingly in his.

And in that he answered truly. He had seen no face as beautiful of its kind as Lucy's was, and he was glad that he could tell her so. He knew how it would please her, and partly make amends for the tender words which he could not speak for the phantom eyes haunting him so strangely. And Lucy, who took all things for granted, was more than content, only she wondered that he did not kiss her again, and wished that she knew the girl who had come so near being in her place. But she respected his wishes too much to ask at what he had said, and she tried to make herself glad that he had been so frank with her, and not left his other love affair to the chance of her discovering it afterwards at a time when it might be painful to her.

"I wish I had something to confess," she thought, but from the scores of her flirtations, and even offers, for she had not lacked for them, she could not find one where her own feelings had been enlisted in ever so slight a degree, until she remembered Thornton Hastings, who for one whole week had paid her such attentions as made her drive around on purpose to look at the house on Madison Square where the future Mrs. Hastings was to live. But his coolness afterwards, and his comment on her frivolity had terribly angered her, making her think that she hated him, as she had told Anna. Now, however, as she remembered the drive and the house, she nestled closer to Arthur, and told him all about it, fingering the buttons on his dressing-gown as she told it, and never dreaming of the pang she was inflicting, as Arthur thought how mysterious were God's

going to study. There are piles of books in the library at Prospect Hill, and you shall see what a famous student I will become. If I get puzzled will you help me?"

"Yes, willingly," Arthur replied, wishing that she would go before she indulged in any more speculations as to why he did not love Anna Ruthven.

But Lucy was not done yet, and Arthur felt as if the earth was giving way beneath his feet when, as he lifted her into the saddle and took her hand at parting, she said, "Now, remember I am not going to be jealous of that other love. There is only one person that could make me so, and that is Anna Ruthven; but I know it was not her, for that night that we all came from Mrs. Hobbs', and she went with me upstairs, I asked her honestly if you had ever offered yourself to her, and she told me that you had not. You showed a lack of taste, I think, but I am glad that it was not Anna."

Lucy was far down the road ere Arthur recovered from the shock her last words had given him. What did it mean, and why had Anna said that he had never proposed? Was there some mistake and he the victim of it? There was a blinding mist before the young man's eyes as he returned to his study, and went over again, with all the incidents of Anna's refusal, even to the reading of the letter which he already knew by heart. Then, as the thought came over him that possibly Mrs. Meredith had played him false in some way, he groaned aloud, and the great sweat-drops fell upon the table where he leaned his head. But this could not be, he reasoned. Lucy was mistaken. She had not heard aright. Somebody, surely, was mistaken, or he had com-

frosts. Anna had been very sick since that morning in September when she sat on the piazza at the Ocean House and read Lucy Harcourt's letter. The faint was a precursor of fever, the physician said, when summoned to her aid, and in a tremor of fear and distress Mrs. Meredith had had her at once removed to New York, and that was the last that Anna remembered.

From the moment that her aching head touched the pillow in Aunt Meredith's house all consciousness had fled, and for weeks she had hovered so near to death that the telegraph wires bore daily messages to Hanover, where the aged couple who had cared for her since her childhood wept, and prayed, and watched for tidings from their darling. They could not go to her, for Grandpa Humphreys had broken his leg, and his wife could not leave him, so they waited with what patience they could for the daily bulletins which Mrs. Meredith sent, appreciating their anxiety, and feeling glad withal of anything which kept them from New York.

"She had best be prayed for in church," the old man had said, and so Sunday after Sunday Arthur read the prayer for the sick, his voice trembling as it had never trembled before, and a keener sorrow in his heart than he had ever known when saying the solemn words. Heretofore the persons prayed for had been comparatively strangers, people in whom he felt only the interest a pastor feels in all his flock, but now it was Anna, whose case he took to God, and he always smothered a sob during the moment he waited for the fervent response the congregation made, the "Amen" which came from the pew where Lucy sat sounding louder and heartier than all the rest, and having in it a sound of the tears that fell so fast on Lucy's book as she asked that Anna might not die. Oh, how he longed to go to her, but this he could not do, and so he had sent Lucy, who bent so tenderly above the sick girl, whispering loving words in her ear, and dropping kisses upon her lips which uttered no response, save once, when Lucy said:

"Do you remember Arthur?"

Then they murmured faintly:

"Yes, Arthur, I remember him, and the Christmas song, and the gathering in the church; but that was long ago. There's much that has happened since then."

"And I am to marry Arthur," Lucy had said again, but this time there was no sign that she was understood, and that afternoon she went back to Hanover loaded with Testaments for the children of St. Mark's, and new books for the Sunday school, and accompanied by Valencia, who, having a serious difference with her mistress, Mrs. Meredith, offered her services to Lucy, and was at once accepted.

That was near the middle of October; now it was towards the last, and Anna was so much better that she sat up for an hour or more, and listened with some degree of interest to what Mrs. Meredith told her of all that was passing around her, never even heeding the kindly voice of Thornton Hastings, who more than once had stood by her pillow with his hand on her feverish brow, and whose thoughtfulness was visible in the choice bouquets that he sent each day, with notes of anxious inquiry when he did not come himself.

Anna had not seen him yet since her convalescence. She would rather not see anyone until strong enough to talk, she said; and so Thornton waited patiently for the interview that she had promised him when she was stronger, but every day he sent her fruits and flowers, and books of prints which he thought would interest her, and which always made her cheeks grow hot and her heart beat regrettably, for she thought of the answer she would give him when he came, and she shrank from wounding him.

"He is too good, too noble, to have an unwilling wife," she said, but that did not make it the less hard to tell him so, and when at last she was well enough to see him, she waited his coming nervously, starting when she heard his step, and trembling like a leaf when he drew near her chair. It was a very thin, wasted hand which he took in his, holding it for a moment between his own, and then laying it gently back upon her lap.

He had come for the answer to the question put six weeks before, and Anna gave it to him.

Kindly, considerately, but decidedly, she told him that she could not be his wife, simply because she did not love him as he ought to be loved."

"It is nothing personal," she said, working nervously at the heavy fringe of her shawl. "I respect you more than any man that I ever knew, but one, and had I met you years ago—before—"

"I understand you," said Thornton, coming to her aid. "You have tried to love me, but cannot, because your affections are given to another."

Anna bowed her head in silence. Then after a moment she continued:

"You must forgive me, Mr. Hastings, for not telling you this at once. I did not know then but I could love you—at least I meant to try, for you see this other one—"

The fingers got terribly tangled in the fringe as Anna gasped for breath, and went on:

"He does not know, and never will; that is, he never cared for me, nor guessed how foolish I was to give him my love unsought."

"Then it is not Arthur Leighton, and that is the reason that you refused him, too?" Mr. Hastings said, involuntarily, and Anna looked quickly up, her cheeks growing paler than they were before, as she replied:

"I don't know what you mean. I never refused Mr. Leighton—never."

"You never refused Mr. Leighton?" Thornton exclaimed, forgetting all discretion in his surprise at this flat contradiction. "I have Arthur's word for it,

mittened a fatal error.

"But I must abide by it," he said, lifting up his pallid face. "God forgive the wrong I have done in asking Lucy to be my wife when my heart belonged to Anna. God help me to forget the one and love the other as I ought. She is a lovely little girl, trusting me so wholly that I can make her happy, and I will; but Anna! oh, Anna!"

It was a despairing cry, such as a newly-engaged man should never have sent after another than his affianced bride. Arthur thought so, too, fighting back his first love with an iron will, and, after that first hour of anguish, burying it so far from sight that he went that night to Captain Humphreys and told of his engagement; then called upon his bride-elect, trying so hard to be satisfied that, when, at a late hour, he returned to the rectory, he was more than content, and, by way of fortifying himself still further, wrote the letter which Thornton Hastings read at Newport.

And that was how it happened.

CHAPTER IX.

SOMEBODY PLAYED HER FALSE.

Through the rich curtains that shaded the windows of a room looking out on Fifth Avenue, the late October sun was shining, and as its red light played among the flowers on the carpet a pale young girl sat watching it, and thinking of the Hanover hills, now decked in their autumnal glory, and of the ivy on St. Mark's, growing so bright and beautiful beneath the autumnal



WITH A MOAN SHE STRETCHED OUT HER HANDS TO THORNTON.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

river closely for some two miles further up the valley, and the banks are lined with magnificent orchards and charming homes. Two miles from Peach we turn to the right, and after driving a short distance we come to where my home is, where we will be welcomed by father, mother and two grown brothers of mine. Then after eating a bowl of Johnny-cake and milk, we are ready to resume our journey. The next place of interest is the ferry where the Indians cross the river; the Colville Reservation being on the other side of the river. Driving on a couple of miles now, we are where the Spokane river empties into the Columbia. Then ascending a high plateau Old Fort Spokane can be seen. This fort was established in 1879 and was so used until 1889 when it was abandoned for military purposes. It is one of the most picturesque locations in Eastern Washington, and was considered one of the finest military posts in the Northwest for many years, but is now used for schools for the Indian children of the adjoining reservations.

There were sixteen teachers last year, and nearly three hundred pupils in attendance. Leaving the valley by another route, we start back through the famous Egypt country, "the garden spot of the Big Bend," where thousands of acres of wheat land is to be seen. Of the 25 miles from the Fort back to Davenport, nearly the entire distance is lined with farms, having large well-built houses and barns. But now we are to town, so after seeing you on board your train back to Augusta, and with a farewell wave of the handkerchief as the train pulls out of sight,

I am your loving niece,

ETHEL PAIGE (No. 9,893).

Fine, Ethel, fine! Why can't more of you write bright descriptive letters like Ethel's? Nearly all your letters are as like as two peas, and not one in a thousand of you ever attempt to make your epistles worth while. All you seem to crave is to get in print, and you jumble up a few sentences about nothing, and are wild-eyed because I don't print what you send. You all have as good opportunities of writing interesting letters as Ethel has. Ethel's letter had lots of little errors, and very few attempts at punctuation, but I've fixed all that up, and anyhow it had news and information and gave us a capital idea of this favored section, and you all want to thank Ethel heartily for writing so entertainingly. Now, Ethel, just a moment, I want you to tell me what you mean by saying you saw the road hugging the river. I've been a close observer of Nature for years, but I never saw a road hugging a river in my life. You'll excuse me from hugging anything as damp as a river. When I hug anything, I want it dry, you bet. You also say that Hawk Creek is dancing through the meadows, and I fear your imagination is running wild. Who ever saw a dancing creek, why that's almost as bad as a hugging road. I don't wonder the creek has some falls, and drops fifty feet, if it makes a jack mule idiot of itself, and goes dancing and prancing all over the country. Ethel, you live at Peach, and Peach is rightly named if you live in it, for your letter is a peach, and so are you.

Another poet wants to give the flowers of her soul to the world. This time it is a poetess that yearns to be heard.

PANA, ILL., Aug. 29, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I love to read the cousins' letters and will tell you about myself next time. Mother has taken Comfort three years. I have every number of the three years, of which I have made books of each year's reading in each book, they are sewed and bound and they look fine. I also have your photograph in my locket so you see you are thought of more than you know. Inclosed I send you a little verse I wrote one moonlight eve under a big maple tree. I wish you had been there, but as you were not I send the verse to you. Hoping you will not find this tiresome, I will close with love to all.

Your niece,
CHLOE M. SIMONS, Pana, R. F. D., 2. Ill.**The Moon**

It was a still summer's eve,
The moon had just rose.
A kind smiling face it was.
Which shone so brightly—
In the deep blue of the sky.
No frown or care-look was there.
So unlike the faces, it looked apond.

Oh! If we could all-ways smile,
Always be as bright as He.
Would we not be happy?
"Yes" in-deed we would.
And why not you ask?
Ha me! you could not if you tryed,
Keep as smiling a face as the moon.

Chloe, I thank you for the lovely things you say about me. I thank you for wearing my picture in your locket, though I think it mighty tough on the locket, and as for being under the maple tree with you, while you were composing that exquisite poem you sent in, well dear, I'd have given three legs, and half a dozen wings to have been Johnny on the spot, and watched the noble and beautiful thoughts coming to a boil, in your fertile and sublimely poetic brain. You say it was a still summer's eve. I'm glad it was still, because if it had moved, you might not have been able to write as divinely as you have. If it had been one of those wobbly evenings, that keep bobbing up and down and won't stand still, you never could have put Shakespeare on the blink, and given us this masterpiece of verse. But for Heaven's sake, whose face was it you saw smiling up in the sky? Toby says you refer to the moon's face, but never liked the moon, as it gets full every month. I don't like the moon to get full, and certainly no moon that gets full is entitled to shine in a prohibition state. But oh, if it is the moon's face you refer to, how could it "looked a pond" as you say in the first line of your first spasm. The moon looked a pond, surely you must have been out in a rainstorm, and not a still night. The moon found a still and got full, and that accounts for its looking like "a pond." Toby says you mean "upon," and that you've been butting into Carnegie's reformed spelling, and have got a new and improved method, and have converted "upon" into "apond." If you have put upon into apond, dearie, pull it out before it gets drowned. I had an idea that the moon was referred to as a "she" instead of a "he," but there's supposed to be a man in it (unless he fell into the pond), so I guess Chloe is nearer correct on the matter of sex than I. You mean "Ah me!" don't you, Chloe? not "Ha me!" There's a lot of difference in that little expression. Ah me! is poetic. Ha me! is where you're supposed to get the laugh, and most poets get that. Anyway you've done finely, Chloe, though you've ignored rhyme entirely, and as for rhythm and meter, dear, you've told them to skidoo entirely. Anyway, Chloe, I still wish I'd been under the maple tree, when you composed your poem, and I don't wonder the moon smiled when you were doing it, if I'd been there I'd have more than smiled, I'd have had a fit.

A little Pennsylvania girl is bursting to say something.

EXPORT, PA., July 5, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I will come now with a few lines, and try to get a seat on your precious lap. And I hope, Uncle, that you are well.

I am five feet, five inches tall, have chestnut colored hair and eyes, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds.

Uncle Charlie, I wore my League button, and one day a man accosted me, and looking at the button he read aloud; "Counterfeiter's Cousins," and then he said, he was going to have you and the who'e bunch of cousins arrested. I told him he was mistaken, and that if Uncle Charlie ever got hold of him that he would knock him sprawling, and that Billy would eat him up for lunch.

Uncle, were you ever at a park, they are very nice places. I would like to see you ride in a roller coaster. I was at a large park not very long ago, and was on a merry-go-round, and as it went around the people would grab for the rings at the side, and everybody tried to get the brass one; for who ever got it, got a free ride. My companion got the brass ring the first time we got on, but I would have liked to have seen you and Billy there grabbing for them.

I suppose, Uncle, you are busy picking cherries now, and Maria is busy canning them.

I live on a farm of one hundred and six acres, with plenty of fruit of all kinds, and there are three cross roads in front of our house. We had three hundred little chickens, but a good many died with the gaps. Uncle Charlie, I suppose you never had the gaps yet, did you?

I want all the cousins to write to me, and I will answer all their letters, even if I have to pile them on a hay wagon to haul them to the office.

Your loving cousin,

ANNA ROSE PAULISIK (No. 12,889).

Anna, yours is a bright, jolly, cheery little letter, and I fancy I see you digging your nose in the ink bottle and inscribing it to me in your spare moments. You ask me if I ever had the "gaps?" deedly and I have lots of times. I remember once I was taking a swim in the sea, and a tramp stole all my clothes, except my coat and shoes. When I got out of the water I put on my coat and shoes, and made a run for my hotel at the other end of the town. I had to go all up the Main St., and I had seven thousand people chasing me, though there were only six hundred living in the place. You'll wonder why they chased me. Well it was because I had the "gaps." There was a gap between my coat and shoes that caused all the excitement. Once, when I was calling on Miss Emyntntrude Poodlefase, the family Ki Yi bit out three yards of my rearward clothing. I had most painful attack of the "gaps" then. A lady pinned a bedspread over the gap, or I'd never have got home. On, I know all about the gaps, and if your chickens had "gaps" similar to mine, I don't wonder they cashed in their checks, and skiddooed for a better world. Billy the Goat has requested me to tell you he swallowed two merry-go-rounds last week, and they were fine eating. When he wants a ride he opens his mouth and falls in. You tell that guy that made sassy remarks about me that I will soak him a punch in the rotunda if he gets too gay. There is nothing counterfeit about us, we are the genuine eighteen-carat goods, and nobody can hand us a lemon. We have no counterfeit in our bunch. I had a girl once, and folks said she had cork legs and counterfeit feet, so I got down on my knees to count her feet. I'd counted two, and was going to count the other three, when she lifted one that hit me a kerzasser in the bokos. I never tried to count her feet after that, but I'll swear by the way that hoof got busy on my smeller, that she had sixty-seven feet on each leg, and real feet at that. I met with defeat from defeat that time. Anna, you say you have cross roads. What have you been doing to make your roads cross. All our roads around here are in the best of humor, we have not a single cross road in this section. I suppose you have been doing something naughty to make the roads cross. Poor roads, don't annoy them and they won't be cross.

Here is an interesting letter from a sailor cousin.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMER CEDRIC, WHITE STAR LINE DOCK, NEW YORK CITY, June 29, 1906.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I suppose you have no objection to admitting a sailor boy into your happy circle. As you will see, I am on the great White Star Liner, the Cedric, which plies between New York and Liverpool, England. I have crossed the ocean scores of times, for I have been going to sea for over thirty years, and am now just over forty, so you see I began early.

I am an Englishman by birth, and my home is in Liverpool, England, but I am just as much at home in America, as on the other side. To show you that I like America, when I was a very young man, I enlisted in the American Navy, in which I spent three years. I was first on the old "Constellation," and then joined the "Trenton," which shortly after I left her was wrecked off the coast of Samoa.

I have been on the White Star Line for nearly twenty years. We make twelve round trips per year, so you can calculate how many times I have crossed the pond. I was in the "Germanic" many years, and was aboard of her when she sank at her dock in New York harbor.

She was a grand ship, the pride of the seas in her day, but you could put her inside the giant "Cedric" on which I am now. The "Cedric" is over seven hundred feet long, and was the biggest ship in the world until the other day, when the German's built



"JACK ASHORE." FUN AT CONEY ISLAND.

one a few feet longer. The "Cedric" is so enormous that it takes a very heavy sea to shake us up. We carry enough people aboard each trip to start a good-sized town.

We carry the wireless telegraphy apparatus, and are never long out of touch of land, and we talk to the other vessels as we cross, though they are often hundreds of miles away, and we can't see them.

After the "Germanic" went out of service, I was aboard the "Majestic" for a long time. During the Boer war we quit our regular trips, and took troops to South Africa. We took out hundreds of poor fellows who never came home again. From the "Majestic" I was sent to the giant "Cedric" where I am now.

My duty is handing out the drink to thirsty passengers. Nearly all the greatest men in America and England have crossed with me, some of

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them many times, and I know them well, and have had pleasant chats with them all. Pierrepont Morgan always crosses with us, and he always has a cheery "Hello, Clegg" for me.

It's all hard work at sea. It's midnight before I'm through, and we are up at 5 A. M. in the morning, and I'm on my feet all day. We are about eight days at sea then six ashore.

The salaries for our work are not large, but there are plenty of tips, and that makes our positions enviable ones. When we get ashore we are like birds let loose from a cage. I enclose you a picture so you can see how we cut up and enjoy ourselves ashore.

Now, Uncle Charlie, tell all the cousins to write to me, and I shall be especially glad to hear from all the girl cousins, as we sailors dearly love the gentler and sweeter sex. I forgot to say I am never seasick, and it doesn't matter if the seas are running mountains high it does not bother Jack. Love to you all. Write to me all, please, and I will have the whole ship dying with envy. The address I gave will find me.

Your nautical cousin, JACK CLEGG.

Jack, old boy, I am delighted to hear from you. It's fine to go to sea if you only know about the sea, so I'll explain a little about it. First you board the ship. It costs a good deal of money to board a ship, as a ship eats lots of coal, and you need a big room to accommodate a boarder that's 700 feet long. Still you can't go to sea, unless you board the ship. When you get on the ship you are on the deck. When you want to play cards you go up on the deck and deal it. When you want eggs you go to the main hatchway, when you get short of food you either wait for a choppy sea, or wait until the ocean rolls. Ocean rolls are very fine, they don't fill you, they empty you instead. When the captain wants to tell the time, he looks at the larboard watch. The sailors attend the sails, you can also attend the sails, but you won't pick up any bargains. Whatever you do you must be careful not to sit on the starboard tack. If you want exercise you can go up and down the compass. If you run short of girls, wait until the ship strikes eight belles and make a mash on one of them. The ship travels not by miles but by knots. The ship goes into port on the tide, you see it gets all tied in knots; you must unravel this the best way you can. When the ship goes into harbor, she crosses the bar. This is a Prohibition bar, water only is served. The rear of a ship never looks pleasant as it has a stern appearance. Jack gets lots of tips. Let us all pray Cousin Jack, to quit his evil ways, and be good. Here is a fine and intellectual young man, spending the best years of his life running a bar aboard ship, and handing out jugs, brannigans, coffin nails, highballs, liquid degeneracy and alcoholic death, to the thirsty and unwary of all nations. Half the strawberries on people's sniffs, have been irrigated and fostered by this erring young man. Jack, yours for the water wagon, or we'll send Carrie Nation to knock the eternal stuffing, and the concentrated essence of supersensitive tar out of that old nautical jag factory of yours. Cousins, let us see if we cannot reform Jack. It will be a tough proposition, but we'll do it yet. I forgot to say that girls are fond of going to sea, and they are particularly fond of rough weather as that is the time the heavy "swells" come aboard, and the girlies are dead stuck on the heavy swells.

Our monthly shut-in letter is an unusually sad and pathetic epistle.

DALTON, GA., WHITEFIELD CO., Sept. 4, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I thank you for the writing outfit that you sent me last Christmas, and, Uncle Charlie, I thank you a thousand times for putting my name in COMFORT. You have caused me to get many helpful, cheery letters, and also interesting books, cards, stamps and some money; and last, to my surprise, on April 25th, I received a nice invalid's reclining and rolling chair, sent by Mr. G. W. Whyland, South Junction, N. Y.

My chair was a grand present and I appreciated it very highly. I haven't been able to use my chair very little. I have been in very feeble health all the spring and summer, not able to sit up or turn myself in bed, being compelled to lie in one position, flat on my back, not able to move or raise my head off the pillow; and most of the time not able to talk above a whisper or feed myself. And besides my spinal disease, I am a great

sufferer from indigestion and nervous troubles. I am constantly with sick stomach, caused by indigestion, and I have been this way now for over six years. The only peace I get is when I sleep, and that is very little. Sometimes I will go for several nights in succession and don't sleep at all. I have been confined to my bed, entirely helpless, for twenty-one years, and during all those long weary years not able to sit up, walk or turn myself in bed, and no one to care for me but my poor old mother, who is now seventy-two years of age.

Uncle Charlie, you know my mother has had a hard road to travel as well as myself. She has watched over me, and worked over me day and night with unceasing care. I tell you, as I lie here in a semi-living condition, when a mother is gone, you all are gone, for there is no one that will care for you, and she has true, heartfelt love that a mother has for her children. Sometimes I think, what am I kept here suffering for, as my life is no enjoyment to me in this condition. Without health there is no real enjoyment. We don't know how to appreciate health until it is lost. I had rather appreciate health and be compelled to labor hard every day of my life as a hireling, from dawn of day until nightfall, and nothing for my daily fare but dry bread and water, and nothing but the bare earth for my bed, and the canopy of heaven above for my roof, than to be in the condition I am in, helpless, and always sick and suffering.

The thought of having to give up all my cherished hopes and aims and having to live helpless the rest of my days, at times seems more than human mind can stand. What I have suffered in the past twenty-one years in body and mind God only knows.

All those kind friends who wrote me, forgive me for not answering. I've been too ill to do much corresponding. Won't you all write to me and make my Christmas bright enough to deaden the pain for a few days? I'll do my best to reply. And now God bless you all and God have pity on all who are in my condition. LAWRENCE M. BIRD.

Lawrence wrote me a personal letter of thirty pages, that told a tale of suff ring he mercifully spared you. Lawrence is allowed five dollars per month by the county authorities for his own and his mother's support, an amount insufficient to keep them in any sort of comfort for three days, let alone thirty. Lawrence and his mother went to the poorhouse, but conditions there were so terrible that it made my blood boil when I read of them. Lawrence's mother (God bless her dear, brave, devoted, noble soul) is a terrible sufferer from rupture, and she has to do the hardest physical labor, lifting her son, chopping wood, etc.—enough to kill her in her mid-life. Often she has to lie for hours, until she can regain strength enough to attend to her helpless son. For over twenty years this patient, heroic soul has nursed her sick boy, and in a sense he is better off than she, for when she succumbs, no one is there to wait upon her. Lawrence's great trouble is that he has to do without milk and butter, and eat coarse food that his weak stomach rejects. Five dollars a month won't buy delicacies, and how they exist on it at all is a mystery to me. If the county gave them, or loaned them a cow, this poor fellow would be able to get proper nourishment, and this cruel nausea that racks and weakens him would cease. If I had the spending of the Russell Sage millions, I would organize a traveling hospital equipped with a staff of expert surgeons, physicians and nurses—an operating room on wheels. Chronic cases, tens of thousands of them that are scattered over the country could be examined, and if necessary, operated on, and a trained nurse left to take charge of the case until the patient could be left in the care of his friends. Sick folks in the back woods and rural districts never get proper medical attention, and do not have a fair chance to get well. A skilled surgeon could put at least forty per cent. of these sufferers on their feet, and skilled physicians could outline a general course of treatment that would greatly relieve those who could not be cured. I like to talk in a practical way, not in the air. God would rather we did things ourselves, when we can do them, than pray about it. There are billions ready for bloody warfare, billions for drink, show and pleasure, but our sick are sent to the poorhouse, which is generally several times worse than

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Sisters, don't you think that a divorce is a sin? I do. I think that a man and a woman ought to know and fully understand each other before they are bound together for a lifetime. I don't see what ails the American girls. It seems to be a fashion to get married as quickly as possible, and then in a half year or perhaps a year, they are having a divorce case. No, I am for a happy married life, if I can't have that it is a great deal better to stay single.

Would you like to hear something about my fancy work, and other spare time occupations? I can do most anything in the line of fancy work, and Hardanger is my favorite; it is a little more work, but I think it is very simple. I play the piano and sing a little, and I do some reading and studying. I can translate books from English into Norwegian and other languages, and vice versa, and that's what I enjoy the most of all.

My father and I have taken some very interesting trips in this country and in Europe; and sometime I will tell you all about them.

May I give you some good hints?

When washing clothes in the winter dip the top ends of napkins, handkerchiefs, towels, etc., in very strong salt water, and it will prevent them from tearing.

Don't pile up your fine china after washing them, they are apt to crack, but spread them out until cold.

Don't use soap on gilt china.

A few lemon drops on stewed chicken improves it.

Put a sprinkle of flour in the pan when frying eggs; they will brown better and won't pop.

A little kerosene instead of soap, put in the water when washing woodwork, will make the grease spots and fly specks disappear quickly.

Viola Stephenson, Crooksville. Did you ever try to pick out patterns from lace for cross-stitch patterns. You can get pretty ones that way.

MINDA HORGUS, Irma, Lincoln Co., Wis.

Hesn on more wood!—the wind is chill;

But let it whistle as it will,

We'll keep our merry Christmas still.

MY DEARS:

As I sit writing in my comfortable room, my mind reverts to this old, old poem. I am thinking of the many that have not the wood or coal to "heat on", also to a circumstance that occurred in one of our Christian communities some years ago. A young widow and babe were found dead one Christmas eve; at first it was thought she had committed suicide, but upon investigation, it proved to be a case of starvation, think of it, starvation in the midst of plenty, a case of poverty and pride. People held up their hands in horror, and oh! the pity of it, the poor dear soul was clothed in silk, flowers were heaped on the casket that contained both mother and child. What a mockery! If women, wives, and mothers shuddered as they thought of that poor shivering famished woman alone, starving and dying, what must have been her feelings? Some of my readers may remember this circumstance, as this is not fiction, but cold hard facts. Where were the village gossips, that they had not looked into this case? As a rule they like to have their noses in other people's affairs, but did you ever know one that reported or bothered their heads about a case of this kind? Let us look about us, particularly at this blessed season, for there is much poverty right among us. God pity all such.

I have a case in mind, a young widow and babe, poor and proud; anyone wishing for further particulars write me inclosing stamped envelope which I will direct to this dear little soul, a few words of cheer if nothing more, friends, at this merry Christmas-time. Farmer friends, don't forget a basket of apples, potatoes, beans, a chicken, or something out of your store for the less fortunate neighbors. Mothers, A glass of jelly, some of those nice sweet pickles, a jar of fruit, a few little cookies, or some trifles, sent to a poor, feverish, thirsty soul, or to poor family, will add another star to your crown. And to the young people, let me say, a dollie, a picture-book, a bag of candy, or an orange, to some poor little mite that can easily be found in most any neighborhood, will not go amiss; try these things and see how much more we will all enjoy our Christmas dinner.

Most of us have quantities of old clothing lying about, why not take some of it, rip, wash, or sponge, press, turn if necessary, and make up some good warm garments for suffering little ones, or big ones either for that matter. Some of my young lady readers can do that, club together, appoint a place of meeting and make the garments, a hint to some is all that is needed, time is the only thing, there need be no money spent. Don't let us do so much fancy work this year, for Christmas gifts, everyone has quantities of it, subscribe for Comfort and give our friends pleasure all the year round, and only think of the prizes you will get by so doing. Deluge the good Comfort people with subscriptions, for a Christmas present.

Mrs. Orthofer writes me from New Mexico: "I only get my mail once a month. I have been living in the mountains all summer, but will move back home (about forty miles from here) soon, so I can send my children to school. It is very lonesome. I have been here four months, during that time have only seen one woman and four men. I do enjoy Comfort, it brings me cheer, information, and so much news and chat from the outside world. I say God bless Comfort and all connected with it." Now please note that is an extract from a letter, please do not think that "J. A. D." only gets her mail once a month, as some of you did about Mrs. Griffitt's rupture cure. I received letters from all over the country, asking for the remedy. —I, of course, sent them Mrs. Griffitt's address. What a patient little woman she must be to answer all those letters.

Mrs. Dirckhoff. I have a pattern of pineapple lace, with the pineapple for the edge, above it wheels. It is very pretty; about four inches deep all together; if you would like it, I will send it.

Lottie. The bulbs received, thanks. You certainly have a thriving town; I have spent some time in Milwaukee, and traveled extensively through your state. I hope "Mama" will receive a variety of flower seeds from our readers, and flower lovers, who wish to exchange.

We must all try to remember that when we send in a request to Comfort that it will meet the eye of perhaps over six million people, and when we promise faithfully to return all favors received, we are taking a big job on our hands.

We are a numerous, generous, and kindly lot of folks, and respond vociferously and vigorously to most any request.

Several of us have had some pretty severe lessons, and expensive ones in some cases—returning favors, so we must go cautiously in making requests.

Another thing, do try to remember to inclose stamps when sending for recipes, patterns, etc.

I know that many are disappointed at not receiving an answer after proffering a request, but in every case that I have known of, the answer would have been forthcoming had there been a stamp inclosed.

A. P. Hollwood. "J. A. D." lives in a land abounding in the most beautiful laurel and holly, where wreaths and roping are made a business of. Can you not write to some florists, who might like to band your goods?

Mrs. Josephine Doern. I could tell you of many poor and suffering ones that have been helped by our dear Comfort people, and they keep right at it, too, no let up.

Mrs. Pitts. I shall surely send some of my girls that are contemplating matrimony, to see you, you have so many useful hints and ideas. Do come with another bright, instructive letter. Keep your Comforts in one of those paper racks, or have some other way of keeping our valuable magazine? "Love Comfort" of course you do, so does everyone that has ever seen it.

Estella F. Your banana cake is fine, for "J. A. D." tried it. Come again. There are so many useful hints, patterns and ideas in our paper, among them, those cute little brownie dolls, I would enjoy seeing one, and I am not youngster either.

How that Venetian gentleman is swearing to his lady-love, that he and she will go boating and floating through life, I should think it would be slightly damp, and I should like to land once in a while

for a change, further along I see they "marry." Now they go riding and a gliding while he's guiding, they must be in an automobile, wonder what make it is? I am referring to the beautiful piece of music the Comfort people gave us in the September number, if you have not tried it do so at once; did you hear me playing it? Such music, reading, instruction, and information all in the pages of our own dear COMFORT.

Bre another month rolls around nineteen hundred and six will be gone, let us be merry and jolly while it lasts, those of us who can, and amid all our joys let us not forget the needy, the poor little ones, the lonely old man or woman, toiling along life's rough path alone, forsaken, friendless, forgotten. Their name is legion, look for them. To all my girls, and boys, that have sent me souvenirs and gifts, I say God bless you, to our kind COMFORT people I send greetings, to one and all a merry, merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"J. A. D." (MRS. VAN DYKE.)

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I will give E. Davis and others, two recipes for paste.

Book Lovers' Paste

Soak one fourth ounce of gum arabic crystals in two ounces of cold rain-water. Mix one ounce of rice flour with one half pint of rain-water (first dampen the flour with a little of the water, and pour on the rest boiling,) add the gum water, and cook for ten minutes, remove from the fire, and stir in five drops of cloves; keep in covered jars.

Perpetual Paste

Dissolve one ounce of alum in one quart of soft water; add flour to the consistency of cream; stir in one tablespoonful of powdered rosin, two or three cloves, and boil to a mush, stirring constantly. Keep corked, and it will keep indefinitely.

I hope the above will supply the wants of all interested, perhaps there are several like myself who enjoy making scrapbooks.

Mrs. J. A. D. I should like to shake hands with you.

Mrs. J. T. Kinsella. You surely have to hustle to get around to all the tasks, and teach school, too.

I live on a farm, and have six in the family, and really, sometimes I seem to get so far behind I can't see my way clear, but I generally get there after awhile. If one has strength to push their work they have much cause for gratitude, but if their work pushes them it is apt to make things look a bit dark.

I milk four cows, raise chickens (when they don't die of the gapes), turkeys, etc., sew, wash, scrub, cook, iron, paint pillow shams, etc., when I can find a market for them, tend the garden, pickle, preserve, jelly, can, and powder fruit for table use, and really sometimes I think no set of people ever eat so much, yet I am anxious when one of the family loses his or her appetite, and try all sorts of remedies to get the digestive organs in good working order again. After all, good health is the main-spring of happiness, and the little chubby bears around our feet with clinging fingers, mussing our most treasured dress, of more worth than all the world. God bless the babies, what is home without them.

We farmers' wives sometimes live a sorry life—it's work from away before dawn until long after dark, perhaps a new dress once or twice a year, and hat every two or three, and yet they will say they look so shabby—well, follow them, year in and year out, and you will know the reason why.

If Mrs. W. H. Fountain will write me inclosing postage, I may be able to help her in regard to painting.

Mrs. D. J. Fauen. Try soaking your calicos one hour in salty water before washing, and note results.

Will someone that has them please send me some of The Youth's Companions and Ladies' Home Journals. I would also like New York story papers.

Mrs. Dora B. Phillips, Fall Branch, R. F. D. 3, Tenn.

Renew your subscription and get a friend to subscribe also while the price of 15 cents per year is in force. "It. Elmo" will be continued for some months and other good stories will follow on. COMFORT is the best monthly published, so say thousands.

DEAR COMFORTERS—ALL:

I love to read your letters, they bring such joy to this motherless girl so far from all of you. I am sometimes lonely, although I try not to show it, for then I would make others sad. If I am with a laughing person I am like them, although my heart is sad; if I am with a sad chum, I show them my sympathy, then I try to make them see the silver lining to their cloud. There is a silver lining to every cloud, although I often fail to see it.

I am the baby of our family, which consists of a sister, three brothers and my father, one brother is married.

I am nineteen years old. I have dark brown hair and eyes, am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds.

I live on a farm, but one and one half miles from a little town of perhaps four hundred inhabitants. I keep house for my father and two brothers. My mother died May 12, 1904. Since then I have kept house, I knew a great deal about it before she died, as she was almost an invalid for several years. But, of course, I do not get on nearly as well as if "mother" were here to direct me.

I would like to hear from any and every sister in Fort Sill, Okla., also Lone Grove, Ind. Ter., and any other who wish to write to me.

How many are collecting quilt blocks? I am, they are nine by nine inches, white muslin with name and address of sender on each. I have quite a few, but not enough.

Mrs. Remington. I think your advice about telling your children things is right. Perhaps if I hadn't been too bashful to talk to my chum, and my mother too bashful to tell me, I would not today be afflicted by a bad cough.

Mrs. E. England. Where are you, why don't you write any more? I miss your letters.

I do not believe in parents being too strict with their children, parents should not be so ready to use the switch, but should teach their children from babyhood to reason, which is the easiest method of correcting any fault. So many parents lie to their children, make promises which they never intend to fulfill. It isn't the big things that count so much as the little things. They promise a thing to a child, and never perhaps think of it again, but the child does not forget, then it begins to think its mother and father lie, so then it lies, too. I have a friend whose boy is just four years old, and he calls his mother a liar often. Simply because she makes him promises and does not fulfill them. Parents, be true to your children in all things, and adopt the plan of reasoning with a baby, and it is pleasure, or ought to be.

How many of the younger sisters can do their own sewing? My mother taught me to sew when I was but thirteen years old, and since I was fifteen years old I've done all my own sewing, I make my two brothers and father's everyday shirts. I have made lots of fancy work, too, as well as plain sewing. I love to do drawwork, and have just completed a centerpiece, it is very pretty. I have a linen doily nine by nine inches, with three rows of work in it, it is very dainty.

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How many of the Comfort sisters have sons or brothers in the army? My sweetheart will get through for three long years, unless he buys his liberty. He expects to be sent to the Philippine Islands in about two months. I am afraid he will never come home again. I want all the sisters to remember him in their prayers for my sake, please.

Pray that he may some day return to me. I have not seen him since June, as they will not grant him a furlough to come home before he goes, and he wants to see his mother before he sails. It is hard, sisters, for just think his mother may die before he comes back. So for our sakes please pray for his safe return.

I like the song department in our paper; who can send me the song, "Don't Cry Little Girl, Don't Cry." I would be very pleased to receive it, and will return the kindness in some way.

This is my favorite cake recipe:

One cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of milk, whites of four eggs, two scant cups of flour, one rounded teaspoonful of baking powder.

L. ANNA B. LIKES, Pomona, Kan.

EDITOR AND SISTERS OF THE CORNER:

I have been a silent listener to your social chats, but now I should like to draw my chair closer into your circle. I am only a common little married woman of twenty-two years, and I live in one of the earthquake stricken cities, the once beautiful City of Rosé, the county-seat of Sonoma. Our city was quite severely shaken and the business portion laid in ruins, and many private dwellings. The smoke from burning San Francisco appeared like a fog from here. But our sorrowful catastrophe was only a calamity as liable to happen at one place as another. It is only a fulfillment of the scripture. "There shall be earthquakes in divers places." California is no more unsafe to live in now than any other state. Our city is fast building up.

I notice many recipes are given in the corner, and I am going to give one that may be of benefit to many troubled with rheumatism. It cured my husband in a few days. Simply dissolve in a wine-glass of water a slight half teaspoonful of common cooking soda and drink once or twice a day, before retiring is best.

I wish the sisters would send me velvet or silk pieces for a quilt. I cannot promise anything in return, but my thanks and sincere appreciation. I do love nice piece-work, but find it hard to get the material. And I want to make some pretty articles for baby.

And now, sisters, a word about a dear sweet but afflicted member of your circle whose letter I noticed in July COMFORT. It was a sad and pitiful letter but very encouraging, written by a dear Christian lady, Mrs. Lizzie Billingslea. She wished a letter party on her 56th birthday the 28th of July, and I hope she received a very nice encouraging one, and if you did not write in time for her birthday, why write anyway, sweet and cheering letters. Let us endeavor to do all the good in this world that we can; it should be a pleasure as well as a duty to brighten and cheer our fellow travelers on the road of life, and remember:

"Just a little sunshine makes the roses grow;
In the darkened places flowers begin to show."

So let us all be sunbeams and brighten and cheer the tired and weary, that are drooping by the wayside, pointing them to that Homeland shore where all is brighter still and suffering is unknown. Let us, however, help them to enjoy this life as well as to be ready for that better one.

Mrs. OLIVE DUCHARM, 222 2nd St., Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co., Cal.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I learned my a, b, c's. I cannot say like so many do that I like the sisters' corner best, for each department is good in its own way, and I enjoy them all. I have been an invalid for nearly a year, and last spring I lost my little baby; it died without ever opening its eyes to the light of this world. It is far better off I know, but it was so hard, so bitterly hard to give it up. I used to enjoy all outdoor exercise, and could walk miles and miles, but I can never do it again for I am partially paralyzed. I have but little use of my hands and can hardly walk. I try to be patient and say, "thy will be done," but it is hard for one so young, as I to be deprived of all that goes to make life bright and cheerful.

I am a writer, with some success, and a hope of better things for the future. I have been married a short time, only a year, and we have lived with my parents, so I have had no experience in house-keeping. I am a very good cook and have tried a number of COMFORT's recipes.

Betta Sweeny. You say truly "there are no ghosts" but it is equally true that the spirit of the dead comes to us, some of us are gifted with eyes to see, some of us are not. That is one of the gifts God gave to me and for which I thank him. Any of you who wish to know more about spiritualism and will write inclosing stamp, I will try and answer to the best of my ability.

I wonder how many of you are interested in autographs? I am and should like for everybody to send me a scrap of paper with their name and a verse or bit of sentiment, any thought of your own, or some favorite author. I would appreciate a photograph, too. I assure you I will treasure them as a miser does gold. You need not be afraid to send them, for I shall treat them as I would the photograph of my sister or brother, if the boys choose to send one to help cheer an invalid's cheerless days. Send me your baby's photograph with the dear little name and age written on it. I will answer all letters inclosing stamp. I shall live in hopes of seeing this in our corner and hearing from many of you. Your friend and sister,</p

The Hidden Wedding Treasure

The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Rosalie Bronson, one of the belles of San Francisco, is to marry Iretton Kensington, who whispers, "tomorrow evening, my darling, you will be my bride, and all the world will envy me my wife," "and me my husband," she answers. As she utters these words, John Bronson, her father, who has worked his way from a penniless boy to a wealthy man tells how he made his first fifty dollars, and that with all that has come from it bright twenty dollar gold pieces go to her wedding gift. Judge Kensington asks, "Is it true to put away great amount of money where it may be stolen?" Bronson tells the Judge not to worry. More than a million from fifty dollars! Bronson says every cent is made honestly. "Men of the Western coast have chances such as come to few. It is the Garden Spot of the World. San Francisco will be the metropolis of America." Lawrence Felton, a New Yorker, thinks no city can equal New York. The lovers part for the night. Iretton Kensington and his father start for the Palace Hotel. They meet Gerald Phayeton and Lawrence Felton, who tells Iretton his punishment is to stay with them all night. Violet Hilton is to be maid of honor and later will marry Gerald Phayeton. Lawrence Felton is attracted to a beautiful widow. Once they had been nearer and closer, when only the three are thrown on their faces and before they can see the tall building falls, burying Gerald beneath its ruins. Iretton rushes to the Palace Hotel and bears his father out, while Lawrence Felton goes to Mrs. Roton's rescue. They hear, "This way, quick!" and looking up see Rosalie in a motor.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRESENT DAY OF JUDGMENT.

MANY years ago, Rosalie had seen a picture depicting the Day of Judgment, and as she gazed wildly out of her window she was strongly reminded of it. Suddenly, with trembling limbs, and shaking fingers, she reached for her strong field glasses, and trained them upon the quaking buildings in the valley.

No written or spoken words will ever convey a proper idea of the horrible sight. Way up on Nob's Hill as she was, she could feel the mighty shock, and her eyes, straining through the glasses, could see the terrible havoc.

Building after building tottered, swayed, and then fell into a pile of ruins, and quicker than it takes to speak of the catastrophe. With a mighty start, she forced herself from the window, and tottered out of the house, a white silk morning cloak thrown about her nightrobe, her bare feet in bedroom slippers. Guided almost by instinct, she hastened to the garage, and as skillfully as a man, drove her car from the building, and out into the road. Once more a thought came to her, and she almost flew into the house, caught up a medicine chest her father always kept on hand in memory of the days when he had to be his own physician, and a pair of his boots. Softly she called him:

"Dear, dear," but no answer came, and so deciding that he had left before her, she returned to her machine, sprung to the wheel, and sent the machine thundering along the road, over which so many happy ones had journeyed that very night before.

"My wedding day," she suddenly whispered, her face flaming, then turning very white, for the sounds from every side made her turn faint.

"The Palace Hotel," next came from her lips, already bleeding, and she turned her wheel in that direction. Never before had such sights been borne in upon a girl's sight, and may they never again. She had been just a gay girl, with a tender uplifting of spirit the night before, but now she was a heartbroken woman, with hands like iron, nerves of steel, racing against time to save those whom she loved.

Many cried to her for help, but she did not stop. In those sad moments, she could not think of anyone save Iretton. To rescue him, she would have trampled everybody under foot. To keep his dear face from harm of earthquake and fire, she would have given her own life.

Only too well she realized the meaning of those dread words, now. *Earthquake and fire!* Perhaps not a single soul in the city had been in an earthquake before, yet all knew what those mighty shocks meant. Few had been involved in a city fire, yet none needed any explanation. From lips to lips came the seething words:

"*Earthquake and fire!*" Over the wheel beat the girl, her long hair blowing back in the wind, her face set and white as death, and through her own lips hissed the words:

"*Earthquake and fire!*" Just then, with a terrible crash, the Palace Hotel, the pride of the great city, fell, its walls falling in upon the famous palm gardens, and crushing out life from many who had gone to rest in perfect rest and security.

Then there was borne in upon her eyes, her lover's voice:

"My father."

Another voice, and one she recognized, that of Lawrence Felton:

"My wife," and she understood in the light of the blazing fire, what had puzzled her, and knew Lawrence's secret.

"I pray that they may become re-united," she breathed, keeping her keen eyes in constant action, for she hoped to deliver these two loved ones into the arms of those who were seeking them.

It was terrible, and she feared that her machine would be stopped every moment, when she saw, in the brilliant light Iretton's father fall into her lover's arms, and at the same moment, Lawrence catch up the stately Mrs. Roton, and then she said in a cool, clear voice, which rang out over the noise and terror:

"This way, quick!"

Both men turned, crazed with grief, and saw, sitting above them, in her white and gold motor, in her white garments, showing up against the murky flame lit sky, what looked like an angel, and the next instant they and their sacred burdens were in the tonneau, and whirling away, saved for the moment.

The Judge, dressing as quickly as possible, had run into the street in somewhat scanty attire, but he proved how calm was his presence of mind, for they were barely rescued, when he asked with true dignity:

"And where is your good father, Rosalie?"

"He? Oh, dear's all right. He's been through too many things not to know how to take care of himself," and she laughed gladly, driving along toward her home on Nob's Hill. "If this were only New York," Felton groaned, bending over his wife, and Rosalie still smiling, cried:

"If you use your eyes, Lawrence, you'll find a bag of medicine under the seat there." Judge Kensington sighed deeply, then asked slowly:

"Where did you get this bag?"

"It's father's. He always has it in the house. A man who has gone through everything out here, keeps prepared for all accidents. Lawrence, is Mrs. Roton about aroused?"

"You took your father's medicine chest?"

"Wretched girl, you have undone him!" stormed the old man, glad to discover a flaw, for he was hungry, dirty, and thoroughly upset.

"I undone my father! What does he mean, Iretton?" and the tears streamed down her face.

"Nothing, dear, he is just beside himself, forgive him," came the re-assuring whisper, and she started to send the motor still faster, when she was stopped by half a dozen men in uniforms, who demanded her automobile.

By William T. Valentine

"This is a private machine, and is used to convey injured people to places of safety," Iretton said sternly.

"We must seize it. The injured ones will be given shelter with the rest," came from the blue uniform.

The young bride to be rose in her seat, drawing her white cloak about her, and said very simply: "It and all I have will be placed at your service as soon as two injured people are put in the hospital," but she was interrupted by one of the soldiers, who said quietly:

"I am sorry, Madame, but we have orders to treat all alike," and seeing that there was no use to remonstrate, Iretton lifted first his promised bride, and his father out, and then helped Lawrence Felton with Mrs. Roton. He was keen enough to take with them the chest of medicine, and as they looked after the vanishing automobile, the sun burst over the city.

Turning toward Rosalie, he whispered: "Our wedding day, darling," and then she broke down, buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed bitterly, while Judge Kensington said bitterly:

"That great fortune in twenty dollar gold pieces, I'd just like to know where it is now."

CHAPTER VI.

THE RENEWAL OF A LOVE THOUGHT DEAD.

Like some stricken creature, Katherine Roton lay, her head on Lawrence's shoulder, and with sympathetic tears in her violet eyes, the beautiful Rosalie laid her gently on the ground, and reaching for the medicine chest, used several medicines, the value of which she well knew, and she soon had the satisfaction of seeing the dark eyes open, and a crimson flush spread to the young face.

"I do not know where I am," whispered the lovely widow, trying to cover her face.

"You are with me, dear," Rosalie returned, her own face sympathetic.

"But my dress," glancing with dismay at her handsome evening gown of violet gauze.

"Never mind, you are better off than I," Rosalie returned, then she said decidedly:



WITH A LOW TENDER CRY, SHE SLIPPED HER ARM ABOUT HIM.

"Take this," pressing a medicine glass to her lips, "and then you will feel able to borrow an evening coat," holding out her hand for Lawrence's coat ten minutes.

Mrs. Roton gave a little sob, and started to put it on, then shook her head.

"I cannot take it," she said in a very low voice.

"Why not," Rosalie said, picking it up, and trying to cover the dazzling arms and shoulders.

"I could not take a coat from anyone else," came in a low voice, and Lawrence shivered as he heard several men talking.

"Who is it? Who owns the coat?"

The woman's face grew ghastly pale, she looked as though she would faint, then she whispered.

"It belongs to a man who was once my husband," and Rosalie, with a tender laugh, almost pushed Lawrence Felton forward, and drew Judge Kensington away, asking him something about the treasure he had mentioned, but about which she took no interest, feeling too worried about the great catastrophe.

Mrs. Roton raised her great dark eyes, then as they rested upon Lawrence's grimed face, she gave a little cry, and held out her hands:

"Darling," he sobbed catching them, and covering them with mad kisses.

"You recognized me all along?" she asked in a whisper.

" Didn't you?"

"To be sure, but then I'm a woman," she said softly.

"I can love, too," was his prompt reply.

All about them was carnage and death. A mighty city was being devoured by earthquake and flames, and yet these two, once husband and wife, now re-united, saw nothing of what was going on, but begged the other for forgiveness, and vowed never to part again.

"As soon as we can find a preacher or justice of the peace, we'll be married again. I cannot endure life without you, and if you can forgive my cruelty, oh, if you can!"

"I wonder if I can forgive!" Katherine said half coyly.

"Tell me, tell me!" Lawrence cried, carefully wrapping his coat about her, and wondering if a man ever had so lovely a wife before.

"There is no real need," came from the lips of her who had so long been known as Mrs. Roton.

"Yes, darling there is, because through my blind way of acting, we really are not husband and wife."

Katherine hesitated, then asked, with an entrancing expression on her sweet face:

"Then you never heard?"

"Heard what? Do not keep me longer in suspense."

"Do you want to know?" she said, snuggling up against him, and smiling tenderly.

"Kathie, are you going to drive me crazy?"

"Is it possible that your lawyers never told you?"

"Tell me dearie, what? please."

A soft, white hand stole about his neck, a wife's smile claimed his eyes, as she said gently:

"Lawrence, my love, we have never been divorced, for there was a flaw in your bill."

"Never divorced?"

"No, but I was so cruelly hurt that you did nothing to make my position more bearable, for I was neither wife nor widow," and there was a sob in the soft voice.

For an instant Lawrence looked at her, then drawing her face against his, he said like a man taking an oath:

"As long as I live hereafter, sweetheart, your position can never be questioned" and he doubtless would have said more to assure her, had not their second love making been broken in upon by the wailing tone of Judge Kensington, who cried plaintively:

"I'm hungry. I want something to eat."

CHAPTER VII.

SAIN'T AND SINNER TRAVELED THE SAME ROAD.

Iretton had always admired his lady-love, believing her possessed of all the desirable qualities for a bride, but as he watched her flying about administering to the wounded, strengthening the weak, and sympathizing with the bereft, he realized that there was another woman within, and that he was even more fortunate than he had thought.

With other rich men he labored, performing tasks way beyond his strength, yet not feeling the tax he placed upon himself, spurred on by his manhood and athletic love of sport.

The hours flew by, and when new detonations told that water was being used to check the flames, heelt a little of the dread leave his heart, but he shuddered for fear the awful confusion would part him from the woman who was to have been his bride.

The hours flew by, and when new detonations told that water was being used to check the flames, heelt a little of the dread leave his heart, but he shuddered for fear the awful confusion would part him from the woman who was to have been his bride.

While grumbling that his son failed to give him undivided attention, he absorbed all he could of Rosalie, and pleasantly informed her that he felt that his son was to be congratulated:

"W'ry?" Rosalie asked, laughing at his serious voice.

"Because I approve of you," the Judge returned, then asked in the next breath:

"Where is your father?"

"In a safe place, father knows how to take care of himself," was her reply, as she rejoiced that she had such a father. Other women might have to care for men of his age, but not she, for John Bronson had passed through too much not to understand California, his dear old state, too well to be harmed by it.

"I hope he is," came in a gloomy tone.

"Oh I know it," Rosalie laughed, then started off working along the line of injured, steadily followed by the tottering old Judge.

Soldiers and physicians spoke in words of praise of this tall, strong young girl, who could do the work of three, and never seemed weary. All the time, too, she was followed by her future father-in-law, and no one tried to separate them, although there were many who wished that the hitherto admired Judge possessed some of the qualities he admired in Rosalie.

Gradually the soft grays of evening began to shadow the scene of frightful carnage, and there were those who lost sight of Rosalie and her whining sobs, and who could not identify that Judge Kensington with his beard and his beard's supplications, as he begged her to keep away from the crowd. There were many who were so frightened that they had rushed out in nightrobes, while still others had managed to look from those more fortunate. It was a day none would ever forget, and through it all Rosalie had worked steadily, always trying to guide her ill-tempered charge back to the spot where they had left Lawrence and Mrs. Roton.

Now this evening was stealing over the desolated city, her eyes instinctively filled, for she could not but think of her wedding, and of the emotions this hour would have brought forth, had it not been for the terrible moments of life and death, through which she had passed since she had been awakened from her dream that terrible morning. With the memory of her dream came a thought of Gerald, and she cried suddenly:

"Judge, have we seen Gerald?"

"How should I know?" he returned, then asking petulantly:

"Where's another biscuit?" and forgetting entirely to thank her for it, when Rosalie pressed it into his greedy old hands.

"Now tell me, if you remember anything about him?" she asked again.

"I don't know," the Judge replied testily. "you're always thinking of someone else. We, Iretton and I, are the ones for you to keep your mind upon, and I believe you are in earnest when you say you love him!"

"Oh, Judge! You know my whole mind is bound up in him; then she started forward a little, slipped to her knees, gazed at a man lying on the grass, and with a low tender cry, slipped her arms about him, and even the Judge did not need to be told that Iretton was found.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW BRAVE IS LOVE.

The stone which struck Gerald, was not a large one, but when he recovered himself, he was drenched with blood and thankfully bound up his cut head with one of the silk handkerchiefs he had used in dancing with Violet the very night before, for he realized that another day was present, filled with horror and perhaps the deepest bereavement he was to know, for "Violet, where was she, the love of his life?"

Staggering, thrown to the ground by the second shock, yet struggling almost blindly towards her home, he was delighted to find her, wandering blindly in the street. When she saw him, she made a wild rush, and was nearly trodden underfoot. With a rare presence of mind, Gerald cried:

"Go slow, Violet, I'm here all

Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the sixth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

AMERRY, merry Christmas to you, and a happy new year. May every day in it bring some good thing to you, to each and every one of you. One thing I can safely prophesy, and that is that you will all take COMFORT the whole year through. I have three selections for you this month and, in order to find space for them, I must cut my letter short, so good by till next time.

Cousin HAL.

A Christmas Blessing

Years ago, while Christmas carols echoed all down the street, In their home a lonely couple sat, their evening meal to eat; "What's thy sorrow?" asked the good man of his wife, who silent wept; "Mourning am I for our Rachel." To her side he softly crept;

Talked they long, till call for service to the cottage swift was sent; Lot to leave his wife so lonely, sadly forth old Jerry went. Fast the windows brightly lighted, all aglow with Christmas cheer, Meeting parents hastening homeward with their gifts for children dear;

Pausings where his aid was needed, heard a child's voice singing, All about the Christ-child, coming to our earth so long ago. "Tis an orphan," said the porter; "much she wanders and alone; Homeless child! I fain would take her, but I scarce can feed my own."

Jerry at his work was musing, thinking of his dear lost child, When he caught the sweet words ringing, "Peace on earth and mercy mild." Surely 'tis a time for mercy. Quick to think and act, he said,

"To my home I'll take the singer: she shall no more beg for bread."

As the midnight bells were ringing out upon the frosty air, Jerry reached the little cottage with his Christmas gift so rare. When the good wife heard the story, "We can't do too great a thing," Said she, "but 'tis since God gave us His own Son to be our King!" Then a heavenly guest was with them, for when warm hearts, beating true, Open to take in the lost ones, Jesus Christ will enter, too.

Lesson Talk

The above selection conveys the true Christian spirit, giving help and happiness to others. Give it in a clear narrative style. It is more effective if recited rather slowly and quietly. The gestures are simple and graceful. The selection may be rendered quite as well by a child as by an adult.

In the first line prolong the word "Years" a little, to give an idea of the lapses of time. In the first and second stanzas let your voice



FIG. 32. "NOW HERE, NOW PAST."

FIG. 33. "SWEET PEACE DESCENDS ON WINGS OF LIGHT."

she is telling, the first child pointing toward the North, etc. At the last they join hands and recite in chorus.

First child:—Show how the winter bear prowls. Indicate the spot where the seal sleeps. Fig. 32 shows the gesture for the sixth line, on the words "now here" raise the right hand, "now past" bring the right hand up, completing the gesture, as shown in the illustration. In the next line throw both hands out to show what a wide "waste of snow." Look up to the sky in the next line. The last lines are spoken softly.

Second child:—Indicate where the dog follows Dobbins. Your gestures throughout are nearly all "indicating gestures." With the words "Sweet peace descends," etc., bring the hands up and let them descend softly and gracefully. Fig. 33 shows the finished gesture. The last lines are spoken joyfully.

Third child:—The gestures here are also simple, and if you have studied the previous lessons you will have no trouble. Speak the entire verse in a bright, clear voice.

Fourth child:—Indicate the "lamps of gold" (oranges of course). Show how the pickaninny's eyes snap, and also his smile. In the fifth line raise the hand in blessing. The last three lines are given in a clear, ringing voice, and rather slowly.

How He Does It

He comes right down the chimney When the Christmas bells are rung, When little folks are fast asleep, And stockings are all hung,

All loaded down with pretty things, With guns and dolls and drums;

So be sure and hang your stockings Where he'll see 'em when he comes.

You might hear him swiftly coming, Riding on the Winter blast,

His red cheeks tell of a-tiring, And his hot-boots falling fast.

His furs are black with chimney soot, His beard is white with snow,

His sleigh is full of pretty toys,

You ought to hear him go!

He lights upon the sleety roof

And doesn't stop a minute,

He jumps upon the chimney top,

And down he plumps within it,

He pauses on the hearthstone,

And he takes a little peep

To see if all the curly heads Are safe in bed asleep.

He goes about on tiptoe,

Nor makes a bit of noise,

He fills up all the stockings,

With sugar plums and toys;

And then he gives a little laugh,

Pops up the chimney quick

And off he jingles on the wind,

This jolly old Saint Nick.

Lesson Talk

This selection may be given by a little girl or by a little boy, between three and seven years of age. In the first verse show wonder. The gestures are simple and natural throughout.

In children's pieces it is better not to put in too many gestures. The child himself will feel where they are needed. Teach the little one to enter into the spirit of the piece and, as far as possible, let him give it in his own natural way. In the second stanza the child may assume a listening attitude. In the third stanza indicate the furs and beard. The last two stanzas have a little more acting. Indicate, with the hand, how he jumped down the chimney. Show how he pauses and takes a "little peep," and "goes about on tiptoe." Fig. 34 shows a gesture which may be used when FIG. 34. "POPS UP HE 'POPS UP THE CHIMNEY.' IT IS THE CHIMNEY" should be made quickly. The quick piece is to be recited in a bright, childish voice.

"I know that you wanted me to marry Mr. Hastings," Anna said, "and I would if I could have conscientiously done so, but I could not; for, I may now confess to you, I did love Arthur so much, and once I hoped that he loved me."

The cold, hard woman, who had brought this grief on her niece, could only answer that it did not matter.

She was not very sorry, although she had wished her to marry Mr. Hastings, but she must not fret about that, or about anything. She would be better by and by, and forget that she had ever loved Arthur Leighton.

"At least," and she spoke entreatingly now, "you will not demean yourself to let him know of the mistake. It would scarcely be womanly, and he may have gotten over it. Present circumstances would have proved as much."

Mrs. Meredith felt that her secret was comparatively safe, and, with her spirits lightened, she kissed her niece lovingly, and told her of a trip to Europe which she had in view, promising that if she went Anna should go with her, and so not be at home when the marriage of Arthur and Lucy took place.

It was appointed for the 15th of January, that being the day when Lucy came of age, and the very afternoon succeeding Anna's interview with Mr. Hastings the little lady came down to New York to direct her bridal trousseau making in the city.

She was brimming over with happiness, and her face was a perfect gleam of sunshine, when she came the next day into Anna's room, and throwing off her wraps, plunged at once into the subject uppermost in her thoughts, telling first how she and Arthur had quarreled.

"Not quarreled as Uncle and Aunt Hetherton and lots of people do, but differed so seriously that I cried, and had to give up,

"she said. "I wanted you for bridesmaid, and, do you think, he objected? Not



FIG. 31. "MOURNING AM I FOR OUR RACHEL."



FIG. 31. "HEARD A CHILD'S VOICE SINGING LOW."

and expression convey the quiet sadness felt by the old couple. Impersonate their voices when they speak, letting your voice be heavy for the man and lighter for the woman. Do not overdo this, however, lest you descend to the ridiculous. Fig. 30 shows you the wife's gesture when replying to her husband. Let voice and face express her emotions.

In the third verse you have still another character introduced. If the porter speaks from the left, let Jerry speak from the right. Let some difference be shown in the tone of their voices also. Fig. 31 shows the gesture when Jerry first hears the singing. He is somewhat startled and surprised to hear a child sing there. He also strikes a listening attitude when the words "Peace on earth and mercy mild" are recited. These words could be sung from behind the scene, if desired. In the last verse show how gladly the wife undertakes the care of the orphan. Also bring out the idea clearly how, in blessing others, they, themselves, were blessed.

Christmas in Other Lands

FOR FOUR CHILDREN.

From the wild Northland where the wolf's long howl Hires the deeps of down in the ocean bowl, And the white bear prowls with stealthy creep To the spot where the seal lies fast asleep, And the shaggy flash through the silence vast, Like a glittering dream, now here, now past,— On this waste of sparkle and waste of snow 'Neath skies afar with a crimson glow; The feet of the Christ-child softly fall, And Christmas dawn brings cheer to all.

THIRD CHILD.

In the bennetland low in the quiet vale Where the farm-dog follows Dobbins' trail To the pasture for a new cold and bare, And sits with his nose the snow-sifted air, In his home of busy household joys, 'Midst the rosy girls, and sturdy boys, Sweet Peace descends on wings of light, And all exclaim, "Tis Christmas night, The dear Christ-child is hovering near, Let each one share our Christmas cheer!"

FOURTH CHILD.

On the prairies vast where cyclones sweep, And where sturdy men world-harvests reap, Where the skies are such an airy blue As angel's robes might flutter through; And the lark sings down her song so sweet, A chain of song, each link complete, Then a while away comes, so bland so wild, It bears in arms the sweet Christ-child, And hearts touch heart, and hands touch hand, While Christmas light illuminates the land.

FIFTH CHILD.

In the land of palms and of orange trees, Whose lamps of gold swing in the breeze, Where the pomegranate's black eyes glow, Over whose back the sun and teeth of snow, And the dusky hand in raised to kiss The gift that makes his master's kiss! For old and poor and young and old Stand in the warmth ring of gold Which Christmas brings.

SIXTH CHILD.

Lo, want and sin Flees from the blessed even of Him, The dear Christ-child, who far and near Gives Christmas love and Christmas cheer.

G. A. Brown.

In every Christmas entertainment there are sure to be places desired in which more than one child can take part. Such selections are not easy to find, and I feel sure that this one will be welcomed.

fence improvements that cost you nothing!

We have been constantly improving wire fence at an expense of thousands of dollars every year. But because we make and sell 50,000 miles of

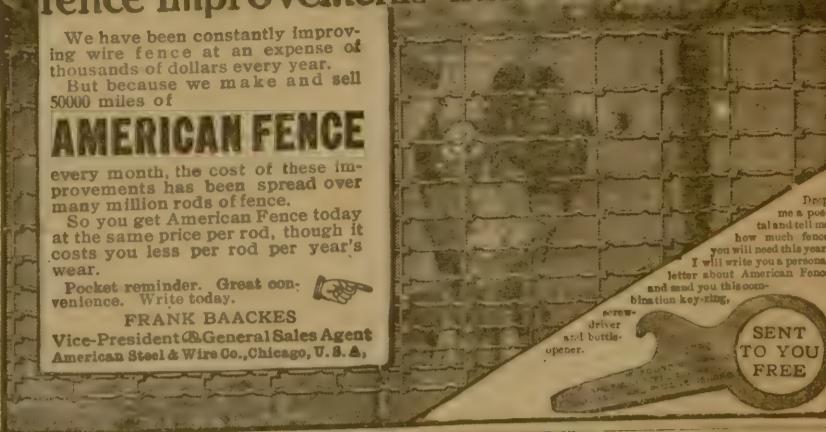
AMERICAN FENCE

every month, the cost of these improvements has been spread over many million rods of fence.

So you get American Fence today at the same price per rod, though it costs you less per rod per year's wear.

Pocket reminder. Great convenience. Write today.

FRANK BAACKES
Vice-President & General Sales Agent
American Steel & Wire Co., Chicago, U. S. A.



who could have refused him but me? Grandfather would not, I know, because—because—

She hesitated a little and her cheeks blushed scarlet, as she added: "I sometimes thought he wished it to be."

If Thornton had previously a doubt as to the other man who stood between himself and Anna, that doubt was now removed, and laying aside all thought of self, he exclaimed, "I tell you there is a great wrong somewhere. Arthur never told an untruth; he thought you refused him; he thinks so still, and I never shall rest till I have solved the mystery. I will write to him to-day."

For an instant there swept over Anna a feeling of unutterable joy as she thought of what the end might be; then, as she remembered Lucy, her heart seemed to stop its beating, and with a moan, she stretched her hands towards Thornton, who had risen as if to leave her.

"No, no; you must not interfere," she said. "It is too late, too late. Don't you remember Lucy? Don't you know that she is to be his wife? Lucy must not be sacrificed for me. I can bear it the best."

She knew that she had betrayed her secret and she tried to take it back, but Thornton interrupted her with "Never mind now, Anna; I guessed it all before, and it hurts my pride less to know that it is Arthur whom you prefer to me; I do not blame you for it."

He smoothed her hair pityingly, while he stood over her for a moment, wondering what his duty was. Anna had told him plainly what it was. He must leave Arthur and Lucy alone. She insisted upon having it so, and he promised her at last that he would not interfere; then, taking her hand, he pressed it for a moment between his own and went out from her presence. In the hall below he met with Mrs. Meredith, who he knew was waiting anxiously to hear the result of that long interview.

"Your niece will never be my wife, and I am satisfied to have it so," he said; then as he saw the lowering of her brow, he continued: "I have long suspected that she loved another, and my suspicions are confirmed, though there's something that I cannot understand," and fixing his eyes searchingly upon Mrs. Meredith, he told her what Arthur had written and of Anna's denial of the same. "Somebody played her false," he said, rather enjoying the look of terror and shame which crept into the haughty woman's eyes, as she tried to appear natural and express her own surprise at what she had heard.

"I was right in my conjecture," Thornton thought, as he took his leave of Mrs. Meredith, who could not face Anna then, but paced restlessly up and down her spacious rooms, wondering how much Thornton had suspected and what the end would be.

She had sinned for naught. Anna had upset all her cherished plans, and, could she have gone back for a few months and done her work again, she would have left the letter lying where she had found it. But that could not be now. She must reap as she had sown, and resolving finally to hope for the best and abide the result, she went up to Anna, who, having no suspicion of her, hurt her ten times more cruelly by the perfect faith with which she confided the story to her than bitter reproofs would have done.

"I know that you wanted me to marry Mr. Hastings," Anna said, "and I would if I could have conscientiously done so, but I could not; for, I may now confess to you, I did love Arthur so much, and once I hoped that he loved me."

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She was brimming over with happiness, and her face was a perfect gleam of sunshine, when she came the next day into Anna's room, and throwing off her wraps, plunged at once into the subject uppermost in her thoughts, telling first how she and Arthur had quarreled.

"Not quarreled as Uncle and Aunt Hetherton and lots of people do, but differed so seriously that I cried, and had to give up," she said. "I wanted you for bridesmaid, and, do you think, he objected? Not

objected to you, but to bridesmaids in general, and he carried his point, so unless Fanny is married at the same time, as perhaps she will be, we are just to stand up stiff and straight alone, except as you'll all be round me in the aisle. You'll be well by that time, and I want you very neat me," Lucy said, squeezing fondly the icy hand whose coldness made her start and exclaim:

"Why, Anna, how cold you are, and how pale you are looking! You have been so sick, and I am well. It don't seem quits right, does it? And Arthur, too, is looking thin and worn—so thin that I have coaxed him to wear whiskers to cover the hollows in his cheeks. He looks a heap better now, though he was always handsome. I do so wonder that you two never fell in love, and I tell him so nearly every time I see him."

It was terrible to Anna to sit and hear all this, and the room grew dark as she listened; but she forced back her pain and stroking the curly head almost resting in her lap, she said kindly:

"You love him very much, don't you darling, so much that it would be hard to give him up?"



Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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For Fattening

We have coops six feet long by two and a half wide, with yards six by ten, into which from five to ten birds are placed three weeks before killing. Fowls of a year old, when properly prepared, make good roasters; taken from the general yard, they are tough, and fit only for soup. Cockerels of ten or twelve weeks old will, by special fattening and inactivity, become plump very quickly. The roost in a coop is only a foot from the floor; yard and floor of coop are of firmly tramped earth, with no loose gravel, sand, or scratching material of any description, the object being to keep the birds as placid as possible.

Morning, noon and night, mash is fed, as it is more easily digested and assimilated than whole corn. The first ten days, mash consists of ground feed, one third of a teaspoonful of salt, one pint of boiled and mashed carrots, potatoes or beets, mixed and moistened with skim milk; last ten days, one quart of corn meal, one dessert spoonful of powdered charcoal, one pound of potatoes and two onions, boiled and mashed. Mix all together, and make quite soft with skim milk in which beef suet has been boiled. Suet is only about six cents a pound. Half a pound, chopped fine, is sufficient for two quarts of milk. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Feed in V-shaped troughs, as much as the birds will eat in fifteen minutes. It must not be allowed to stand before them continually, or they will become satiated. It was an old Frenchman who gave me the hint about suet, which is excellent, making the flesh deliciously tender and juicy.

After the fattening has been successfully accomplished, correct killing and dressing must follow, to insure excellence. Twenty-four hours before killing, birds are removed to individual coops, a foot and a half square, with wire netting sides, floor of slats half an inch apart, and legs two feet high. The open flooring and elevated position allow the droppings to fall through, and out of the birds' reach. For twelve hours they have milk before them all the time, but no food; last twelve hours, nothing but water, to insure the crop being empty.

Killing and Dressing

The most humane and best way of slaughtering the poor things is to have a string with a noose at one end, suspended from a beam in some out-house. Slip the bird's feet through the noose. Instruct the operator to stand with his back to the bird, take the body under his left arm, breast uppermost, the head in his left hand, open the beak by pressing at the sides between thumb and finger, and, with a French killing-knife, stab up into the roof of the mouth. Give a quick turn to the left, and withdraw the knife. Leave the bird suspended for a few minutes before taking the feet from the noose.

Plucking must be done at once. Commence with the long wing and tail feathers; then from the shanks, down the inside of the thigh, and over the breast to the neck. Take only a few feathers at a time; grasp as closely to the skin as possible, and pull quickly towards the head. At first it may be difficult to remove the feathers without tearing the skin, but a little assurance and some practice will render it quite easy. After the feathers, all the pinfeathers or quills have to be extracted. Then hang the bird up to become quite cold before drawing; but don't delay more than two hours.

Cut off the head with a sharp knife, leaving about three inches of the neck, slit the skin at the back lengthwise, push back, and cut out the neck bone close to the body. With the point of the knife, sever the membrane which holds the windpipe close to the breast, cut off the shanks, make a straight cut from the end of the breastbone, being careful to sever the skinny flesh only. Continue to cut in a circle around the vent, and the bird can be drawn without any unseemly exposure or soiling of the flesh.

Birds Should Be Drawn at Once

Place a peeled onion or piece of charcoal in the body, and hang up in a cold cellar for twenty-four hours. Following the above method of drawing leaves the bird unmarred, and the neck skin, being folded under the back, after the stuffing has been put in, holds it firmly in place for roasting and carving. The few stitches necessary, from the breastbone down, do not show when the bird is trussed. The gizzard and liver must be carefully severed from the remaining parts to avoid breaking the gall-bladder, which is a small sack lying between the two parts of the liver. Hold the gizzard with the narrow, smooth line that runs on one side, uppermost. Lay the edge of the knife on the line, and make a small, shallow cut, which will reveal a gray colored inner bag, that is to be removed intact; hence the necessity for the cut being shallow.

It has not yet become the general market custom in this country to draw and truss birds at once; but private customers will quickly appreciate the improvement in flavor that immediate attention to cleanliness makes, and before long, I firmly believe, the present custom of keeping and shipping undrawn birds will be condemned by the health authorities. When birds are going to customers, instead of being sent in a sprawling condition, they are trussed as for roasting, leaving a piece of charcoal inside to insure perfect sweetness.

Ducks are treated in the same way, except that we give them quantities of water-cress and green celery during the fattening process. The former we have a quantity of, both wild and under cultivation; and the latter is sown broadcast, just to cut green for this purpose.

Correspondence

I have received several letters asking for the description of the Rhode Island Reds. Color especially seems to be troubling many of our correspond-

ents, and it really is the most difficult point to describe on paper.

Broadly speaking, the Rhode Island Reds resemble the old-fashioned game fowl in color, though in shape and weight they are widely different. The folks who write, expressing doubt about the purity of birds which are like Buff Wyandottes, have cause for their doubt. The pointed end of a chestnut, freshly taken from the burr, and rubbed until it shines, is about the quality of color, though almost two shades darker. Healthy, lustrous feathers catch and radiate so much light, that even a well-colored bird may look pale in a strong light, or too dark in a heavy shade. The well-bred bird will have good under-color, even the quills being slightly tinted. The Rhode Island Red Club publishes the following as the standard of color:

Color of the Male

Beak, red horn color or yellow; Eyes, red; Face, bright red; Comb, Wattles and Ear-lobes, bright red; Neck, red, harmonizing with back and breast; Wings, primaries, lower web, black; upper web, black; secondaries, lower web, red, upper web, black; wing bows and wing covers, red; Tail, main tail feathers and sickle feathers, black or greenish black, tail covers, mainly black, but may become russet or red as they approach the saddle; Shanks and Toes, yellow or red horn color, a line of red pigment down the sides of shanks is desirable; Plumage, general surface rich brilliant red except where black is specified. Free from shafting, mealy appearance, or brassy effect. Depth of color (red) is slightly accentuated on wing bows and back, but the less contrast between these parts and the hackle, or breast, the better; a harmonious blending is what is desired. The bird should be so brilliant in luster as to have a glossed appearance. The under-color and quill of the feather should be red or salmon. With the saddle parted, showing the under-color at the base of the tail, the appearance should be red or salmon, not whitish or smoky. Black or white in the under-color of any section is undesirable. Other things being equal, the specimen having the richest under-color shall receive the award.

Color of Female

Beak, red horn color or yellow; Eyes, red; Face, bright red; Comb, Wattles and Ear-lobes, bright red; Neck, red, the tips of the lower hackle feathers should have a black ticking, not a heavy lacing; Wings, primaries, lower web, black; upper web, black; flight covers, black; wing bows and wing covers, red; Tail, black, or greenish black; Shanks and Toes, rich yellow, or red horn color; Plumage, general surface color lighter and more even than in the male, free from shafting or mealy appearance. Except where black is specified, the color is a rich even shade of bright red, not so brilliant in luster as the male. The under-color, and quills of the feather should be red or salmon. Black or white in the under-color of any section is undesirable. Other things being equal, the specimen having the richest under-color shall receive the award.

B. J. S.—How large should a house and flying yard be for one pair of Homer pigeons? I only have a small lot, so cannot keep more, but would like to have a squab now and then to eat.

A.—As one pair of birds would not supply much bodily heat, the coop would have to be made very warm. Two thicknesses of wood, with an inner lining of tar-paper, and the outside covered with the same, would be necessary. Four feet by three feet, and four feet high, would make a comfortable home for one, or even two, pairs of birds. There must be two nests for each pair of birds. A box two feet long, one foot deep, and one foot high, with a partition through the middle, and an earthern nest (specially sold at all poultry supply stores) in each compartment, is the correct accommodation to provide. Fasten the box up, about a foot from the roof, at the back or side of the house. Put up a perch, and keep a drinking fountain into which the birds cannot step, in the house during the winter. The yard will do if it is as high as the house, and four feet long; but every additional inch of height and length, up to twelve feet, will be an advantage.

L. W.—Please tell me, what is the matter with my turkeys? They seem to sleep and eat, but seem to stand and sit around sleepy and dumpy, and their manure is streaked with yellow. Their heads stay nice and red. They are four months old, and did very well until a week or so ago. They have plenty of oyster shells for grit, and I have been giving them barley and the new whole corn lately. Has that anything to do with it?

A.—At this time of the year I always receive letters giving similar descriptions to the above, about turkeys and chickens. The trouble arises from the use of the new corn, which causes indigestion. New grain of all kinds should have been in a crib for at least a month before feeding. In your case, another mistake is considering oyster shell as grit. If your birds are still suffering, put them on a vegetable and meat diet for a few days, and feed little until in condition.

L. W. P.—How long are pigeons profitable as breeders? and what is generally done with them afterwards?

A.—For the best results, not more than three years. After that age they can be skinned and stewed, but it is quite as profitable to kill and feed to the other poultry.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Miscellaneous Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

Will the sisters remember one who lost her home in the San Francisco disaster, with any kind of fancy work and also letters.

Mrs. LILLY BAQUIN, Great Falls, Cascade Co., Mont.

I have a canary whose feet and legs are getting pink and swollen, and he will sit on one at a time and hold the other up in his feathers. He cannot shut up his claws as the inside of his foot seems to be swollen. One of our birds had to be killed a few months ago on account of same trouble, but was much worse and seemed to be in such pain. The cushion part of her feet cracked open and were raw and sore. Who can tell me what to do for my suffering bird. Please write direct to me.

MISS ELLEN BENSON, 5205 First Ave., Woodlawn, Alas.

Mrs. M. F. RUSSELL, Nobleboro, R. F. D., Maine. Blocks of bleached cotton, nine by nine inches, with sender's name and address worked in blue silks in the center.

Mrs. H. Skjerven, Michigan, N. D. Calico or gingham pieces, seven by five inches. Favor returned.

Miss INEZ SHERK, Box 32, West Lodi, Ohio. Silk, satin and velvet pieces.

Miss MAY RHOADS, Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y. Silk or wool pieces and scraps of wool yarn and silk-satin.

Alta Hugle, Box 5, Parkersburg, R. F. D., 1, Ill.

Blocks of calico, nine inches square, with name and address of sender worked on each.

Mrs. H. A. DICKINSON, Box 185, Lake Park, Iowa. Blocks of worsted crazy-work, twelve by twelve inches, with sender's initials on each. Favors returned.

Mrs. MARY FARLEY, Whitepost, Ky. Pieces of calico for friendship quilt.

Bertha Upshaw, Guilford, Kans. Woolen or silk pieces for patchwork.

Mrs. ELLIE L. VAN ALSTINE, Box 39, Paris, R. F. D., 2, Mich. Pieces of gingham, any size or color.

Miss ELLEN MEIER, Spirit, Mo. Silk, satin or velvet pieces and address of senders.

Miss SUDA FREELS, Scarboro, R. F. D., 1, Tenn. Silk or satin pieces. Favors returned.

COMFORT

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, Sewing Machines, Etc.

SOLD ON EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

People all over the United States can now buy their Home-Furnishings on Credit, by Mail from the Largest House Furnishing Concern on Earth. We TRUST EVERYBODY. NO INTEREST TO PAY. NO SECURITY ASKED. Whether you purchase a single article or an entire outfit, we guarantee to sell it to you for less than if you paid ALL CASH elsewhere, and at the same time ALLOW YOU THE USE OF THE GOODS WHILE PAYING FOR THEM.

A. 2,000,000 HOUSE FURNISHING ORGANIZATION.

The People's Outfitting Co. of Detroit, Mich., is at the head of a chain of ten great house furnishing stores, situated throughout the United States. This immense organization, by reason of the great outlet they create, are able to demand concessions and advantages in the way of low cost prices from the manufacturers, that no other concern is able to obtain, which enables them to undersell all competitors, and at the same time give you from 12 to 15 months in which to pay for your goods.

OUR DOUBLE BINDING GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

goes with every purchase made from us. We ship every article ordered with the distinct agreement that if it does not prove entirely satisfactory to you, return it or let us know the great value to be had for the price, your money will be refunded, including freight charges both ways.

FREE TWO GREAT CATALOGUES FREE

Send us a postal card with your name and address and we will send you our two payment credit catalogues absolutely free of charge. Catalogue A, a beautifully illustrated book in colors, of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains, etc. Catalogue B, showing the best in our great line of Steel Ranges, Base Burners and Heaters.

To give you an idea of the great bargains to be found in our catalogues and to demonstrate the advantages of our easy payment plan, we will ship you this elegant Morris Chair, exactly as shown in cut, built of solid oak with claw feet and reversible velvet velour cushions for \$5.35, upon receipt of 75c. cash with order, balance payable in easy monthly installments of 30c. per month.

People's Outfitting Co., 28-29 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Roman Punch, No. 2

Make two quarts of good rich lemonade, quite sweet, put into freezer and turn until it begins to congeal, then add one half pint of brandy, and one half pint of Jamaica rum and finish freezing. To the same amount of lemonade can be added if desired after partly freezing, the whites of three eggs (without beating) and one half cupful each of brandy and wine, then freeze.

Roman Punch, No. 3

Put into the freezer a pint of cold water, add the juice of six lemons, and two oranges, one pound of powdered sugar; when partly frozen add one gill of rum (eight tablespoonfuls), half pint champagne, half a gill of brandy (four tablespoonfuls) and freeze. Any of these can be made without the liquors and are very nice, or plain, every-day ice cream can be substituted.

Hungarian Goulash

If one wishes it pickled, use one cup of vinegar, two cups of water, or as much vinegar as suits the taste. Now take whole cloves, black pepper, onion cut fine, and salt; lay your meat in this; let it stand twelve hours or even longer. Then put over a gentle fire and boil slowly until done; strain the broth, and pour over the meat, put into frying-pan and let get hot; add four tablespoonfuls of flour to the lard, stir till smooth and thick, add some of the broth until it is a nice thick gravy. Pour over the meat. If too thick can be thinned with water.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

WHAT SHALL I GIVE FOR Xmas?

Consider this practical suggestion—a savings bank book. No gift is more appropriate for child, relative or friend. With ONE DOLLAR or upward you can open a savings account by mail at

4 PER CENT. INTEREST with

The Citizens Savings

and Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

The pass-book will be mailed in a holiday envelope with your compliments, in time to be received on Xmas morning. The practice of depositing additional sums will cultivate the habits of thrift and economy, leading to independence.

Write to the bank for booklet "A" telling more about the advantages of Banking by Mail and why this established bank with its assets of over

Forty-two Million Dollars is an absolutely safe place for savings of any amount.

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You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords greater opportunity for men with small capital.

We start you, furnishing complete outfit and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theater and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue fully explains special offer. Send Free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 188, Chicago.

SAVE HALF YOUR FUEL BY USING THE Rochester Radiator

Fits all Stove or Furnace. Guaranteed to do all we claim or money refunded.

Write for booklet on heating homes. Rochester Radiator Co., 14 Farman St., Rochester, N. Y.

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Every Farmer Wants One at Sight.

One of our agents says he will make \$1,000 a year. Write for details. Visit the best buyers ever known. Make money now.

H. E. FOOTE, Dept. 501, Fdry. Co., Fredericksburg, Q. Va.

The Great Agents Supply House.

This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75

Before you buy a watch cut out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express a choice gold or silver watch. WATCH AND CHAIN C. G. D. \$3.75.

Send us your name and address, and we will send you a choice gold or silver watch. WATCH AND CHAIN C. G. D. \$3.75.

Send us your name and address, and we will send you a choice gold or silver watch. WATCH AND CHAIN C. G. D. \$3.75.

Hats, and How to Make Them

By Comfort's Home Milliner

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the second article on Hat Making. We invite you to read the first installment appearing in COMFORT'S November number. Any questions you desire answered relating to this department should be addressed to, Comfort's Home Milliner, Augusta, Maine.



TOQUE OF BLACK VELVET.

W e are illustrating and describing this month a Toque Frame, Fig. 1, and two illustrations of the Toque Hat made up—which is specially suitable for a middle-aged woman. The materials used are a wire frame, black velvet, black plume, and lining.

One and one-fourth yards of velvet, both ends cut straight, are used—all in one piece. Lay the frame on a table with the front towards you. Lay a corner of the velvet over the back (which is the open space on frame, between the high points), far enough so it will go under-

neath brim as far as wire around head size; pin firmly. Then draw the velvet loosely around from the back toward the right (which will be the left side of hat), laying small plaits every inch, and when about half way between back and front, lay a bunch of plaits and let the velvet stand up six inches; draw down a little to edge of brim, and then full up another bunch, and draw this down to edge of brim, which should be exactly in front.

Continue to carry the velvet around hat until the back is reached, where you started. You will have fullled in enough all along the brim to entirely use the yard and a quarter, without cutting it at all. Have go a little beyond the wire around head size.

Take a lot of pins and pin the looseness in brim and crown into creases and careless folds; this will take some time. Try it on during this process, to adjust the fullness so it will be becoming. Some faces need the

velvet very loose and fluffy at the sides, while others look better if the hat is rather narrow; it all depends upon the shape of the face and the way the hair is worn; if the hair is worn pompadour, or if fluffy and loose, the

velvet can be left looser and the hat will be round, when finished; but if the hair is worn plain and parted, the hat should be narrower and follow more closely the outline of the head. You may have to change the arrangement two or three times before it is satisfactory, but don't be discouraged,

for this is the whole trimming of the hat. When

all the folds are pinned exactly right, take a large needle and coarse thread and tack the velvet firmly to frame, removing the pins as you go along.

The space at the left front, between the two high folds, is where the plume is put in. Sew it firmly to vel-

vet and frame, and then lay a fold of the velvet up against it at the back. This is all there is to the making of a toque, as shown in our initial cut, except the lining.

Linnings are usually made of China silk, black or white as preferred, but cotton lining material comes in both black and white, which wears even better than silk and is usually used on medium-priced hats. One eighth of a yard is the usual width, cut on the straight way. Run a hem one half inch wide, for the draw ribbon, before putting lining in hat. Then start at the back; lay raw edge toward crown (the wrong side up), and sew firmly to velvet around head hole, all around the hat, lapping an inch at the back. Then with a tape needle run in narrow ribbon or galloon; draw up as tight as you wish it, and tie ribbon in a bow knot. If the hair is dressed high, do not draw the lining up very tight, as plenty of space should be left in the crown for the hair.

Milliners usually have their names and ad-

dresses, sometimes with a crest, stamped in gold on silk or ribbon—and one of these is sewn into each hat lining. This is called a Tip.

It is difficult to de-

scribe clearly the fulling of the velvet and the exact way the folds are laid, in making a toque, but if the illustrations are looked at carefully, our description, we hope, will be perfectly clear. No bandage is used in this toque.

If considered more becoming, make the puffs of velvet rather high all across the front, and place plume along the left side, (see Fig. 2), starting under a fold near the front and falling toward the back. In this case, it may be necessary to put in a small bandage on the becoming angle.

VELVET TOQUE. FIG. 2.

left side to raise the hat to a becoming angle.

How COMFORT Subscribers Can Secure an Outfit to Make the Above Toque Hat Without Cost.

In order that COMFORT subscribers may get the practical value of these lessons, we have arranged with a large Boston millinery establishment to furnish the frame, ostrich plume and other material to complete an outfit for making the hat illustrated and described above, so you can by getting a club of only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, make one without cost for yourself, or to sell. As a made-up hat of this description sells at from \$4.95 to \$8.50 at the city milliners', you can at once see what a favorable offer it is. The outfit consists of one Toque frame, one and one-fourth yards black velvet for trimming and outer covering, one genuine, black ostrich tip plume, one eighth yard black material for lining, assorted milliners' needles—all of which will be sent by COMFORT HAT DEPT., Augusta, Maine, free, express or postpaid.

If you have material of your own for trimming, we will send only the hat frame—extra hat wire and assorted needles, for a club of 4 subscribers at 15 cents each.

About Covering Frames

In our last article we said we would describe this month how to cover a frame plain—with velvet or

HALF WAY BANDEAU.

FIG. 2.

of velvet face down (that is, right sides together), on velvet and cut another circle exactly like it. Lay frame onto wrong side of the first circle cut and draw edges up over edge of brim, being careful not to stretch edge, and pin closely all around; when perfectly smooth all over, sew close to wire. Take out pins and turn frame over. Pin through velvet to wire around head hole and then cut out velvet across head hole to within one half inch of wire where pinned; cut gashes every inch, about one fourth inch deep, and turn in edge over wire around head hole and sew closely. Take out pins. The underside of brim is now covered smoothly.

Lay the other circle of velvet onto the underside of the brim, which you have just covered, with the right sides together, and cut out the circle the size of head hole. Then lay this circle on top of brim. If the crown is small you will be able to draw the velvet down over, so it will lay flat on top of brim—but if it is a large crown it will be necessary for you to cut through from outer edge of velvet to the hole you have cut out, at the narrowest part, which will be the middle of the back; then you can lay the velvet around the crown, on top of brim, without any stretching. After fitting and pinning, turn in edge of velvet and baste carefully through to underside of brim; then blind-stitch the outer edges of brim together, unless a snap band is to be used, in which case simply leave in the bastings, as they will be covered by the band. The place you have cut in the back, on top of head, can be sewn down flat; there will be enough to turn in a little, and the trimming will cover it.

Sometimes a small, round, low crown comes with these broad-brimmed hats, sometimes a small, high crown, commonly known as a bell crown, and an immense large, loose crown, or Tam O' Shanter.

The small crowns would be covered plain and the large ones loose. To cover a

crown plain, cut a piece of velvet an inch larger than top of crown and lay on top and bring down over edges and sew there. Then cut a bias band one inch wider than height of crown; catch-stitch both edges, turning in each edge one half inch. Draw this band smoothly around crown, starting at the back, and let top edge go just even with top of crown. If a loose, large crown is desired, cut a circular piece of velvet about one half yard across; turn in edge and gather, making four or five rows of gathering; fit around crown and draw all the threads up tight and fasten. This gives a shirred effect around the crown, and the loose top of crown can be left as it naturally falls, or can be dented in and tacked, as desired.

This model can be used for either a severe or a dressy hat. For a dressy hat have the brim three or four inches wide all around and bend it in wavy lines before covering. After it is covered trim with plumes and a buckle, similar to our illustration, Fig. 6. If a severe hat is desired, have the brim about three inches wide at front and sides, and two inches wide at back, and perfectly straight. Trim with a wing on each side, as we have shown in cut, Fig. 5, or with a band and tight knot of velvet and two or three quills, or a wing stuck through knot on left side only.

Use a high bandeau with either hat, for the bandeau is what gives the style to the hat. It must be built up high at left side and back, and worn well over the face, in order to have just the right air.

We illustrate the two kinds of bandeaux used in millinery, one of which goes all the way around, Fig. 4, and the other only half way, Fig. 5. For the dressy hat use the round bandeau and for the severe hat use the half length.

Bandeaux are made of stiff buckram with a wire

sewn all around the edge, ever and over. If you don't happen to have buckram you can use stiff pasteboard, with no wire; of course this will not wear as long as the wired buckram. The bandeau is covered with velvet and then fastened into the head hole at whatever angle will make the hat becoming; (of course this is done, and trimmed, before the lining is put in). Put a fold of velvet with a knot and short ends, on the bandeau for severe hat. For the dressy hat, put a plume on the bandeau, letting it fall back over the hair. If you happen to be rich in plumes; if not, a strip of velvet put in rather full, with two or three pink roses nestled into the folds makes a very becoming finish, close to the hair; or a ruche of tulle or lace; or simply a band of velvet with two short loops and ends and a small buckle to match the larger one on top. The trimming of the bandeau depends entirely upon how the hair is worn. The majority of present style hats have more trimming on the bandeau than on the hats themselves.

Our next article will describe the making of petal edge, rosettes, gaunc wings and butterflies, and will describe a hat which may be trimmed with this sort of decoration.

A DRESSY HAT. FIG. 5.

The Great Chicago Mystery

or,

The Man with Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

the train, and were cordially received by the anxious Chicago dignitary. The three had exchanged greetings, and the usual commonplaces, when Crit settled down upon the business which had brought him from New York City.

"You say, Chief," he asked briefly, "that a gang of guns are operating here, apparently

well organized, and their game consists chiefly in the holding up of small saloons and the like?"

"That's just it, Mr. Truman," replied the official, repeating:

"That's just it. They have a pretty good game,

too, and one we can't break up, so it seems, but I am hoping great things," and he smiled cordially.

Crit did not stop for any courtesies. His time was so very valuable, and he knew he was even then required in New York, for while the train was rounding the Horseshoe bend and he and Ralph were enjoying the superb scenery, a telegram was handed him, which read:

"Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him."

The name signed was that of the president of the bank Percy Mandeville had robbed.

Ralph had started when he saw the name of the girl, and exclaimed:

"Critic, that's the girl whose people wanted you to look after. I mentioned it the other morning."

Crit smiled, and replied:

"It's not the first time that cases which seem very simple on the surface develop into thrilling ones," and Ralph nodded.

Crit remembered this and many other matters, as he said brusquely:

"Well, Chief, to facilitate matters, I want you to give me and my assistants a complete account of the doings. Any point that might prove of the least assistance, I want you to let me have."

"Then you'll have a good lot."

"All right. Nothing you know about the case is too small to be overlooked. You have been a police official too long for me to remind you of that," and Crit smiled, to soften the severity of his words.

The chief passed cigars, and after they were comfortably settled, he began:

"About a month ago, a report was made to me regarding the holding up of a small saloon on the South Side. Now, although this saloon was a small one, it was located on a very busy street, and had an excellent trade."

"Ralph, take that street, number and name of proprietor," Crit interrupted.

After giving the desired information, which Ralph recorded, the chief continued:

"Right at the busiest time of the night, a young man entered and bought a drink of whiskey, and immediately went out of the place. At the time there were several customers in the place, three at the bar, and four playing cards at a table.

"Not five minutes after the lad had left, in walks four guys, all masked to below the eyes, and each with a drawn cannon. The foremost one spoke quickly and brusquely, and as cool as you please, saying:

"Up with you hands, you. Not a move now. Red, get that dough. I'm in a big hurry now, men, and I don't want to waste any time."

"He seemed to have a proper appreciation of the value of his time," Crit said gravely, exchanging glances with Ralph. Both men remembered hearing almost the same words in another place at another time.

"All this time he had the barkeeper covered," the chief continued, "and they said his hand was just as steady as a rock, and while he spoke quickly, he was not the least excited."

"An old timer, all right," Crit suggested.

"Yes, undoubtedly," agreed the chief. "They lined the customers up against the wall, and a systematic search was made of them. Nothing was overlooked; even a pair of diamond cuff buttons were taken from one of the men."

"Cool," Ralph said in a low tone. Really the man was theirs without any doubt. His methods had not changed in the least.

"The cash register was rifled, and the man behind the bar thrust a bottle of whiskey into his pocket. This, however, was detected by the leader, who made him return it."

Here Crit smiled at Ralph, who winked back at him.

"Go on with your story, Chief," Crit cried.

"This as I said occurred about a month ago. Since that time places have been stuckup without number, and all in just about the same way, showing that it is a case of one gang."

"Same methods all through?"

"That's it, Mr. Truman, and my men can't get the bunch. Can you?"

"I think I can," Crit answered, smiling at the eagerness of the chief.

"And you'll take up this case?"

"Yes, I think I will."

"Well then, Crit Truman, if you'll solve the mystery, you'll have the gratitude of the Chicago people, to say nothing of mine."

"Hold on, Chief, hold on," laughed Crit, "I haven't caught the man yet."

"No—but you will, I'm sure. In case you need any assistance, every member of the force, including myself is at your service, at any time, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Miniature Mill Wheel

Cut off the flange ends of a spool as shown in Fig. 1. With a knife point make four slots on the outside, and stick into each a fan-shaped piece of tin or cardboard. Mount the wheel on a notched pasteboard box, and pour sand or water down upon the paddles, making it revolve after the fashion of an old mill wheel. The whole device, made plain by the cuts, can be rigged up in a few minutes.

Physical Exercise

We all know that regular exercise increases the size and strength of the muscles, but few know exactly why this takes place. The reason simply stated is this. The moving of a muscle causes heat and heat in turn causes an increased flow of blood. The blood leaves after it a sediment which soon grows to be muscle. Any other way of producing heat, such as rubbing, tapping with hand, slipping iron rings over the arm will have the effect of accelerating the flow of blood and likewise enlarging the muscle, but there is no muscle as good as that developed by natural motions of the limbs such as walking and running.

Stained Hands

If you stain your hands with anything that will not wash off with soap and water, use salt of lemons if you have it handy, and if not, common salt. Use it as you would common soap, and if you are not successful in removing the stains, wash your hands in horseradish and milk. Never use acids or alkalies to cleanse the skin, for it has a tendency to dry it up and cause chaps.

Blackboard

A blackboard is handy for drawing and figuring during the long winter evenings. The stand or easel may be made of four long strips. When you have secured three of the same length cut small triangular pieces of the corners of two of them as shown in "g". Now place the three together in the shape of an inverted "v", and drill a hole, into which put a loosely fitting bolt. Nail on a crosspiece to keep the outside legs spread out at the right angle, and in the front or face of this crosspiece put two hooks for the blackboard to rest upon. Put an eye screw in the back of it about the center, and another in the single or back leg, and connect them with a piece of cord. A good wide piece of pine, painted black several times will do for the writing-board. A grooved block to which a piece of carpet has been tacked will do for an eraser.

Corns

A corn is simply a callous spot and is caused by the constant rubbing of the shoe on the foot or one toe against the other. The first thing to do is to get a larger shoe, and if possible, one without tips. Next pare off as much as possible, and before going to bed at night soak the feet in warm water and apply on the corn a poultice of sugar and common laundry soap kneaded together. This does not act as quickly as some remedies, but it is harmless and unfailing.

Game of Guess

There are few games as absorbing as the game of guess, played with pennies, marbles, grains of corn or any small object. The two players who take part begin by equally dividing the number of forfeits. Then the first one secretly places any number of the objects in his hand and presenting it to the sight of his opponent, asks him to guess how many it contains. If his answer is seven and it is found to contain ten, he must pay over the difference between his guess and the real number, which in this case is three. Each take a turn at guessing, and the first one losing all, is, of course, beaten. If you give this game a trial you will find yourself as deeply engrossed as if the forfeits were dollars instead of grains of corns.

The Coat Hold

Here is a quick and harmless way to render a fractious companion helpless. Grasp him firmly by the coat lapels and with the same sudden movement push them downward and



backward till they are only a few inches above his elbows, then quickly draw them together and button the first button of the coat and you have him as helpless as if he was tied with rope. The whole thing can be accomplished in about a second, and as may be imagined, is very effective.

Won Through Death

By Orna Anice Eastman

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ALICIA stopped, her merry eyes sparkling, her red lips parted, and looked into the face of Kenneth.

"Honestly?" she asked, with that bewitching little flicker of her eyelashes, which in another might have been termed the shadow of a wink.

"Honestly," Kenneth cried, trying to lay his hand upon her rounded arm, but failing, for she kept just out of his reach.

"You love me?"

"Don't play, Alicia," Ken said sharply, his mouth trembling, "I've said it, and I can't tell you any more."

"Oh, yes, you can. I want to know just when you first felt that I was 'The Only Woman;' when you realized my many perfections, and just how you summoned up sufficient courage to tell me of your great secret," and the girl's merry laugh rang out upon the still air.

"Alicia, you are cruelty itself," he said hoarsely.

Alicia laughed again. She was so young, barely sixteen, and knew nothing of the strength or power of love.

"Don't, Ken, dear boy," she said gasping. "I'm just a little girl, and I can't take you seriously," she pleaded.

"I tell you I love you," he said doggedly; but she could only laugh, and dance away from him, her gay voice ringing out on the air, heavy with the scent of pine needles, for they were walking in the immense pine woods back of her father's house.

As the sunlight flickered through the green needles, upon her golden head, it brought out new beauties in the sweet fresh face, guiltless of any artificial aids, and plunged the stalwart young farmer all the deeper in love, although through the very strength of his feeling he could not plead as one less in earnest might.

"Don't you understand love?" he asked, a tender tone coming in his voice.

"I love father and mother, and you, but as to wanting to be silly over the matter, no," she replied, her happy young face free from care, her lovely violet eyes unshadowed of the grande passion.

"It'll come to you some day, and hit you hard," the young man cried moodily, but she only danced before him, laughing and singing, her heart as light as her little feet, which barely touched the heavy carpet of pine needles.

Kenneth Marling had loved the dainty little creature from the day she had been shown to him, a boy of ten, in her little white clothes, dancing about the house. Six years separated them in age, but just now he felt old in comparison with her girlish thoughtlessness and he wondered if the girl would ever mature into the woman, grudging her the carelessness of youth. He had waited to press his suit until he had a home ready for her, but when this had been obtained rather unexpectedly through the death of an uncle, he could keep still no longer, and had poured out his overfull heart, to be met with laughter and jest.

"Alicia, let me teach you what is in my heart," he said brokenly, and the girl turning her head saw the misery in his face, and stopped.

"Do you really feel bad, dear?" she asked sympathetically.

"Of course," he replied quite simply.

"I'm awfully sorry. Teach me if you can, I'm willing," was her sudden gracious reply, and trembling, hoping, and yet fearing, he gently took her in his arms, and kissed her upon her girlish lips.

"Is that love?" she asked, looking earnestly at him.

"No," he said with a sudden passion, "it is only what I hope for. I cannot kiss you as I would for fear I turn your heart away from me, but, darling, I love you, and I would die for you," and his dark eyes glowed.

Alicia shook her head very gently, yet decidedly.

"Ken, give it up, I can't love you," she said softly, "because I'd rather you didn't kiss me."

The young man's face paled, but he still kept his arms about her, whispering tenderly:

"But, Alicia, my life is bound up in you. My darling doesn't care for anyone else?"

"No."

"Is there anything in me you don't like?"

"No, but you are just Ken, that's all. I'd do a lot for you, but I only love you as a dear friend, that's all."

"Do you want me to marry someone else?" he asked, hope once more making a suggestion.

"Yes, if it would make you happy," she replied without the slightest hesitation.

Kenneth Marling turned away with a groan. Evidently there was no hope for him, and he felt that life was not worth the living. He staggered slightly, then stumbled, and fell. Alicia's merry laugh rang out, but was checked in its birth, for she understood the terrible danger.

They had been walking on the shore of a little bay, noted for its fatal quicksands. Hitherto none had been found outside the water, but when Kenneth fell, he sank immediately to his knees, and Alicia realized that one of these terrible spots lined the shore and that Kenneth had fallen into it.

"Ken!" she cried in horror.

The young man looked at her, then with the sweat pouring down his face tried to draw out first one leg and then the other. In vain, the dread sand sucked him in further, and he knew that it was only a matter of a few moments until he would be drawn down to an awful death.

"Alicia, darling," he cried. How cruel it was to die, loving her as he did!

She did not answer for an instant, and he looking about helplessly gave a sudden cry of admiration.

With all the strength of her strong young body, nourished in the open air, she wrenched off one of the pine boughs, and running, threw it across the quivering sand, until its branches were buried in the sullen waters of the ghastly lake.

With a face set and tense with excitement, she crawled out on the limb, wondrously large for her hands to have jerked off, and held out her arms, saying with a tone in her voice Kenneth had never heard before:

"Catch hold of me, dear, and exert all your strength."

"You can't do it, darling, I will only pull you in," he answered.

"Quick, I can save you," and there was something in her violet eyes that gave him added strength, and clasping her about the neck, he said hoarsely:

"Now," and the two, vigorous children of Nature, pulled with all the strength that was God-given.

The cords stood out in their necks; Alicia's whole body was wrenching, but as they pulled, their teeth set, she saw that they were gaining on the horrible sand.

"Pull," she cried, straining back, then she felt that he was weakening against the frightful suction of the quicksand. A marvelous glow came into those eyes, and she said in gasps that could scarcely be heard:

"One more try, Ken, darling, for my sake, for I love you," then she gave a superhuman heave of her body, and the two rolled utterly exhausted into the pine needles, safe, while the cruel sands glutted on the pine branch, sucking it in until its last needle was lost, and nothing but the treacherous dimples of the brown sand marked the death hole.

Brunised, trembling, gasping, they sat and watched, then as the sands closed over the last one of the green needles, Kenneth turned to Alicia, and whispered:

"Your dear words saved me as much as your strength, but tell me, sweetheart, did you really mean them?"

Alicia, her lips bleeding where she had bitten them in her terrible efforts, returned softly:

"Yes, I meant them, and a lot more, for, Ken dear, I learned when I saw you there, that I did know what love means," and he realized that the girl had grown into the woman, and that through death he had won his bride.

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

CHAPTER X.

MRS. MEREDITH HAS A CONSCIENCE.

She had one year before, but, since the summer day when she sent from her the white-faced man whose heart she had broken, it had been hardening over with a stony crust which nothing it seemed could break. And yet there were times when she was softened and wished that much that she had done might be blotted out from the great book in which even she believed.

There was many a misdeed recorded there against her, she knew, and occasionally there stole over her a strange disquietude as to how she could confront them when they all came up against her.

Usually she could cast such thoughts aside by a drive down gay Broadway; but the sight of Anna's white face, and the knowing what made it so white was a constant reproach, and conscience gradually awakened from its torpor enough to whisper of the only restitution in her power—that of confession to Arthur.

But from this she shrank nervously. She could not humble herself thus to anyone, and she would not either. Then came the fear lest by another than herself her gull should come to light. What if Thornton Hastings should find her out? She was half afraid that he suspected her now, and that gave her the keenest pang of all, for she respected Thornton highly, and it would cost her much to lose his good opinion.

She had lost him for her niece, but she could not spare him for herself, and so, in sad perplexity, which wore on her visably, the autumn days went on until at last she sat one morning in her dressing-room and read in a foreign paper:

"Died, at Strasburg, August 31st, Edward Coleman, aged 46."

That was all; but the paper dropped from the trembling hands, and the proud woman of the world bowed her head and wept aloud. She was not Mrs. Meredith now. She was Julia Ruthven again, and she stood with Edward Coleman out in the grassy orchard where the apple blossoms were dropping from the trees and the air was full of insects' hum and the song of matin birds. She was the wealthy Mrs. Meredith now, and he was dead in Strasburg. True to her he had been to the last, for he had never married, and those who had met him abroad had brought back the same report of a white-haired man old before his time, with a sad look upon his face." That look she had written there, and she wept on as she recalled the past and murmured softly:

"Poor Edward, I loved you all the while, and I sold myself for gold, and it turned your brown locks snowy white, poor darling;" and her hands moved up and down the folds of her cashmere robe, as if it were the brown locks they were smoothing just as they used to do. Then came a thought of Anna, whose face wore much the look that Edward's did when he went slowly from the orchard and left her there alone, with the apple blossoms dropping on her head and the wild bee hum in her ear.

"I can at least do right in that respect," she said. "I can undo the past to some extent and lessen the load of sin rolling upon my shoulders. I will write to Arthur Leighton. I surely need tell no one else; not yet, at least, lest he be entangled in his love for Anna. I can trust to his discretion and to his honor, too. He will not betray me, unless it is necessary, and then only to Anna. Edward would bid me do it if he could speak. He was something like Arthur Leighton."

And so, with the dead man in Strasburg before her eyes, Mrs. Meredith served herself to write to Arthur Leighton, confessing the fraud imposed upon him, imploring his forgiveness and begging him to spank as much as possible.

"I know from Anna's own lips how much she has always loved you," she wrote in conclusion; "but she does not know of the stolen letter, and I leave you to make such use of the knowledge as you shall think proper."

She did not put in a single plea for the poor little Lucy, dancing so gayly over the mine just ready to explode. She was purely selfish still, with all her quarks of conscience, and thought only of Anna, whom she would make happy at another's sacrifice. So she never hinted that it was possible for Arthur to keep his word pledged to Lucy Harcourt, and, as she finished her letter and placed it in an envelope with the note that Arthur had sent to Anna, her thoughts leaped forward to the wedding she would give her niece—a wedding not quite like that she had designed for Mrs. Thornton Hastings, but a quiet, elegant affair, just suited to a clergyman who was marrying a Ruthven.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LETTER RECEIVED.

Arthur had been spending the evening at Prospect Hill. The Hethertons had returned and would remain until after the fifteenth, and since they had come the rector had found it even pleasanter calling there than it had been before, with only his bride-elect to entertain him. Sure of Dr. Bellamy, Fanny had laid aside her sharpness, and was exceedingly bright and witty, while now, that it was settled, the colonel was too much a gentleman to be otherwise than gracious to his future nephew; and Mrs.

Hetherton was always polite and ladylike, so that the rector looked forward with a good deal of interest to the evenings that he usually gave to Lucy, who though satisfied to have him in her sight, still preferred the olden time, when she had him all to herself and was not disquieted by the fear that she did not know enough for him, as she often was when she heard him talking to Fanny and her uncle of things she did not understand.

This evening, however, the family were away and she received him alone, trying so hard to come up to his capacity, talking so intelligibly of books she had been reading, and looking so lovely in her crimson dress, besides being so sweetly affable and confiding, that for once since his engagement Arthur was more than content and returned her modest caresses with a warmth he had not felt before. He did love her, he said to himself, or, at least, he was learning to love her very much; and when at last he took his leave, and she went with him to the door, there was an unwonted kindness in his manner as he gently pushed her back, for the first snow of the season was falling, and the large flakes dropped upon her golden hair from which her tenderly brushed the snow away as he bids her goodnight.

See illustration on first page.

"I cannot let my darling catch cold," he said, and Lucy felt a strange thrill of joy, for never before had he called her his darling, and sometimes she had thought that the love she received was not as great as the love she gave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The continuation of this fascinating story will be told in the January number. If you are not a subscriber send 16 cents for twelve months, and read this story to the end.

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S.T. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl sings "He stood and measured the earth and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills." There in the world owned not man Edna's friend a dead horse "honorable satisfaction" is obtained; and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Harry Dent's wife arrives; she falls senseless, dying the next day, and husband and wife sleep side by side. Edna walking to her grandfather's blacksmith shop is startled by a harsh voice. "Are you stone deaf? Is there a blacksmith shop near?" Edna points in the direction, and when she arrives there sees the stranger, who is impatient at the delay, and who curses her grandfather. The horse is vicious. The work finished, the man tosses a gold coin, which Aaron Hunt will not accept. Edna may have it. In his haste the stranger drops a copy of Dante. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She is cared for by Mrs. Wood, who tells her her grandfather died from her illness. Edna decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory. She boards the train at Chattanooga. The day wears away; night comes on, and she falls asleep. She is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds; there is a scramble, then a shock and crash, and all is chaos. Edna is severely injured; she is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, and tenderly cared for by Hagar, a colored nurse, who uses her influence in behalf of Edna. Mrs. Murray will educate her, exacting certain things; she will be displeased if she talks to the servants, or encourages them to talk to her. Mrs. Murray's son, St. Elmo, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval concerning her, his mother's misplaced charity and Mrs. Murray's "promise me that you will not scoff and sneer at her religion." A ringing laugh is his only answer and Edna recognizes the owner of the lost Dante manuscript. She asks him to additio...

twisted. Disengaging it, she saw that it was a narration of all that had stung him to desperation on the night of the murder.

As she read the burning taunts, the insults, the ridicule heaped by the two under the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood gush into her face; but she read on and on, and two hours elapsed ere she finished the package. Then came a trial, a long, fierce, agonized trial, such as few women have ever been called upon to pass through; such as the world believes no woman ever triumphantly endured. Girded by prayer, the girl went down resolutely into the flames of the furnace, and the ordeal was terrible indeed. But as often as Love showed her the figure of Mr. Murray, alone in his dreary sitting-room, waiting, watching for her, she turned and asked of Duty, the portrait of Gertrude's sweet, anxious face; the picture of dying Annie; the mournful countenance of a nun, shut up by iron bars from God's beautiful world, from the home and the family who had fondly cherished her in her happy girlhood, ere St. Elmo trailed his poison across her sunny path.

After another hour, the orphan went to her desk, and while she wrote, a pale, cold rigidity settled upon her features, which told that she was calmly, deliberately shaking hands with the expelled, the departing Hagar of her heart's hope and happiness.

"To the mercy of God, and the love of Christ, and the judgment of your own conscience, I commit you. Henceforth we walk different paths, and after tonight, it is my wish that we meet no more on earth. Mr. Murray, I cannot lift up your darkened soul; and you would only drag mine down. For your final salvation I shall never cease to pray till we stand face to face before the Bar of God."

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CHAPTER XXIII. (CONTINUED.)

EDNA opened the locket, and if Gertrude had stepped into the golden frame, the likeness could not have been more startling. She looked at it until her lips blanched and were tightly compressed, and the memory of Gertrude became paramount. Murray Hammond's face she barely glanced at, and its extraordinary beauty stared at her like that of some avenging angel. With a shudder she put it away, and turned to the letters that St. Elmo had written to Agnes and to Murray, in the early, happy days of his engagement.

Tender, beautiful, loving letters, that breathed the most devoted attachment and the purest piety; letters that were full of lofty aspirations, and religious fervor, and generous schemes for the assistance and enlightenment of the poor about Le Roce; and especially for "my noble, matchless Murray." Among the papers were several designs for that little building—a house of industry, an asylum for the blind, and a free schoolhouse. In an exquisite ivory casket, containing a splendid set of diamonds, and the costly betrothal ring bearing the initials, Edna found a sheet of paper around which the blessing necklace was

if possible, and, if it cannot entirely crush you, will only value you as you deserve, when, with ruined health and withered hopes, you sink into the early grave mallee and envy will have dug for you. Already your dear face has grown pale, and your eyes have a restless, troubled look, and shadows are gathering about your young, pure, fresh spirit. My darling, you are not strong enough to wrestle with the world; you will be trodden down by the masses in this conflict, upon which you enter so eagerly. Do you not know that "literati" means literally the branded? The lettered slave! Oh! if not for my sake, at least for your own, reconsider before the hot irons sear your brow; and hide it here, my love; keep it white and pure and unfurrowed here in the arms that will never weary of sheltering and clasping you close and safe from the burning brand of fame. Literati! A bondage worse than Roman slavery! Help me to make a proper use of my fortune, and you will do more real good to your race than by all you can ever accomplish with your pen, no matter how successful it may prove. If you were selfish and heartless as other women, adulation and celebrity and the praise of the public might satisfy you. But you are not, and I have studied your nature too thoroughly to mistake the result of your ambitious career. My darling, ambition is the mirage of the literary desert you are anxious to traverse; it is the Bahr Sheitan, the Satan's water, which will ever recede and mock your thirsty, tot-spent soul. Dear little pilgrim, do not sweep your feet and wear out your life in the hot, blinding sands, struggling in vain for the constantly fading, vanishing oasis of happy literary celebrity. Ah! the Sahara of letters is full of bleaching bones that tell where many of your sex as well as of mine fell and perished miserably, even before the noon of life. Ambitious spirit, come, rest in peace in the cool, quiet, happy palm-grove that I offer you. My shrinking violet, sweeter than all Paestum boasts! You cannot cope successfully with the world of selfish men and frivolous, heartless women, of whom you know absolutely nothing. Today I found a passage which you had marked in one of my books, and it echoes ceaselessly in my heart:

"To the mercy of God, and the love of Christ, and the judgment of your own conscience, I commit you. Henceforth we walk different paths, and after tonight, it is my wish that we meet no more on earth. Mr. Murray, I cannot lift up your darkened soul; and you would only drag mine down. For your final salvation I shall never cease to pray till we stand face to face before the Bar of God."

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While budding at thy sight, my pilgrim's staff

Gave out green leaves with morning dews im-

pearled.

I seek no copy now of life's first half:

Leave here the pages with long musings curled,

Write me new my future's epigraph.

New angel mine—unhoped-for in the world!"

He had passed his arm around her and drawn her close to his side, and the pleading tenderness of his low voice was indeed hard to resist.

"No, Mr. Murray, my decision is unalterable.

If you do really love me, spare me, spare me,

further entreaty. Before we part there are

some things I should like to say, and I have

little time left. Will you hear me?"

He did not answer, but tightened his arm, drew her head to his bosom, and leaned his face down on her hair.

"Mr. Murray, I want to leave my Bible with

you, because there are many passages marked

which would greatly comfort and help you.

It is the most precious thing I possess, for

Grandpa gave it to me when I was a little

girl, and I could not bear to leave it with any-

one but you. I have it here in my hand; will

you look into it sometimes if I give it to you?"

He merely put out his hand and took it from her.

She paused a few seconds, and as he re-

mained silent, she continued:

"Mr. Hammond is the best friend you have

on earth. Yesterday, having seen you enter

the church and suspecting what passed, he

spoke to me of you, and oh! he pleaded for

you as only he could! He urged me not to

Judge you too harshly; not to leave you, and

these were his words: 'Edna, if I, whom he

has robbed of all that made life beautiful;

if I, standing here alone in my old age, in

sight of the graves of my murdered darlings,

if I, can forgive him, and pray for him, and,

as God is my witness, love him! you have no

right to visit my injuries and my sorrows upon

him!' Mr. Murray, he can help you, and he

will, if you will only permit him. If you could

realize how deeply he is interested in your

happiness, you could not fail to reverence that

religion which enables him to triumph over all

the natural feelings of resentment. Mr. Mur-

ray, you have declared again and again that

you love me. Oh! if it be true, meet me in heaven! I know that I am weak and sinful; but I am trying to correct the faults of my character, I am striving to do what I believe to be my duty, and I hope at last to find a home with my God. For several years, ever since you went abroad, I have been praying for you; and while I live I shall not cease to do so. Oh! will you not pray for yourself? Mr. Murray, I believe I shall not be happy even in heaven if I do not see you there. On earth we are parted—your crimes divide us; but there! there! Oh! for my sake, make an effort to redeem yourself, and meet me there!"

So felt his strong frame tremble, and a heavy shuddering sigh broke from his lips and swept across her cheek. But when he spoke his words contained no hint of the promise she longed to receive:

"Edna, my shadow has fallen across your heart, and I am not afraid that you will forget me. You will try to do so, you will give me as little thought as possible; you will struggle to crush your aching heart, and endeavor to be famous. But amid your ovations the memory of a lonely man, who loves you infinitely better than all the world for which you forsook him

Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom.

By the Author and Composer of "My Old New Hampshire Home."

WORDS BY ANDREW B. STERLING.

MUSIC BY HARRY VON TILZER.

1. I am think - ing of my moth - er, I am
2. Ma - ny wea - ry years have passed since last we

long - ing For the day when we will meet to part no more; . . . I can pic - ture in my mind the ten - der greet - ing, And the
part - ed, And I said I'd write a let - ter home each day; . . . Moth - er mine, you know how well I've kept my prom - ise, For your

kiss out-side the old log - cab - in door. . . . Though the days are dark and drear - y, moth - er dar - ling, And the nights are filled with sor - row and with
boy did not for - get tho' far a - way. . . . In my dream-ing I can see you, moth - er dar - ling, By the door-way in the tw - light's gathering

gloom, . . . How my heart will beat with glad - ness when I meet you In the val - ley where the sweet mag - no - lias bloom.
gloom, . . . With your arms out-stretch'd to wel - come home the lost one To the val - ley where the sweet mag - no - lias bloom.

Now the sun-beams kiss the hill tops and the birds sing just as gay, But my heart is sad and lone - ly, for my tho'ts are far a - way; And I

long to be with moth - er, in that old log - cab - in room, Way down South in dear old Geor - gia, where the sweet mag - no - lias bloom.

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SPECIAL OFFER

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The publishers of the above music are Mason, Whitney, Warner Co., Detroit, Mich. They have just issued a fine 50-page music catalogue containing extracts, same as we print here above, of some of the most popular late Marches, Waltzes, Songs, and Dances; they will send this catalogue free to all who will write to COMFORT and write them at once for it. You can get an idea of all of the most popular music by running over the chorus to songs and snatches of other tunes you will find printed therein. Write them today and please say you saw this announcement in COMFORT.

FREE CATALOGUE

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

old man, with his pipe in his hand and his blurred eyes staring at the moon.

Through the brown corn-stalks she could see the gaping mouth of the well, now partly filled with rubbish. Close to the fence, and beyond the reach of plough and hoe, a yellow four-o'clock, with flowers, marked the location of the little garden; and one tall larkspur leaned against the fence, sole survivor of the blue pets that Edna had loved so well in the early years.

How carefully she had worked and weeded this little plot; how proud she once was of her rosemary and pinks, her double feathered poppies, her sweet-scented lemon-grass; how eagerly she had transplanted wood-violets and purple phlox from the forest; how often she had sat on the steps watching for her grandfather's return, and stringing those four-o'clock blossoms into golden crowns for her own young head; and how gayly she had sometimes hung them over Brindle's horns, when she went out to milk her.

With sob she turned away and walked in the direction of the burying-ground; for there, certainly, she would find all unchanged; graves at least were permanent.

The little spring bubbled as of yore, the brush creepers made a tangled tapestry around it, and crimson and blue convolvulus swung their velvet, dew-beaded chalices above it, as on that June morning long ago when she stood there filling her bucket, waiting for the sunrise.

She took off her gloves, knelt down beside the spring, and dipping up the cold, sparkling water in her palms, bathed her aching eyes, and almost cheated herself into the belief that she heard again Grip's fierce bark ringing through the woods, and the slow, drowsy tinkle of Brindle's bell. Turning aside from the beaten track, she entered the thick grove of chestnuts, and looked around for the grave of the Dents; but the mound had disappeared, and though she recognized the particular tree which had formerly overhung it, and searched the ground carefully, she could discover no trace of the hillock where she had so often scattered flowers. A squirrel leaped and frisked in the boughs above her, and she started a rabbit from the thick grass and fallen yellow leaves; but neither these, nor the twitter of gossiping orioles, nor the harsh, hungry cry of a bluebird told her a syllable of all that had happened in her absence.

She conjectured that the bodies had probably been disinterred by friends and removed to Georgia; and she hurried on toward the hillside, where the neighborhood graveyard was situated. The rude, unpainted railing still enclosed it, and rows of headboards stretched away among grass and weeds; but whose was that shining marble shaft, standing in the center of a neatly arranged square, around which ran a handsome iron railing? On that very spot, in years gone by, had stood a piece of pine board: "Sacred to the memory of Aaron Hunt, an honest blacksmith and true Christian."

Who had dared to disturb his bones, to violate his last resting-place, and to steal his grave for the interment of some wealthy stranger? A cry of horror and astonishment broke from the orphan's trembling lips, and she shaded her eyes with her hand, and tried to read the name inscribed on the monument of the sacrilegious interloper. But bitter, scalding tears of indignation blinded her. She dashed them away, but they gathered and fell faster; and, unbolting the gate, she entered the inclosure and stepped close to the marble.

ERECTED

IN HONOR OF

AARON HUNT:

BY HIS DEVOTED GRANDDAUGHTER.

These gilded words were traced on the polished surface of the pure white obelisk, and on each corner of the square pedestal or base stood beautifully carved vases, from which dropped glossy tendrils of ivy.

As Edna looked in amazement at the glittering shaft, which rose twenty feet in the autumn air; as she rubbed her eyes and re-read the golden inscription, and looked at the sanded walks, and the well-trimmed evergreens, which told that careful hands kept the lot in order, she sank down at the base of the beautiful monument, and laid her hot cheek on the cold marble.

"Oh, Grandpa, Grandpa! He is not altogether wicked and callous as we once thought him, or he could never have done this! Forgive your poor little Pearl if she cannot help loving one who, for her sake, honored your dear name and memory! Oh, Grandpa! If I had never gone away from here, if I could have died before I saw him again! before this great pain fell upon my heart!"

She knew now where St. Elmo Murray went that night, after he had watched her from behind the sarcophagus and the mummies; knew that only his hand could have erected this noble pillar of record; and most fully did she appreciate the delicate feeling which made him so proudly reticent on this subject. He wished no element of gratitude in the love he had endeavored to win, and scorned to take advantage of her devoted affection for her grandfather, by touching her heart with a knowledge of the tribute paid to his memory.

Until this moment she had sternly refused to permit herself to believe all his protestations of love; had tried to think that he merely desired to make her acknowledge his power, and confess an affection fattering to his vanity. But today she felt that all he had avowed was true; that his proud, bitter heart was indeed entirely hers; that this assurance filled her own heart with a measureless joy, a rapture that made her eyes sparkle through their tears and brought a momentary glow to her cheeks. Hour after hour passed; she took no note of time, and sat there pondering her past life, thinking how the dusty heart deep under the marble would have throbbed with fond pride, if it could only have known what the world said of her writings. That she should prove competent to teach the neighbor's children had been Aaron Hunt's loftiest ambition for his darling; and now she was deemed worthy to speak to her race through the columns of a periodical that few women were considered able to fill.

She wondered if he were not really cognizant of all; if he were not watching her struggles and her triumph; and she asked herself why he was not allowed, in token of tender sympathy, to drop one palmleaf on her head, from the fadeless branch he waved in heaven?

The shaft threw a long slanting shadow eastward as the orphan rose, and taking from the box the fragrant flowers which she had brought from Le Bocage, arranged them in the damp soil of one of the vases, and twined their bright-hued petals among the dark green ivy leaves. One shining wreath she broke and laid away tenderly in the box, a hallowed souvenir of the sacred spot where it grew; and as she stood there, looking at a garland of poppy leaves chiseled around the inscription, neither flush nor tremor told aught that passed in her mind, and her sculptured features were calm, as the afternoon sun showed how pale and fixed her face had grown. She climbed to her broad base and pressed her lips to her grandfather's name, and there was a mournful sweetness in her voice as she said aloud:

"Pray God to pardon him, Grandpa! Pray Christ to comfort and save his precious soul! Oh, Grandpa, pray the Holy Spirit to melt and sanctify his suffering heart!"

It was painful to quit the place. She lingered, and started away, and came back, and at last knelt down and hid her face, and prayed long and silently.

Then turning quickly, she closed the iron gate, and without treating herself for another look, walked away. She passed the spring and the home-steader's house, and finally found hers in sight of the miller's house, which alone seemed unchanged.

As she lifted the latch of the gate and entered the yard, it seemed not yesterday that she was driven away to the depot in the miller's covered cart.

An ancient oak tree, that she well remembered, stood near the house, and the spreading branches were bent almost to the earth with the weight of red streaks of apples, round and ripe. The saucy, black dog, that so often frolicked with (rip) in the

days gone by, now lay on the step, blinking at the sun and the flies that now and then buzzed over the golden balsam, whose crimson seed glowed in the evening sunshine.

Over the rocky well rose a rude arbor, where a scuppernong vine clambered and hung its rich, luscious brown clusters; and here, with a pipe between her lips, and at her feet a basket full of red pepper-pods, which she was busily engaged in stringing, sat an elderly woman. She was clad in blue and yellow plaid homespun, and wore a white apron and a snowy muslin cap, whose crimped ruffles pressed caressingly the grizzled hair combed so smoothly over her temples. Presently she laid her pipe down on the top of the mossy well, where the dripping bucket sat, and lifted the scarlet wreath of peppers, eyed it satisfactorily, and, as she resumed her work, began to hum "Auld Lang Syne."

The countenance was so peaceful and earnest and honest, that, as Edna stood watching it, a warm, loving light came into her own beautiful eyes, and she put out both hands unconsciously, and stepped into the little arbor.

Her shadow fell upon the matronly face, and the woman rose and courtesied.

"Good evening, miss. Will you be seated? There is room enough for two on my bench."

The orphan did not speak for a moment, but looked up in the brown, wrinkled face, and then, pushing back her bonnet and veil, she said eagerly:

"Mrs. Wood, don't you know me?"

The miller's wife looked curiously at her visitor, glanced at her dress, and shook her head.

"No, miss; if I ever set my eyes on you before, it's more than I remember, and Dorothy Wood has a powerful memory, they say, and seldom forgets faces."

"Do you remember Aaron Hunt, and his daughter Hester?"

"To be sure I do; but you aren't neither the one nor the other, I take it. Stop—let me see. Aha! Tabitha, Willis, you children, run here—quick!

She shaded her eyes from the glare of the sun and stepped forward, and looked searchingly at the stranger; then the coral wreath fell from her fingers, she stretched out her arms, and the large mouth trembled and twitched.

"Are you—can you be little Edna? Aaron Hunt's granddaughter?"

"I am the poor little Edna you took such tender care of in her great affliction."

"Samson and the Philistines! Little Edna—so you are! What was I thinking about, that I didn't know you right away? God bless your pretty white face!"

She caught the orphan in her strong arms and kissed her, and cried and laughed alternately.

A young girl, apparently about Edna's age, and a tall, lank young man, with yellow hair full of meadow-dust, came out of the house, and looked on in stupid wonder.

"Why, children! don't you know little Edna that lived at Aaron Hunt's—his granddaughter?" This is my Tabitha and my son Willis, that tends the mill and takes care of us, now my poor Peter—God rest his soul—is dead and buried these three years. Bring some seats, Willis. Sit down here by me, Edna, and take off your bonnet, child, and let me see you. Umph! umph! Who'd have thought it? What a powerful, handsome woman you have made, to be sure! to be sure! Well! Well! The very saints up in glory can't begin to tell what children will turn out! Lean your face this way. Why, you aren't no more like that little bare-footed, tangled-haired, rosy-faced Edna that used to run around these woods in striped homespun, hunting the cows, than I Dorothy Elmira Wood, am like the Queen of Sheba when she went up visiting to Jerusalem to call on Solomon. How wonderful pretty you are! And how soft and white your hands are! Now I look at you good I see you are like your mother, Hester Earl; and she was the loveliest, mild little pink in the county. You are taller than your mother, and prouder-looking; but you have got her big, soft, shining, black eyes; and your mouth is sweet and sorrowful, and patient as hers always was, after your father fell off that frosty roof and broke his neck. Little Edna come back a fine, handsome woman, looking like a queen! But, honey, you don't seem healthy, like my Tabitha. See what a bright red she has in her face. You are too pale; you look as if you had just been bled. Aren't you well, child?"

Mrs. Wood felt the girl's arms and shoulders, and found them thinner than her standard of health demanded.

"I am very well, thank you, but tired from my journey, and from walking all about the old place."

"And like enough you've cried a deal. Your eyes are heavy. You know, honey, the old house burnt down one blustery night in March, and so we sold the place; for when my old man died we were hard-pressed, we were, and a man by the name of Simmons, he bought it and planted it in corn. Edna, you are to your Grandpa's grave?"

"Yes, ma'am, I was there a long time today."

"Oh! isn't it beautiful! It would be a real comfort to die, if folks knew such lovely gravestones would cover 'em. I think your Grandpa's grave is the prettiest place I ever saw, and I wonder, sometimes, what Aaron Hunt would say if he could rise out of his coffin and see what is over him. Poor thing! You haven't got over it yet, I see. I thought we should have buried you, too, when he died; for never did I see a child grieve so."

"Mrs. Wood, who keeps the walks so clean, and the evergreens so nicely cut?"

"My Willis, to be sure. The gentleman that came here and fixed everything last December, paid Willis one hundred dollars to attend to it, and keep the weeds down. He said he might come back unexpectedly almost any time, and that he did not want to see so much as a blade of grass in the walks; so you see Willis goes there every Saturday and straightens up things. What is his name, and who is he, anyhow? He only told us he was a friend of yours, and that his mother had adopted you."

"What sort of a looking person was he, Mrs. Wood?"

"Oh, child! if he is so good to you, I ought not to say; but he was a powerful, grim-looking man,

with fierce eyes and a thick mustache, and hair almost pepper-and-salt; and bless your soul, honey! his shoulders were as broad as a barn-door. While I talked I didn't like his countenance, it was dark like a pirate's, or one of those prowling cattle-thieves over in the coves. He asked a power of questions about you and your Grandpa, and when I said you had no kin on earth, that ever I heard of, he laughed, that is, he showed his teeth, and said, 'So much the better! so much the better!' What is his name?"

"Mr. Murray, and he has been very kind to me."

"But, Edna, I thought you went to the factory to work? Do tell me how you fell into the hands of such rich people?"

Edna briefly acquainted her with what had occurred during her long absence, and informed her of her plans for the future; and while she listened, Mrs. Wood lighted her pipe, and resting her elbow on her knee, dropped her face on her hands, and watched her visitor's countenance.

Finally she nodded to her daughter, saying: "Do you hear that, Bitha? She can write for the papers and get paid for it! And she is smart enough to teach! Well! well! that makes me say what I do say, and I stick to it, where there's a will, there's a way! and where there's no hearty will, all the ways in creation won't take folks to an education! Some children can't be kicked and kept down; spite of all the world they will manage to scuffle up somehow; and then again, some can't be cuffed and coaxed and dragged up by the ears! Here's Edna, that always had a hankering after books, and she has made something of herself; and here's my girl, that I wanted to get book-learning, and I slaved and I saved to send her to school, and sure enough, she has got no more use for reading, and knows as little as her poor mother, who never had a chance to learn. It is not earthly use to fly in the face of blood and nature! What is bred in the bone, won't come out in the flesh!" Some are cut out for one thing, and some for another! Jerusalem artichokes won't bear hops, and persimmons don't grow on blackjacks!"

She put her brawny brown hand on Edna's forehead, and smoothed the bands of hair, and sighed heavily.

"Mrs. Wood, I should like to see Brindle once more."

"Lord bless your soul, honey! she has been dead these three years! Why, you forget, cows don't hang on as long as Methuselah, and Brindle was no yearling when we took her. She mired down in the swamp, back of the millpond, and before we could find her she was dead. But her calf is as pretty a young thing as ever you saw; speckled all over, most as thick as a guinea, and the children call her 'Speckle.' Willis, step out and see if the heifer is in sight. Edna, aren't you going to stay with me tonight?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Wood, I should like very much to do so, but have not time, and must get back to Chattanooga before the train leaves, for I am obliged to go on tonight."

"Well, anyhow, lay on your bonnet and stay and let me give you some supper, and then we will all go back with you, that is, if you aren't too proud to ride to town in our cart! We have got a new cart, but it is only a miller's cart, and maybe it won't suit your fine, fashionable clothes."

"I shall be very glad to stay, and I only wish it was the same old cart that took me to the depot, more than five years ago. Please give me some water."

Mrs. Wood rolled up her sleeves, put away her pretty peppers, and talking vigorously all the time, prepared some refreshments for her guest.

A table was set under the apple tree, a snowy cotton cloth spread over it, and yellow butter, tempting as Goshen's, and a loaf of fresh bread, and honey amber-hued, and buttermilk, and cider, and stewed pears, and a dish of ripe red apples crowned the board.

The air was laden with the fragrance it stole in crossing a hayfield beyond the road, the bees darted in and out of their hives, and a peacock spread his iridescent feathers to catch the level yellow rays of the setting sun, and from the distant millpond came the gabble of geese, as the noisy fleet breasted the ripples.

Speckle, who had been driven to the gate for Edna's inspection, stood close to the paling, thrusting her pearly horns through the cracks, and watching the party at the table with her large, liquid, beautiful, earnest eyes; and afar off looked out rose solemn and somber.

"Edna, you eat nothing. What ails you, child? They say too much brainwork is not healthy, and I reckon you study too hard. Better stay here with me, honey, and run around the woods and get some red in your face, and churn and spin and drink buttermilk, and get plump, and go chestnutting with my children. Goodness knows they are strong enough and hearty enough, and too much study will never make shads of them; for they won't work their brains, even to learn the multiplication table. See here, Edna, if you will stay a while with me, I will give Speckle to you."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Wood, I wish I could; but the lady who engaged me to teach her children, wrote that I was very much needed; and, consequently, I must hurry on. Speckle is a perfect little beauty, but I would not be so selfish as to take her away from you."

Clouds began to gather in the southwest, and as the covered cart was brought to the gate, a distant mutter of thunder told that a storm was brewing.

Mrs. Wood and her two children accompanied the orphan, and as they drove through the woods, myriads of fireflies starred the gloom. It was dark when they reached the station, and Willis brought the trunks from the hotel, and found seats for the party in the cars, which were rapidly filling with passengers. Presently the down-train from Knoxville came thundering in, and the usual rush and bustle ensued.

Mrs. Wood gave the orphan a hearty kiss and warm embrace, and bidding her "Be sure to write soon, and say how you are getting along!" the kind-hearted woman left the cars, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Grandfather's Cure for Constipation

GREAT medicine,—the Sawbuck.

Two hours a day sawing wood will keep anyone's Bowels regular.

No need of pills, Cathartics, Castor Oil, nor "Physic," if you'll only work the Sawbuck regularly.

Exercise is Nature's Cure for Constipation and,—a Ten-Mile walk will do, if you haven't got a wood-pile.

But, if you will take your Exercise in an Easy Chair, there's only one way to do that, because,—there's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowels and its name is "CASCARETS."

Cascarets are the only means to exercise the Bowel Muscles without work.

* * *

They don't Purge, Gripe, nor "upset your Stomach," because they don't act like "Physics."

They don't flush out your Bowels and Intestines with a costly waste of Digestive Juice, as Salts, Castor Oil, Calomel, Jalap, or Aperient Waters always do.

No—Cascarets strengthen and stimulate the Bowel Muscles, that line the Food passages and that tighten up when food touches them, thus driving the food to its finish.



Philosophy.

Some Good Stories Told to Comfort Subscribers

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It Might Have Been Worse

It was very unfortunate that the brother of the groom should be stricken with typhoid fever just a few days before the wedding was to take place. But such things will happen in the best-regulated families. As the wedding was to be a home affair, with but few guests outside of the immediate relatives, the plans were not altered; things were left quite as they had been arranged in the beginning. But in case the condition of the patient warranted it, the wedding would of course be postponed.

The bride-elect met the man of her heart just before they were to descend to the drawing-room below.

"How is your brother?" she asked nervously.

"He is quite ill tonight, dearest," was the reply. "And in case he grows worse, the nurse is to 'phone me here. Of course then we shall not go away on a wedding journey."

"Oh, of course not," she returned. "So they will 'phone here if he gets worse."

"Yes, they will 'phone here."

* * * * *

The wedding ceremony was at its most critical point when the telephone bell tinkled loudly.

The bride-elect dropped her bouquet. The groom turned his head and watched Perkins, the butler, cross the hall and enter the den.

"Wait," whispered the woman in shimmering white, to the minister, "wait."

A deathlike silence followed. Every head was turned in the direction of the den.

A moment later the butler emerged.

"What is it, Perkins?" cried the bride-elect.

Perkins halted, but said nothing.

"What is it, Perkins? Speak!"

Again her clear voice rang out. But the butler held his peace.

"Why don't you speak?" asked the troubled groom.

"It's nothing, sir," Perkins now managed to articulate. "That is—well, it shouldn't be told now, anyway."

"Shouldn't be told?" repeated the bride-elect. "Then he is decidedly worse. Oh, Perkins, speak. I must know, I must know. Don't you see how nervous I'm getting? Perkins, speak. I command you!"

Perkins cast a startled look at the assemblage.

"Perkins," the bride-elect exclaimed, "Perkins, do you hear me? I command you to speak! I command you!"

"Well," the butler began, "the dressmaker says she forgot to send your hip-pads with your dress, but she'll git 'em right over to you."

* * * * *

Papa.—"Willie, what piece of music is that your sister is playing in the parlor?"

Willie.—"That's the 'Angels are Sleeping,' papa."

Papa.—"Oh, is it—excuse me, I thought it was 'The Battle of Manila Bay.' Well, you go in and tell sister if that's the 'Angels are Sleeping,' to put down the soft pedal hard, or she'll darn soon wake 'em all up."

Clerk.—"A friend of mine has died and he is to be buried tomorrow afternoon. I would like to go to the funeral. Can I get off?"

Head of Firm.—"No, you can't. Business before pleasure."

Obeying Instructions

Felicia was a little Polish girl. She held the position of nurse-maid in the family of a doctor. The first time she took her little charge out in his carriage the doctor's wife said to her:

"Now, Felicia, you can take the baby out riding for a little while; but be sure to stay on this street so I can call you if I want you."

"All right," Felicia said, and wheeled the baby out of the yard.

A short time afterward the doctor's wife thought she would go out and see how the nurse-maid was getting on. She became startled when she could see neither maid nor baby. She went to the sidewalk and looked up and down. But there was no sign of an infant in a go-cart. Then she glanced out into the street. There she saw the little nurse-maid wheeling the baby down the middle of the roadway.

"Felicia," she called to her, "what are you doing out in the street?"

And Felicia at once apprised her mistress that she had told her to be sure to stay "on" this street.

"Yes, it was turrible sad 'bout Weary Waggon," sighed Tired Thomas. "He get the tremens somethin' awful, but we thought he'd pull through, till all of a sudden he said that he was workin' an'—an' workin' in a soap factory; an' then when he lay back an' smiled so peaceful we knew poor Weary was goin' ter die!"

That Boy Once More

Willie (at table, company present).—"Papa, Aunt's got more hair on her head than she had this morning. Gee, it's grown quiet."

Papa.—"Be quiet and eat your supper, sir."

Willie.—"Pa, that's a switch Auntie's wearing on her head aint it?"

Papa.—"One more word out of you and you'll be wearin' one on your pants."

Willie.—"Couldn't Auntie wear hers on her pants?"

Papa.—"Silence, sir!!!!!"

He hailed from the old State of Ind., He left on account of the wina;

He then built a new house,

Bought his wife a fine blouse,

After which he no longer sinned.

Rev. James M. Pullman, D. D., of Lynn, Mass., the well-known Universalist clergyman, and a brother of the late George M. Pullman, founder of Pullman's Palace Car Company, possesses a genial personality and a fund of wit and humor that makes him a most entertaining companion. Dr. Pullman has traveled extensively and he is especially fond of relating anecdotes of certain Western trip that he and his brother George took some years ago through a rough and but partially civilized mining district, in the Rocky Mountains.

After a hard day's travel they had reached a collection of miner's shanties, it could hardly be called a town, where they found both a hotel and a barber shop. To their eyes the latter was fully as welcome a sight as the former and they lost no time in availing themselves of its civilizing influence. Dr. Pullman was the first to submit himself to the mercy of the proprietor—a small, under-sized man who gave

every evidence of being a newcomer in those parts, or is the language of the locality, a "tender-foot." But he was a good barber and everything was going smoothly when the door opened and there entered a burly ruffian clad in buckskin and wearing an array of six-shooters that gave him an extremely formidable appearance. Striding across the room he marched straight up to the barber and in more of a growl than anything else, asked:

"Whose turn is it next?"

The barber kept right on shaving, but shook his head toward Dr. Pullman's brother as much as to say, "That gentleman is next." Muttering an oath and drawing one of his weapons he walked over to the table where Mr. George M. Pullman was seated and laying the gun down on it with much force turned to the barber and said in more of a growl than before:

"Now whose turn is it next?"

Without answering a word the barber stopped shaving, laid down his razor, opened a drawer and took out a large revolver which was the exact duplicate of the one the cowboy had drawn. Then he very deliberately walked over to the table and leaning over brought his own weapon down on the table beside that of the stranger and looking him in the eye said:

"In this here shop gentlemen takes their turns."

The bluff was called.

STUB ENDS OF INFORMATION

The Chinese had a dictionary as early as 1100 B. C.

Silver was first coined by Phidion, King of Argos, 550 B. C.

Bandanna is from the Indian word and means to tie.

The nickname of the present Prince of Wales is "The Sardine."

The first coach in England was made for the Earl of Rutland in 1565.

The English had all their fine dyeing done in Holland until 1608.

Calico first came from the town Calicut, India, famous for cotton cloth.

In 1905 there were 9,750 voluntary resignations from the government service.

The island of Zanzibar produces nine tenths of the world's production of cloves.

The bodies of three Apostles, Peter, Simon and Jude are buried in St. Peter's at Rome.

In the House of the 59th Congress, 20,475 bills were introduced, and in the Senate, 6,551.

Egyptian mummy bodies are used in making the finest liquid brown paint used by artists.

The science of geography was brought to Europe by the Moors of Barbary about 1240.

The first volunteer fire company in the U. S. was the Union of Philadelphia about 1736.

In 1404 Swiss manufacturer in Paris made the first hat as we know that useful article.

It is estimated that thirteen millions of the human race have perished by earthquakes.

Sir Humphry Davy invented the electric light about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Shah of Persia has decided to give his country constitution and other modern conveniences.

Hakon, the new King of Norway, says he has an absolute horror of the snap-shot photographers.

Sound travels through the air at 1,140 feet per second, and through the water at the rate of 4,700 feet.

The finger nail of a person in good health grows at the rate of about one sixteenth of an inch every week.

Though the diving bell had been known since the time of Aristotle, it was not put into practical use until 1715.

Cotton was known in Arabia in the time of Mahomet, A. D. 627, and was brought to Europe by his followers.

Daguerre, the discoverer of the daguerreotype, in 1839 received a pension of 6,000 francs from the French government.

By cremation, a body weighing 144 pounds can be reduced in fifty minutes to not more than four pounds of lime-dust.

Transparent glass is believed to have been first used about 750 B. C. The Egyptians were probably the first glass makers.

Corsets were first used in France and Germany in the thirteenth century, and a century later were put on by English women.

Richard Canfield, the most famous and richest professional gambler in America, has not touched a card in twenty years.

About ninety-four per cent. of all human beings use the right hand in preference to the left. There is no good reason for it.

Sea birds, far from shore, get their drinking water by flying close under rain clouds and catching the drops as under.

The woman school teacher—the school marm as we call her, is not, as yet, popular in Germany, and she is struggling for recognition.

The annual pay-roll of government employees under civil service rules amounts to \$138,913,862.

Alexander the Great was buried in a coffin of gold, and the coffin of King Arthur of England was the trunk of an oak tree hollowed out.

Musk, placed in the mortar in building the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, has scented the structure for a thousand years.

Scientifically a "bite" of food should contain about three tenths of a cubic inch and should be chewed for half a minute before swallowing.

Last year the United States imported 37,000,000 pounds of crude rubber valued at \$61,000,000, which was manufactured into products worth \$120,000,000.

Miss Estelle Reel is the highest paid woman in the government service. She is traveling supervisor of Indian schools and receives \$350 a month and expenses.

William Winter, aged seventy-one, has been dramatic critic of the New York Tribune for forty-six years. Last season he wrote ninety columns of matter for his paper.

Two hundred thousand Americans go to Europe annually, about half being first-class passengers, and it is estimated that they spend a hundred millions of dollars every year.

The salaries of our U. S. Senators amount to \$450,000 a year, and of Representatives, \$1,968,000. The total salary list of statesmen and their various assistants in and about the capitol building at Washington is \$6,565,076.

The first printing press in America was set up in 1683 at Cambridge, Mass., by Stephen Day, and the first book was printed in the following year. The first newspaper was printed at Boston in 1690. Its name was *Publick Occurrences*. The first newspaper established on the Pacific coast did not appear until 1844—154 years later.

The Hidden Wedding Treasure or, The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Oh, for a doctor," Violet sighed, and was immediately answered by one of the crowd, a man with head in a nightcap, and body glaringly noticeable in a pair of striped pajamas, who said, pleasantly:

"If you can forgive my dress, Madame, I think I can dress the gentleman's head, although I have nothing but my pocket case. I sleep with that

Get This Gold Pair Free!

Spectacle-wearers! Listen! I want to prove to you positively that the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles are ever so much better than any you have ever used before. That is the reason why I am making the following very extraordinary offer.

Send me your name and address and I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free.

Then when you return me the Eye Tester with your test I will send you a complete five dollar family set of the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles for only \$1, and this will include a handsome pair of Rolled Gold Spectacles absolutely free of charge.

I also hereby positively agree to return you your dollar willingly if you yourself don't find them to be the most perfect-fitting, clearest and best you have ever bought anywhere, at any price. Send for my free Eye Tester today. Address,

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

how to properly care for our sick and suffering poor, for we don't know how to do it yet, more's the pity.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comfort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was originally started as a society for the juvenile members of Comfort's family only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1424 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our general secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

Shut-ins Needing Christmas Cheer

The following shut-ins need all the Christmas cheer you can possibly send them:

Ben C. Knight (54), Enfield, N. C. Ben entirely depends on those who pity the suffering for his support. He is entirely helpless and is desperately poor. Who will be his Santa Claus? Mrs. D. Morris (34), Mt. Vernon, R. F. D., 2, Ga. Crippled for fifteen years. Send her letters, reading matter, silk and woolen pieces, and anything that will help a poor and needy woman.

Edith Fishleigh (27), 189 Fourth Street, Wyandotte, Mich. Great sufferer for seven years, is raffling a mandolin, twenty-five cents a ticket, so she can get an invalid chair.

Victoria Lareau, Hemington, Quebec, Canada. Her birthday falls on Christmas day, charming little girl, does beautiful needlework. Flora Nichols (20), Wellston, Ohio, is paralyzed. Needs letters only. Mary E. Luke, Baxter, R. F. D., 3, Tenn. Wants cheery letters, will answer if postage is inclosed. Put something in your letters besides words. Thomas P. Day, Faufel, Province Quebec, Canada. An invalid for seventeen years, great sufferer from hip disease. Mother just dead, left all alone, wants cheer and sympathy. Fanny D. Cunningham (14), Mineral Wells, Texas. Helpless, poor and lonely. Who will be her good angel? Rebecca Whitford, Finleyson, Ga. You know of this poor little cripple. Make her Christmas worth while. Fred W. Bizzell (24), Newton Grove, N. C. Writes an admirable letter, has been helpless for twelve years from rheumatism. Bear him in mind. Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C. Has been in bed thirty-eight years. Friends are trying to get him a wheel chair, so he can be wheeled out into the blessed sunshine. Will he get it? Depends on you. Myrtle Poole (23), 627 East Temple St., Washington Court House, Ohio. Myrtle is bedridden and very needy, a sweet, patient little angel, a particular pet of mine, make her forget her trouble for one day in the year. Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. Friends are trying to pay for the little home she lives in, so she may at least have shelter. Eugenia Moon, Cody, Va. Brave little sufferer. Send her all the sunshine you can. John Gordon, House of Industry, Perth, Ontario, Can. Has a broken back, sells beautiful worked slippers, shawls, etc. Send for the price list. John is an American in a Canadian poorhouse, unable to move. Cassie M. Brown (30), Alexander Place, Clinton, Ark. Helpless through an accident, desperately poor, refined, educated, writes beautifully. Wants cheery letters and good reading matter. Henry S. Bent, Turbine, Tenn. A dear, nice boy, fine writer, good Christian, helpless and needy. Please make his Christmas worth while. James Wall, Oxford, R. F. D., 4, N. C. You all know Jim, and his condition which cannot be altered, but you can do much to make him forget his sufferings, mind you do it. M. Edith Myers, Brush Valley, Pa. Fine writer. Send Santa Claus to her. Andrew Millsagle (30), Bolland, N. C. Cripple from rheumatism, craves your sympathy and sunshine. Mildred Carpenter, 621 Bird St., Parkersburg, W. Va. Mildred is seven years old, and has been a cripple all her life; on the birthday of the Christ child, don't forget this little one. M. Lillian Perkins, Hemlock Creek, Lucerne, Pa. Minister's widow, helpless in bed for thirteen years, poor and needy.

There's a dandy list. I shall get a report from all the shut-ins, and shall know exactly what Santa Claus brought them. Your Christmas will be all the happier if you remember these poor souls. And now from the depths of my heart, a heart that loves every one of you, I wish you a Merry, Merry Christmas. Those who want to write me real Christmas letters should get them to Augusta by December 20th, and then I am sure to have time to read them all by the 25th. I would like to hear from every one of you, and only wish I could send you each a present, but the best I can do is to

send you my love, and that you have in abundance, and look out for the turkey. Once more a Merry, Merry Christmas, and God bless you all. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Sure cure for the blues, Cloth bound 50c. Address Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A blue topaz of sky-blue color has been discovered in Rhodesia.

A recent French invention is shells filled with oil, which are intended to calm a stormy sea when fired into it.

A machine, which literally manufactures musical notes, is a recent invention. It is called a telharmonium.

A Swiss watchmaker has made a watch with a photograph attachment that calls out the hours as they pass.

Herr Gentach of Vienna, has produced an artificial guitta-percha from a mixture of caoutchouc and resin.

A sweat band which may be tightened or loosened, and thereby adapted to fit the head of the wearer is among the recent inventions.

Among the recent inventions is a hymnal and prayer-book, fitted with a purse in which money for the contribution can be carried.

Tantalite has found another use. Pens have been made of tantalite which are said to be harder than steel and more elastic than gold.

Dr. W. J. Goodhue, who has devoted many years to the study of leprosy, says he has discovered the germ of the disease in the mosquito and vermin.

A process for tempering gold to the hardness of steel, and in making all kinds of surgical instruments out of the hardened metal has been invented.

Aluminum paper, which is practically a new article of production, is said to preserve the sweetness of butter that is wrapped in it for a very long time.

A new process of manufacturing hollow tin soldiers has been devised. Hitherto the soldiers have been cast solid, and are some sixty per cent lighter.

Baron Von Weisbach, discoverer of the incandescent mantle, has invented a device by which when the gas tip is turned on, a shower of brilliant sparks lights the gas.

A labor-saving device in counting and wrapping coin has been constructed by Edward Van Winkle an electrical engineer, for one of his clients who is the inventor.

A French horticulturist has discovered that roses and mignonettes cannot live together. Rose and mignonette, placed together in a vase, both within within half an hour.

An Italian has invented a machine for printing railroad tickets as they are needed. The apparatus can print and register 400 different kinds of tickets, with station, date and fare.

A new species of rats has been discovered in South America that have phosphorescent skins, which burn with a terrifying greenish glare at night. In the daytime they look like ordinary rats.

A celebrated German specialist has recently been experimenting with ink to find which color gathers the least amount of microbes. They develop more rapidly in red than in black, violet or blue.

In Italy, an engineering feat has recently been completed in the effecting of complete drainage for a district of 400 square miles, by the cutting of a canal on which 6,000 men have been occupied since 1901.

A collar supporter for lace collars, which will hold the flimsy collar in an upright position, and not cause discomfort to the wearer, or be visible when the collar is worn, is among the latest inventions.

Recent efforts to measure the duration of flashes of lightning seem to show that it is often as brief as one-forty-thousandth part of a second. A flash lasting the fiftieth part of a second is considered about the extreme duration.

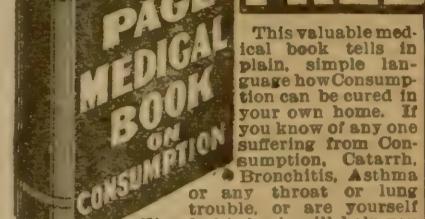
Among the recent inventions is an automatic sparring machine. It is driven by an electric motor, and can be made to rain blows as rapidly as the best boxer can receive them; or it can be operated slowly for the instruction of the novice.

A device, by which the amount of material remaining in a bolt of ribbon can be ascertained at a glance, has been invented. The tape is marked with inches, feet, and yards, and the paper slit at regular intervals, passing the ribbon in and out through the slits. It will lessen the work of stock-taking.

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The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man With Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

in any place, and I know there is not a lad on the force, likewise including myself, but what would be crazy to be of use to New York's great detective."

Crit was pleased, indeed there are few men who would not have been at so sincere a tribute to his ability, and he smiled genially as he replied:

"Thanks, Chief, thanks, but I think I've got about all the force I need, with me."

The chief looked a little disappointed, but he appreciated the fact that if he was to look for any help from the Easterner, he must permit him to work in his own way. He was a little astonished, when Crit asked:

"Chief, have you ever heard of a gun by the name of Jim Hollis?"

"Who? Four-time Jim?"

"Well that may be another one of his many aliases."

"Why yes, let me see. He was pinched about two months ago. It seems to me, when we raided a fence on South Clark street. Lack of evidence against him, caused his release."

"Where is the fence now?"

"Either up or down, Mr. Truman. He died in jail last week. Had quick consumption, but that wasn't known at the time."

"That's bad," Crit said. "He might have given us some valuable information. Who else was included in the arrest, Chief?"

"Just now, I don't know, but I can easily find out by consulting the records."

"How long will that take?"

"No time at all. Perhaps you and your assistant may like to take a bath and freshen up a bit, and while you are doing so, I'll get the information you wish," the chief suggested.

"All right, good idea," Crit said cheerfully. "Come on, Ralph, we'll stretch ourselves. Chief, be sure and get the names and if any, the aliases of all who were with Hollis at the time. We'll be back within an hour, and bring with us the remainder of our force. That'll give you time enough, eh?"

"Plenty, Mr. Truman," cried the chief, escorting his distinguished visitors from his office.

As they emerged from the City Hall, they were joined by Peter, who had been waiting. Crit considering it better not to overburden the chief first shot.

"Everything looks like Hollis' work," Crit said in a low tone to Peter.

"Same old methods?" asked the lad, who was fully informed regarding the other case, upon which they all had worked some two years previously.

"Yes, everything so far as I can see points to him as the leader," Crit continued, half to himself.

"See, there's a split lip; the episode of the cuff buttons (you remember he once tore a man's coat robbing him of a fine cameo he was wearing?); that of the whiskey bottle (for Jim Hollis never takes a drink nor will he permit his associates to do so when they are doing a job), and lastly his presence in this city, so short time ago, and in a fence's joint."

Peter listened eagerly, and from Crit's few words gathered a pretty good idea of what had been communicated by the chief.

"Mr. Hollis, I don't think you'd continue to do business with such boldness if you knew that Crit Truman was in Chicago."

Crit's face was very grave as he thus spoke, for he felt very strongly upon this matter.

"I don't think a thing about the matter, I know," laughed Ralph.

"I say, Jim Hollis swore that if he'd get free again, he'd never let you take him alive," Peter broke in.

"That's just what he did say. When I came around to his cell to try and get a confession from him, he said:

"I'll get out of this yet, Truman, and when I do, look out."

"I answered:

"Other guineas have answered me the same, but so far, I'm all to the merry, and most of the other lads are on the blink."

"He smiled grimly, that scar showing up in a nasty way, and said:

"Critic Truman, I swear you'll never take me alive."

"Guess at that time, you never thought you'd have to try," Ralph suggested.

"Not then, but it does now, and I mean to show him just how much attention I pay to his talk."

Ralph and Peter, looking at the grim jaw and somber eyes, thought:

"He will, too."

After having a shave and bath, the three detectives made their way back to the office of the chief, who greeted Crit and Ralph heartily, but looked at Peter.

"The rest of my force, Chief," Crit said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Peter?" the chief asked, showing that he had heard of that young man.

"The same," Crit replied, and the chief and Peter having shaken hands, the former said:

"Mr. Truman, I have your information. I have a man who was taken at the same time as 'Four-time' Jim, and got pushed through for something else. He only did ten days, and got out, but he's pinched again—this time for dipping—and he's waiting trial at the Harrison street station. We can go there at once, if you wish."

"Is dipping his regular lay?" asked Crit, as the three detectives with the chief emerged into the street.

"Yes, but he's a cheap crook. Dips, does second story work sometimes, and most anything in a crooked line if he has a leader to carry him along. Can't do a thing without a guiding spirit."

"Oftentimes the worst kind of a crook," Ralph suggested, while Peter asked:

"What's the lad's name, Chief?"

"Like the rest of them, he's got four or five, although he's only about twenty, but I think his real name is Christie Ferris. He's a product of Chicago's tough kid gangs and as for sweating him—well some of the best of the boys gave it up. You can have a try yourself, though."

The three detectives said nothing, but they were confident they knew a thing or two about sweating, which would surprise the worthy chief, but they held their tongues, and entered the station with their companion, and were taken immediately to the cell in which Christie Ferris was confined.

Crit decided to see the lad alone, so telling

the others to remain out of earshot, much to the disappointment of the chief, he said cheerily:

"Hello, Ferris, in again, hey?"

The prisoner looked at him in a sullen manner, asking defiantly:

"Where'd you ever see me?"

"That don't make any difference, you don't remember me, I see," Crit replied coldly. "This is what I've come to say, and you'd better listen."

The prisoner could not meet the keen eyes of the detective, who continued:

"About two months ago you were caught with Jim Hollis in a raid on a fence, and while there was no evidence against you, and Hollis escaped punishment, you were railroaded through for ten days."

The young fellow looked interested now. He did not know the man who was so well informed, but he recognized that he understood matters.

"Well, what of dat?" Christie asked, as the detective paused to light his cigar.

"Oh nothing much," replied Crit, "only that yesterday you were pinched for dipping a lady's pocketbook, when you had never done the job."

"Say, Mister, will you please go tell dat to de Loot?" cried the prisoner eagerly.

"Well, am I right or am I wrong?" Crit asked, although he did not need any reply. Ferris's face told the story.

"Right? O' course you're right. I don't know where yuh get your information, mister, but you're a wise cooper, an' day got to give it to yuh. I wasn't widdin' ten miles o' dat job yesterday, and here I get it right away."

Crit smiled inwardly. This had been a bold stroke, and he was well pleased with his success.

His familiarity with the methods sometimes used by the police when they wish a scapegoat on whom to fasten a crime, the real perpetrator of which cannot be found, helped him to come to the decision that Ferris was innocent. He was also helped in arriving at it by the fact that Ferris had been "railroaded" through a short time previously, and so felt that his premise was a plausible one.

Having struck one good blow, Crit continued, speaking in that frank, yet kindly manner which won so many:

"Look here, Ferris, never mind who I am, just remember I'm your friend at present, and that's more than you can say of some you know."

The boy raised himself, and glaring cried:

"I say, Mister, what's yuh driving at?"

"Do you want to know who it was got you in here this time?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "A Keen Bit of Work," and watch the coils as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing the desired results. If not a subscriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end. The price will soon be advanced.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending a letter, (15 cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year).

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter giving such notice, addressing to THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER, Augusta, Maine, and we reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

C. A. G.—In view of the fact, as you state in your communication to us, that you have no information concerning your father's family connections, we think it will be necessary for you to have an investigation made at the place in England, Wales, from which he came, in order to establish his relationship to the person who died leaving the money. Before doing that, however, we think it would be advisable for you to first have a search of the records, where the deceased person lived, in order to verify the fact that there was any property left to your father; possibly if you communicated with the United States Census located nearest this place, he could refer you to someone who would undertake this examination and investigation for you.

Mrs. M. W. L.—We do not think there is any immediate danger of your son's being drafted for military duty. We cannot discuss the justice or injustice of female suffrage. If there has been a trustee appointed of your property, we think the trustees should be the ones to convey your property.

G. C. M.—Upon such a state of facts as you submit in your statement to us, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a husband, intestate, leaving no children or descendants of children, the widow would inherit, and be entitled to his whole estate both real and personal in the following States, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Mexico, and Wisconsin. We think she would be entitled to his entire personal estate, but not the whole of his real property in the following States, Illinois, Maryland, Ohio, Oregon, and Texas, but we are of the opinion that in case he owned real estate in one State, and resided in another, that the descent of the real estate would follow the laws of the State where the property was situated, and not the laws of the State where he resided at the time of his death, and, of course, if he left a will the disposition of all his property would convey the terms of the will.

"Is dipping his regular lay?" asked Crit, as the three detectives with the chief emerged into the street.

"Yes, but he's a cheap crook. Dips, does second story work sometimes, and most anything in a crooked line if he has a leader to carry him along. Can't do a thing without a guiding spirit."

"Oftentimes the worst kind of a crook," Ralph suggested, while Peter asked:

"What's the lad's name, Chief?"

"Like the rest of them, he's got four or five,

although he's only about twenty, but I think his real name is Christie Ferris. He's a product of Chicago's tough kid gangs and as for sweating him—well some of the best of the boys gave it up. You can have a try yourself, though."

The three detectives said nothing, but they were confident they knew a thing or two about sweating, which would surprise the worthy chief, but they held their tongues, and entered the station with their companion, and were taken immediately to the cell in which Christie Ferris was confined.

Crit decided to see the lad alone, so telling

necessary for her to join in the deed of such property, but we do think it is the custom for purchasers to require the signature of both to deeds of such property.

J. L. D.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that, if a man die leaving a widow and no child or children, nor descendants of any child or children, and no will, his personal property would all go to the widow, and one half of his real estate; and the other half of his real estate would go to his father, mother, brothers, or sisters, or their descendants; but if he leaves a widow and no father, mother, brother, sister, nor any descendants of any brother or sister, then the whole of the real estate also would go to the widow.

R. V. D.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that the people to whom you owe the money could collect either from your parents or yourself, even though you were a minor at the time the debt was contracted, as minors can be bound for necessities. We do not think they could collect from your husband as he cannot be bound for debts contracted before his marriage. If you have no property of your own, you would be unable to collect their judgment after they had recovered it. We think on your statements you owe it to your self-respect to try to pay the money.

W. E. D.—It will be necessary for you to have a tax search made in the County of the State in which the land your grandfather owns is located, in order to learn whether it has been taxed for taxes, and it will also be necessary for you to learn whether anyone else has held possession of the land for long enough period to create a title by adverse possession. We are of the opinion that the statute of limitations in the State you mention runs in ten years. If no other person has acquired title to this property in either of the ways mentioned above, and if your grandmother's title is an absolute one in fee simple, we are of the opinion, that she is the owner of the land.

B. P.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that the woman you mention can dispose of her separate property by will or otherwise without her husband's consent except that she cannot without his consent dispose of his right to curtesy in her real estate. His right to curtesy in her estate is in case he survives her, the use of one third of her real estate for the term of his life. You state no grounds upon which we think this man could be sent to prison.

R. F.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that unless your stepmother leaves a will, you would not upon her death be entitled to any portion of her estate; if she leaves no husband or children, her estate would go to her father, mother, brothers, or sisters, or their descendants.

A. L. W.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that the local authorities will compel the two sons, of the old man you mention, either jointly or severally, to prevent their father from becoming a public charge. We cannot imagine such a state of facts, as that an old man should turn over his whole property to his son, and become penniless in his helpless old age, unless either, a fraud was perpetrated upon him, in which event the deed could be set aside by an action in law or equity, or unless some agreement was made at the time the deed was executed providing for his future support, and care. Such a contract would not be set up in the deed, but might be a separate agreement, or might be even only an oral agreement. We advise you to investigate and see whether there was not some such agreement made at the time the deed was executed.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Another Way of Making the Goulash

Two tablespoonsfuls of lard put into a frying-pan add four tablespoonsfuls of flour same as in number one, gradually add hot water and vinegar to suit taste. Or one can leave out the vinegar. Bread toasted brown and cut up in squares and dropped in, as in soup, is nice. It may be used as a gravy for potatoes, etc.

Mayonnaise Dressing

One teaspoonful each of ground mustard and powdered sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt, one quarter saltspoonful of cayenne, yolks of two raw eggs, one pint of salad oil, two tablespoonsfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonsfuls of lemon juice. Mix the first four ingredients in a small bowl; add the eggs; stir well with a wooden spoon. Add the oil, a few drops at a time, stirring until it thickens. If by chance you add too much oil, do not attempt to stir it all in at once, but take it up gradually. When the dressing is thick, thin it with a little lemon; then add oil and lemon alternately, and lastly the vinegar. When ready to serve, add half a cup of whipped cream if you like; the cream makes it whiter and thinner. Never mix the dressing with the salad until ready to serve.

Home-made Marshmallows

Dissolve three ounces of gum arabic, in one half pint of hot water, strain, and add one half pint of powdered sugar. Boil ten minutes, or until the syrup has the consistency of honey, stirring all the time; remove from the fire, and add the white of an egg beaten stiff. Mix it thoroughly, and add two teaspoonsfuls of orange flower flavor; pour the paste into a pan dusted with corn starch, and spread about one inch thick. Cut into squares, and when cold roll it in confectioner's sugar.

Fruit Candy

One cocoanut grated. Take one and one half pounds of granulated sugar, wet with the milk of the cocoanut, put in a saucepan, and let it heat slowly, then boil rapidly five minutes, then add the cocoanut, and boil ten minutes longer, stirring constantly. Try a little on a plate, and if it forms a firm paste take from the fire; pour half of it on a large tin lined with paraffine paper; then add to the remainder of the cream, one quarter pound of stoned raisins, one half pound of blanched sliced almonds (pouring boiling water on the almonds before slicing), one pound of pecan nuts, one half cup of hickory-nut meats, all chopped finely. Mix well; pour this over the other cream, and cut into bars. J. A. D.

Dine Peach Sweet Pickles

Take one peck vine peaches, one quart vinegar, two pounds sugar, two ounces ground cinnamon tied in a bag; peel and halve the peaches, remove seed and stick two or three cloves in each half peach; heat vinegar and sugar and cinnamon together, then put in vine peaches and cook until tender, taking care not to let them get very soft; take out carefully and place in jar; let vinegar boil until thickened a little, then pour over fruit; repeat this two mornings, then cover closely and set away in cool, dry place until wanted.

Preserved Vine Peaches

Peel, halve and remove seeds from vine peaches selected to each pound of fruit so prepared; allow one pound of white sugar, sprinkle sugar over fruit and let stand over night, pour off juice into a preserving kettle and let it come to a boil, then place fruit in and cook until a fork will pierce it easily; to each quart of fruit add one small lemon sliced thinly and cook with fruit; take out carefully and place in jars; let syrup boil a few minutes to thicken, then skim and pour over fruit; seal closely.

Canned Vine Peaches

Prepare same as for preserving; to each can of fruit allow one half pound of sugar; half a lemon and one cup of water; let sugar and water come to a boil, then place in fruit and lemon, cooking until tender. Place in jars, boil juice for fifteen minutes and pour over fruit. Mrs. L. M. McGEE.

Apple Frosting

White of one egg, one cup of granulated sugar, one apple grated; mix all together and beat for fifteen minutes.

MRS. AURELIA SAYRE, Sibley, Mich.

German Coffee Cake

One yeast cake, one medium-sized potato, one small cup of butter and lard mixed, one large cup of white sugar, two eggs, one small nutmeg, one quart sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one half cups of seeded raisins, and flour enough to mix. In the evening, dissolve the yeast, and boil and mash fine the potato. Warm half of the milk, and make a sponge as for bread, using enough flour to form a thick batter. Let rise over night. In the morning warm the rest of the milk, and add the butter and lard. Beat the eggs well, add sugar, salt, grated nutmeg, and raisins, and stir all together. Work in flour to make a stiff dough after adding the sponge. Flour the board, and knead the dough enough to get it into shape. Butter a jar, place the dough in it and set to rise in a warm place. When light roll out into a sheet about one inch thick, and place in a baking-tin. Let rise in a warm place till light, and bake in a moderate oven. While baking brush it over several times with a caramel made of one cup of sugar, one half cup of sweet cream, butter the size of half an egg, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon boiled together. Spread the caramel over the cake just as you would a turkey while it was roasting.

MRS. J. H. STANLEY, Pingree, N. Dak.

Lemon Quince

One half cup of butter, and one cup of sugar added gradually, cream; four eggs, one and one fourth cups of sifted flour, grated rind of one half lemon, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one fourth teaspoonful of salt, one fourth teaspoonful of soda. To creamed butter and sugar, add one egg at a time, beating vigorously, then the lemon rind. Mix salt and soda with a little of flour, and lemon juice last. Butter gem pans, and fill half full, beating vigorously before putting in pans. Bake from twenty to thirty minutes.

Mocha Tart

Five eggs, beat yolks with one and one half cups of granulated sugar, one cup of flour, one half pound of chopped nuts, use one half in batter, and one half on whipped cream, one and one half tablespoonfuls mocha in batter, the same in cream when whipped, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, bake in two layers, and put cream in between with chopped nuts sprinkled on each layer.

MRS. JOHN LYNN, 624-2 Noe St., San Francisco, Cal.

Maple Fudge

Three cups of granulated sugar, one cup of cream or milk, one half cup of pecans (shelled), one half cup of walnuts (shelled), one cup coccoanut, two teaspoonsfuls of Henderson's Maple Essence. Put sugar and cream in granite saucepan, and bring to a boil, cool until syrup spins hair, then add butter the size of a large walnut, and stir in the Maple Essence, stir in the nuts and the coccoanut, finely chopped, beat until the mixture begins to grain, turn into a greased pan, and when it is cool, yet not firm, mark into squares. Wrap the squares neatly in paraffine paper.

Maple Jelly

One half box of Knox Gelatine, scant cup of cold water, one pint of boiling water, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of Henderson's Maple Essence. Soak the gelatine in cold water until soft, then add the boiling water, sugar, and Maple Essence. Do not allow to boil. When well dissolved strain through a flannel bag.

Sauce for Pudding

Whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, one and one half cups of sugar, one cup of milk. Cook until it thickens, then add the eggs, and one teaspoonful of tincture of vanilla.

MRS. J. L. ROUSE, 66 W. 5th St., New York, N.Y.

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In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Manners and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Blue Eyes, Amazonia, Mo.—You may ask the young man to call wherever you see him, if the opportunity is favorable. He should respond to your fondness for him by asking you if he might call.

Undecided, Malmö, Miss.—A girl at a party or dance without an escort, or a chaperon, is apt to be neglected and become a wallflower. Better stay at home than be that. Small parties where all are friends don't call for escorts, but dances do. (2) Eighteen, as a rule, is too young to marry, but there are exceptions to the rule. As you are supporting yourself, and have an opportunity to marry a good man who wants to give you his home to preside over, it would be quite proper for you to marry.

Julie, Arago, Minn.—Wear your hair in the most becoming fashion, no matter what the prevailing mode may be. (2) Long kimonas are not worn all day except by women who do not like to exert themselves to look spick and span. (3) White sateen will make a very becoming dress for a state occasion, but lighter material is better for simple affairs.

Sunshine, Petaluma, Cal.—You must eat simple food and no greases, to remove one cause of pimples. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and let the sun shine on you. Take as long breaths as you can, and plenty of them. Keep the skin clean with hot water and pure soap. At night apply this cleansing cream: Lanoline, one and a quarter ounces; almond oil, same; sulphur precipitate, same; oxide of zinc, five drams; violet extract, one dram; orangeflower water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; white wax, two ounces. Melt the wax in a double boiler, then add the oil, and before it cools put in the elderflower water, and beat until cold. Wipe off the cream thoroughly, bathe with hot water, and apply this lotion; precipitate of sulphur, one dram; spirits of camphor, one dram; glycerine, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

Brown Eyes, Bellair, Fla.—Yes, it makes her com-mon. (2) Don't mention love to a man until he mentions it to you, and tells you he loves you. (3) It is quite proper.

Rosebud, Buckhead, Okla.—It is difficult to reduce flesh, except by the most careful diet, eating no fats, no sweets, and only lean meat. Take vigorous exercise to convert the fat into muscle.

Red Top, Rockland, Pa.—See answer to Rosebud, above. (2) Unless your red hair is not red, you had better not try to doctor it. Red hair is really beautiful, and should make any woman proud to have it.

Skidoo, Greenup, Ill.—It is proper to give the man a Christmas present even though he does not give you one. But don't give it to him unless you know it will be acceptable from you.

J. McC., Jeffersonville, Ind.—You had better get such a formula from a druggist with advice how to use it as it is dangerous, and may result in permanent injury, unless you know exactly how to apply it.

Black-eyed Beauty, Jamestown, N. Dak.—See answer above to "Rosebud."

Gray Eyes, Peck, Idaho.—The following astrigent is recommended by those who have tried it: Aristol, two grams; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence of peppermint, ten drops. Rub with this very gently each night, and cover with a compress wet with the following: Alum, two grains; acetate of lead, thirty grains; distilled water, four hundred grains. Cover the compresses with oiled silk, and keep on for twelve hours. It will require several months of treatment.

Gray Eyes, Sheridan, Ind.—This eyebrow tonic is said to be good to make the eyebrows heavy: Tincture of rosemary, five grams; tincture of cathartides, one gram; eau de cologne, fifty grams; spirits of camphor, fifty grams. An eyelash ointment is made as follows: Sulphate of quinine five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce. This is to be applied with a sable brush. We question very much whether it will make your lashes long and curly.

Blue Eyes, Shelby, Ohio.—You are too young to be accepting the attention of young men, unless you are out of school, and have nothing else to do.

Twin Sister, Cland, Ala.—As far as years are concerned, a man nineteen years older than the woman he marries is quite young enough, but the man should be at least fifty years old. A man of thirty-three should not marry a girl of fourteen. If you and the man are thoroughly congenial and he is young for his age, you might take the risk.

Rosa, Lenore Grove, Kans.—The lady may do as she pleases about removing coat and hat when she is married at a judge's office, or a parsonage. Rules of etiquette do not apply under such circumstances.

Ethel, Charlevoix, Mich.—At seventeen you can easily wait for three or four years to see how the young man will turn out. Don't be in such a hurry to get into trouble.

Black Eyes, Ramona, Kans.—You might make yourself a blonde by using peroxide of hydrogen, but you would be much more sensible and true to leave your hair as the Lord gave it to you.

L. R., Butte, Mont.—We think that you at twenty and he at thirty-seven are not too far apart in age to be as happy as most married people, if you are congenial.

Trouble, Gordon, Pa.—Yours is only a lover's quarrel, and you will have to work your own way out of it. We hardly think either of your hearts will break if you never become good friends as you used to be. You didn't treat him fairly, though being a woman you may have some privileges that men don't always like.

M. J., Livingstone, Mont.—Our hair being natural you cannot make it straight. (2) It is not proper to whisper in company unless you can do so when you are not observed. (3) Lemon juice will remove berry stains. They will yield something to hot water and soap, and time will remove them in a few days.

Rocky Mountain Girl, Pinecreek, Mont.—It is not good form for a man to call a girl by her first name until they become well acquainted and she gives him permission. (2) Try this on falling hair: Distilled witch-hazel, five ounces; corrosive sublimate, ten grains. (3) You can get a better tooth powder at the drug store than you can possibly compound yourself.

Blue Eyes, San Luis, Cal.—Under the circumstances you may go to him to be married, though he might come to you, and you could get married quietly and return to his home. If you go to him, you should take a chaperon with you.

DON'T NEGLECT CATARRH



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
Who Will Give Free Advice on
Curing Catarrh to All Who Ask For It.

Take it in hand at once! Drive it out of your system before it ruins your health—your happiness—your very life itself.

Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly. Catarrh wrecks more lives than all the other diseases put together—it leads on every year to thousands upon thousands of deaths.

Are you making that common, dangerous mistake of thinking Catarrh a trifling ailment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself"?

Don't deceive yourself any longer! Catarrh can't cure itself. While you heedlessly neglect it, you're fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. Worse still—you're allowing Catarrh to get down to your lungs.

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer Catarrh—it's Consumption. Consumption often results from neglected Catarrh, and great numbers of people die every year just because they've neglected Catarrh.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—don't let it run on another day. Write to me at once and let me give you really helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on just how to cure Catarrh. It shall not cost you a cent, and it's bound to be of wonderful aid to you.

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. For twenty-one years I've been studying and curing Catarrh. Now I offer you, without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your trouble—the benefit of my wide knowledge and beneficial discoveries.

Don't let this chance go by—accept my assistance today! It's promised in genuine sincerity and friendliness. People all over North America, who've already received my advice, gladly testify to what it has done for them. I'll cheerfully send you names and addresses of those who have sought my aid. Now they are cured of Catarrh as they willingly bear witness.

Learn at once how Catarrh can be cured—thoroughly and successfully.

Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free medical advice coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address Catarrh Specialist Sproule, Graduate in medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service, 233 Trade Building, Boston. Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous. Do it NOW.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat oftentimes?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.

MRS. MARIA VAN ALSTINE, 102 Pioneer St., Cooperstown, N. Y.

Mrs. Van Alstine writes: "I have steadily improved since using your remedies, and can say there is no more trouble with Catarrh, no more noises in my head to trouble me at night and my hearing is entirely cured. I have a new lease of life at the good old age of seventy-two. Your treatment is wonderful."

X-RAY WONDER
With it you can apparently see through your clothes, make everything transparent; lots of fun. Postpaid 10c, 3 for 25c. FREE with each order that Prize Fight & Boxing Scene moving picture. C. Armstrong, M. C. Co., Chicago.

MARRY WEALTH — BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE TO ALL. Pay when married. Entirely new plan. Send no money for particulars. Select Club, Dept. 15, Tekonsha, Mich.

MRS. CARRIE B. RICE, Box 156, R. No. 2, Huntington, Ind.

Mrs. Rice writes: "I had catarrh so bad my head was clear, but since taking your treatment I can breathe through my nose without any trouble. I don't have headaches any more. I feel as if I had a new head. I will tell others that if they will follow your advice you will do as you say for them."

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos FREE (Sealed), Standard Card Club, 198 Avery Ave., Chicago.

MARRY Photos and addresses of rich and handsome people who want to marry, sent free, sealed. Write to THE PILOT, Dept. 19, 158 N. Hemile Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ASTHMA Instant relief & positive cure. Sample mailed free to any sufferer. Physician Box 36, Augusta, Maine.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE.



MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE



HIRAM GUNTHNER

Read what a few of my Patrons say:

I followed the advice you gave me, and everything has turned out grandly. Charley and I are now married, and in our happiness we pray that you may live long to continue in your grand and noble calling.

NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

Your wonderful power is beyond my understanding. You not only told me about affairs that I thought no one new anything about, but all you predicted has come true. MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE.

I bless the day when I wrote to you—it was the turning point in my life—both in family and money matters.

HIRAM GUNTHNER.

Following your advice about becoming an actress, I am now on the road to fame and fortune. Charley and I are now a complete success, and I now have many flattering offers from several managers, and just to think when I first wrote to you, I was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe it all to you, dear Professor, how can I ever pay you?

GRACE KARINTH.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, }
COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD, }
BRIDGEPORT, July 15, 1905.
I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing
list of photographs and testimonials with the original
photographs and testimonials and that the same are correct
transcripts therefrom.

In testimony whereof, I
have hereunto set my hand and
dated my official seal.

J. D. Toomey.

Remember I give you this horoscope absolutely FREE. Don't hesitate a moment, but write at once and I will prove to you just what I say. I have made thousands happy and prosperous and can do the same for you.

GRACE KARINTH.

Simply send me your name and birth date with a 2-cent postage stamp, and I will do the rest. Shakespeare said: The stars above us govern our conditions. Why should you doubt?

Address PROF. LEO AMZI, Dept. A, 6, Bridgeport, Conn.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

G. R., Bluffton, Ind.—We do not recognize the magazine by your description and cannot give you its name. (2) The fate of the spy depends upon what the officer in command thinks about it. The law is not so well defined that a court martial must be very particular.

If A. D. Y. of Lloydsville, O., will write to Elizabeth Osborne, Callis, O., he may hear of something to his advantage in the matter of photo-engraving.

R. Hekeleider, Peterson, N. H., would like to hear from parties having goats for sale.

Mrs. A. J. T., Idaho Falls, Idaho.—We do not know how responsible they are. (2) Don't have a song published unless you can have it done on royalty, no matter what the firm is, from the highest to the lowest.

J. T., Carden Bottom, Ark.—We think you will not find tax assessors' duties set forth in the constitution of your State. However, you are on the ground and might read up on the Arkansas constitution. Otherwise, ask the sheriff of your county.

O. B., Beardstown, Ill.—Museums do not buy old relics unless you can see them. They are usually in the market to buy what they want, if some philanthropic person will not donate it. Write to Field Museum, Chicago.

B. S., Endersby, Oregon.—The best publisher is the one who will buy your stories. The publisher determines the price which runs from \$2 to a thousand words to \$200. There are hundreds of publishers looking for good stories, but they must be very good stories, better than you can write, we fancy.

R. A. H., Rosie, Ark.—Write to Brentano, New York City.

Reader, Gulfport, Miss.—There have been various reports of premiums for bottles that cannot be used again, but we think they cannot be materialized. Indeed, we do not think they were ever very substantial. If you have such a bottle, you will have no trouble getting all the money for it you want. We do not know about the constituents of the beverage you ask about. It is a trade secret.

E. M. G., Jacksonville Mo.—De Lesseps was the engineer-in-chief of the Panama Canal under French authority. For detailed information write to Panama Canal Commission, Washington, D. C.

P. G. L., Dixon, Ill.—Write to the Simmons Birge Hardware Co., St. Louis, Mo.

M. M., Durango, Col.—William Penn, the son of Admiral Penn, was born in England, and, though an aristocrat by birth, became converted to Quakerism at college and was an extremist. His father, angered at him, sent him to travel in order to free him from the influence. In the course of his travels he was in Ireland, where he met again, the Quaker who had converted him, and he took it up again, more vigorously than ever. He was imprisoned in Ireland for his opinions. He made friends, however, even among his enemies, by his honesty and firmness, with great amiability of temper, and at last received concessions of land in America, called Pennsylvania, in honor of his father, a friend of the Duke of York and King George. Haven't you an encyclopedia in Durango, where you could find detailed history of Penn?

Mrs. T. H. B., Central Lake, Mich.—Why do you wish to waste time and postage writing to rich people? We will not give you the address.

Thelma, Covert, Kans.—Send to the editors of any or all of the magazines. They buy short stories, if they are good.

T. M., Winchester, Wash.—Apply to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., for instructions how to proceed to secure a patent.

C. H. B., Bangor, Me.—Write to Brentano, New York City. They will tell you the best on the subject, and will give you the price. Be sure to ask what the price will be.

A. L. G., Dunnegan, Mo.—Unless the flint is of some peculiar and useful quality, there is nothing in it. Write to your State Geologist at Jefferson City.

D. L. G., Ethel, Me.—You could get it from any bookseller in St. Louis, and cheaper at a second hand place than elsewhere. We have no idea what the price would be, but nothing extravagant, as it is not rare.

Bookworm, Waldo, O.—We believe the publishers are Street & Smith, New York City. The number of books will depend upon how many stories are in a volume. Inquire of the same firm as to the other book you ask about.

One Way of Wooing'

By Stanhope Guardian

WITH trembling fingers Mazie opened the letter, glanced at its beginning, then ran her eyes down the two closely written pages, her face growing whiter and whiter each minute.

"Darling Mazie," the letter began.

"By this time you have heard of Fred Charlton's marriage, and I expect you are rejoicing to get rid of so constant an admirer, although I confess I was surprised to hear of his marriage. I thought he was your private property, but then men will do such strange things at times, and the girl is awfully rich, and in these days men care more for money than anything else."

"If I were you, I'd cultivate the new lady, for if she is rich, she might help you along in society. Dear Mazie, I do hope that this is not news to you, for I wouldn't hurt you for anything, but I thought you ought to know. I believe it is all a secret. What do you think?"

"If I can do anything, let me know. If he has thrown you down, he and his wife ought to be blacklisted."

"As ever, your devoted friend,

"Gertie Wingfield."

"It is terrible," poor little Mazie sobbed, the tears running down her face and upon the letter.

"Gertie knows that I knew nothing about it, and I'd like to kill her," with a burst of anger. "Fred was mine, mine, until that awful woman caught him, but who is she?" and her eager eyes searched the letter.

"She didn't tell me, but I'll find out," and the red lips closed tightly.

No wonder she was angry. For over a year Fred Charlton had been her shadow, devoted to her, and while there was no regular engagement between them, she had certainly expected to be his wife. To be sure she had been a little coquettish, that she knew, drawing back whenever Fred had been serious, and now she supposed she could not complain when he had chosen a wife.

"Still he knew I loved him," she sobbed, then stopped:

"Did he know? I never really let him know for certain," she thought, and then sobbed again as she thought of the bright, intelligent young face she had grown to love so dearly.

"Why, I never thought of Fred leaving me," she told herself, as she sat, alternately sobbing, and reading the letter.

"Oh, if I only had my chance again," she cried at last, springing to her feet, and confronting Fred.

"Why are you here?" she stammered, realizing that her face was tearstained, and that he had no right to seek her now that he was a married man.

Evidently the young man did not notice any signs of discomfiture, for he said cheerily:

"Well, going to the picnic?"

All the anger which had been welling up in her heart burst out, and she said angrily:

"What business is it of yours?"

The young man smiled easily as he returned with the laugh she knew and loved so well:

"None, except that I intend to take you, that's all, my dear Mazie."

Her face blazing with indignation, she stamped her little foot, saying:

"And do you think I will go with your wife?"

"You have mixed your prepositions slightly, dearest. I do not expect you to go with, but I would love to have you as my wife."

Mazie paused to look at him. There was no expression of indignation, of confusion on his face, only of a great hope.

"I don't understand," she said slowly, two more tears rolling down her face. How dear he was now when she believed him lost forever!

"Neither do I. Oh, I say, Mazie, dear, don't cry," and he sprang forward, his arms outstretched.

"Keep away," she cried, shrinking back, for she was terribly afraid that she would yield to the temptation, she did love him so.

"Mazie, dear tell me, what makes you cry and act so strange?" he asked gently.

"You have no right to be here."

"I suppose I haven't any real right, but give it to me, dear, for you know I love you very dearly," he said quite simply.

Mazie's face took on a horrified expression, and she said abruptly:

"I thought you were a man of honor!"

"I am."

"You are not, to come here and talk this way to me."

"And why is that dishonorable? I love you."

"Hush, Fred, hush!"

"I tell you I love you, and I want to marry you above everything else in the world," and the earnest young face was flushed.

"Fred, Fred, how can you?" wailed the young girl, her face now buried in her hands.

"Mazie, explain. I love you, you know that. I want to marry you, you ought to have known that long ago. Now what is there wrong about that? Why do you cry and call me names?" and his voice was earnest enough to convince anyone, and no wonder Mazie thrust Gertie's letter into his hand. The young man read it through from one end to the other, then asked slowly:

"Could you believe it?"

"It isn't true then, Fred, oh, tell me?"

"Mazie!" was all he said, but it was enough, for with a perfect storm of sobs, she threw herself into the waiting arms, and some of the agony left her. As soon as she was able to speak, she said brokenly:

"It nearly killed me, Fred."

"And you could believe such a thing of me?" he asked again.

"But it was so plausible, Fred."

"I know," he said, frowning as he glanced at the cruel letter, then he started, and said eagerly:

"Mazie, it was a cruel jest. My cousin, Fred Charlton, was married last week, you remember I went to the wedding in Chicago, a thousand miles from here. Gertie has played on that in writing you this way."

"I see," she said slowly, then she asked in a slightly changed tone:

"Why should she want to injure you to me in that way?"

The young man's face flushed slightly, before he said quite honestly:

"I'll tell you, dear, although it sounds a little caddish to say anything, once I paid her some attention, and she wanted to marry me, this is her revenge."

Mazie studied a moment, then asked slowly: "You didn't give her any reason to think you were in earnest?"

"I give you my word of honor," was the straight reply.

"And you are free in every way to ask me to be your wife?"

"Absolutely."

"Well," she said slowly.

"What is your reply, darling?" he asked, bending over her.

"You haven't asked me anything," she said, dimpling and blushing.

"You little tease, then will you marry me, sweetheart, and make me happy ever afterwards?" and there could be no doubt as to his sincerity.

Without any hesitation, having learned her own heart, Mazie lifted her great blue eyes to his, replying:

"Yes, dear," and she has never learned that Fred had Gertie write the letter she did, so as to force the little coquette to decide.



So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

N. B. M. Covington, Ky.—Better see a doctor about your being sleepy all the time. You give no symptoms, and we do not know what might be the cause. In any event, unless you wake up pretty soon, you will be so the doctors will have to come to see you.

A. A., Independence, Ia.—We do not think you will get much benefit for your rheumatism from sassafras tea. Wintergreen tea might be of advantage.

Comfort Reader, Florence, Neb.—Ordinary depilatories will not kill superfluous hair. Their effect is only temporary. As far as we know there is nothing to remove superfluous hair permanently except treatment by specialists, which is very expensive. So expensive, in fact, that unless you are rich you could not afford it.

Brown Eyes, Rockwood, Tenn.—Epileptic fits are sometimes curable by specialists, but as a rule, epilepsy is considered to be incurable. You can only receive proper treatment from a physician who can see you and study your condition.

M. F. H., Negley, O.—How do you know your heart trouble is not from indigestion? Has any physician told you so? If you have real heart disease you can get no help from newspaper treatment.

E. R. Ward, S. D.—There is no way to remove the hair from your face except by the use of depilatories which are not permanent in their effects. A depilatory may be made as follows: Orpiment, one part; starch and quicklime, each, ten parts. Powder the orpiment thoroughly, mix with the starch and lime. Make a portion into paste with water, when you wish to use it. Apply it on the hairy parts and let it remain a few minutes, four to six, then remove with a dull knife, wash in hot water and apply cold cream.

Blue Bell, Arkdale, Wis.—Lavender water is a preparation made from leaves and flowers of lavender, with water and spirits. Distilled water is water boiled and the vapor condensed. You can get muriate of ammonia at any drug store. A dram is sixty grains, and a grain is one-seventhousandth of a pound avoirdupois.

D. A. A., Richfield, N. Y.—You can reduce your size by vigorous exercise, and by eating only lean meats, no sweets or fat, and drinking very little water. Some obesity medicines are good and some are not, and you can only find out which are good by risking your health trying. (2) A so-called liquid powder for the face is made of zinc oxide, half ounce; glycerine, two ounces; rose water, two ounces. Shake the bottle, and apply with a sponge. We think, however, that some simple powder is preferable.

If "Distressed, Mozark, Mo." making inquiry in this column some time ago, will write to Mrs. Lydia Roberts, 4901 Cass St., Denver, Col., he may find the remedy he is looking for.

M. A. Y., Oak Park, Ill.—We recommend that you go into Chicago, and subject your case to the physicians at any of the large hospitals. There you will get the very best advice and treatment, and at no cost if you are unable to pay.

Distressed Patty, Tracy, Minn.—The red face seems to be natural, and to remedy it will require treatment by a specialist in skin diseases, although it may be that a course of dieting and proper exercise might be of some avail. Have you ever consulted a physician? If not, why not?

SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE
Instantly removes the most violent asthma and asthmatic attacks, and cures completely. Price \$1.00.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

FREE GOLD WATCH
This Watch is a SOLID GOLD LAID CASE
ENGRAVED IN BOTH SIDES, American Movement,
fully woundable to keep correct time equal to
any solid Gold Watch. GUARANTEED
YEARS. Price FREE. Send stamp and
name and address and we will
send you a solid gold
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IF YOU WANT TO RECEIVE
Lots of Letters, Papers, Magazines etc.,
send us 10c, and we will put your name FREE
with others which we send to manufacturers,
publishers and supply houses.
You also get our new 64-page Mag-
azine for one year, on trial, all for 10c.
Don't miss this chance. Address to our
YANKEE PUB. CO., 4 Adams St., Boston, Mass.

COMFORT

I CURE CANCER

My Mild Combination Treatment is not a NEW Remedy. It has the Experience of Years Back of it.

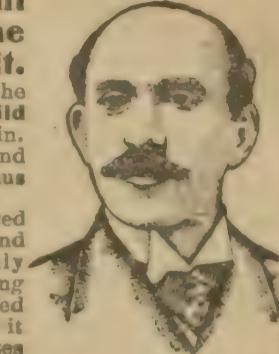
I have spent my entire professional life in the treatment of Cancer. I have so perfected my Mild Combination Treatment that it is free from pain. It quickly destroys the deadly Cancerous growth and at the same time eliminates it from the system, thus preventing a return of the disease.

My Mild Combination Treatment has removed Cancer from the list of deadly fatal diseases and placed it among the curable. This is especially gratifying when it is known that cancer is increasing at an alarming rate, the disease having quadrupled itself in the last 40 years, statistics showing that it alone causes 100,000 deaths yearly in the United States.

THE KNIFE DOES NOT CURE.

Any doctor who uses a surgeon's knife in an attempt to cure Cancer is performing an act little short of criminal. The patient suffers untold agony, and after a short time finds himself in worse condition than before the knife was used.

Operations are not only unnecessary in giving relief for Cancer, but they produce most serious after-results. It is utterly impossible to know when all the diseased cells have been removed for the reason that the blood flowing from the fresh wound prevents the surgeon from determining the result of the operation. If you value your life, avoid the knife.



PAINFUL TREATMENT UNNECESSARY

There is no necessity for the patient, already weak from suffering, enduring the intense pain caused by the application of caustics, burning plasters, fiery poultices, etc. I have cured many hundreds of the most advanced cases of Cancer by my Mild Combination Treatment without giving the patient pain or inconvenience.

CURED CANCER ON NOSE AND HEAD
I had a very bad Cancer on my nose, and nothing seemed to help me. X-Ray treatment only made me worse. Three weeks of your treatment cured me. My only regret is lack of words to express my heart-felt thanks. Skin is now soft and smooth. I hope all cancer sufferers will read this and apply to you. Mrs. Biernhoff, of my town, whom you treated, is well. H. W. BELL, Crete, Neb.

CANCER OF STOMACH CURED

After four doctors had given up my wife, who had cancer of the stomach, I immediately sent for your treatment. You cured her, and now, after nine months, she is as well as a fish in water. I would advise all sufferers from cancer to write to you. You can certainly cure this dreaded disease. O. K. KIND AND WIFE, Holstein, Iowa.

YOU CAN BE CURED AT HOME

I have so perfected my Mild Combination Treatment that patients may use it at their home with good results as though it were applied at my offices. I will gladly furnish to every sufferer positive and indisputable proofs that my treatment does cure Cancer. I will furnish ample evidence of my integrity, honesty and professional ability. No matter how serious your case may be—no matter how many operations you have had—no matter what treatments you have tried—write for my book, "Cancer and Its Cure." It will cost you nothing and will tell you how you can be cured at home. Address,

DR. O. A. JOHNSON, 1233 Grand Ave., Suite 333 Kansas City, Mo.

Have you a friend suffering from Cancer? Do him favor he'll never forget by sending him this ad.

PILES

Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge, no salve, no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 656, New York, N. Y.

GALL STONES OR LIVER DISEASE.

Write me all about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address E. COVEY, 288 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAGIC NEEDLES & RODS

For treasure seekers. Guaranteed the best made. A very interesting book free for 2 cent stamp. Gem Novelty Co., Palmyra, Pa.

KIDNEY

Diseases Cured by My New System. Examination, Opinion and Book Free. Dr. J. F. SHAFFER, Kidney Specialist, 51 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WRITE Words FOR A Song

And we will write the music and present to BIG N.Y. Publishers. A HIT will make you RICH. Send now for Free Booklet. Metropolitan Music Co., 730 St. James Bldg., New York

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

Send 2c. stamp and birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death. Fairfield, Conn.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Urticaria Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Acne, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 15 St. Paul, Minn.

ECZEMA

Can Be Cured My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does cure itching and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY.

DR. J. CANNADAY, Sedalia, Mo.

OXIEN REMEDIES

Help Old and Young. You Can Get a Lot FREE.



SEE this dear old lady, worn and bent, with colorless lips, sunken in the chest, a victim probably of consumption; her joints stiff and crooked, because her system is charged with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have saved her from all this and made her a strong, well woman. Even now, with the aid of OXIEN, she could bring the color back to her cheeks and be freed from the aches and pains that are making life almost unbearable, patient even as she is. OXIEN is the OLD FOLKS' REMEDY.

We knew of hundreds yes, thousands of cases, where elderly people have started on OXIEN remedies and have killed the germs of consumption, driven out every particle of rheumatism from their system, cured indigestion and lung complaints and been given rich, red blood and new life and vitality. It is never too late. (See Mrs. Cooper's Photo below).

OXIEN helps many old people the same as it has. Mr. Philip Knee of Shaw, Pa., who writes that he was 75 years old last December, and cured himself of Lame Back and other serious troubles by the use of OXIEN Remedies. OXIEN is also good for the young, as the same Mr. Knee writes that his grandson, a young man 20 years of age, was also cured of serious troubles by applying the OXIEN Plasters; and that he himself now works like a young man, owing to taking OXIEN. Mrs. Mollie Nelson of Baum, Indian Territory, says she was a perfect wreck in body and mind from La Grippe and Fever. The doctor, whom she quit three years ago, had given her no relief, but since she began taking OXIEN Remedies she has not been in bed a day or taken a dose of doctor's medicine. She does all of her own housework, and, thanks to OXIEN, can hoe and pick cotton as well as a young person.

Now look into the strong—well—kindly face of 73 year old Mrs. Cooper, shown below, and you can fully appreciate reading her letter here given in full:

OXIEN is wholly original and unlike anything ever offered to the public. Its effects are original, and unlike the effects of anything else. It will give new strength, new life, and new hope after everything else has failed. It is the only real Food for the Nerves ever discovered, and one trial will prove the truth of this. It contains a subtle something that cures. OXIEN differs from every other discovery in medicine as yellow gold differs from gray, tasteless lead, and its effects differ from the effects of other so-called foods and medicines as day differs from night. It is not a stimulant, OXIEN is not a drug or so called "tonic," which merely excites the nerves. It nourishes and feeds the nerves, blood, brain and heart. It infuses new vigor and vitality into the broken-down system, and its effects are as astonishing as they are lasting. It is absolutely pure, free from any harmful ingredients, and is sold under a written guarantee and the official endorsements of medical authority. The testimony of thousands whom it has lifted from a helpless and hopeless condition of suffering, and the praise of the thousands whom it has cured after medicines and doctors have failed, tell the tale of this wonderful discovery more effectively than words. This testimony is open to public inspection.

OXIEN cures nervous prostration, the bane of the brain worker; indigestion, the forerunner

of dyspepsia and heart failure; chronic dyspepsia, the nightmare of existence; constipation, to which those of sedentary habits are predisposed; consumption, that dread malady which drags so many to untimely graves; catarrh, the parent of bronchitis, laryngitis, foul breath, and other disagreeable derangements; pneumonia, so often fatal; rheumatism, so prevalent, so insidious, so excruciatingly painful; liver and kidney troubles, coughs, colds, hiccoughs, asthma, hay fever, deafness, female disorders, neuralgia, and general debility. OXIEN has been submitted to the boiling-pot, the microscope, the spectroscope, the X-ray, by those who would imitate it. Alchemy can reduce diamond to vapor, but all the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with OXIEN. Its component parts can be separated but the secret of bringing them into assembly is ours. See that our trade-mark is stamped on every article of the OXIEN REMEDIES that you call for. Physicians, statesmen, scientists, bankers, college professors, merchants, and men and women in every walk of life, endorse the OXIEN TREATMENT. Those who have once used these REMEDIES stick to them with religious zeal. If you suffer from any of the above named troubles, OXIEN REMEDIES will effect a cure if directions are followed.

THE ABOVE IS THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. A. F. COOPER, 73 YEARS OLD.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., Augusta, Maine.

Gentlemen:—I am sending you my photograph, and, although 73 years old, thanks to OXIEN I feel like a young woman. Nearly 18 years ago, in 1891 or '92, my attention was called to an advertisement of OXIEN in one of the papers. As I had just been attacked by a severe case of La Grippe, I sent for a sample, and it helped me, and also my husband and daughter almost like magic. I have not had attendance from a physician for all these years; and when I feel ill, I send for a supply of the GIANT OXIE, which is all the doctor I need. Racine has a cold, wet, changeable climate, and people always have had colds here, and I cannot speak too highly of your great medicine. OXIEN, which not only keeps me well and free from all ill, but my husband, too, who is also 73 years old. His friends in the shop all say they have been greatly helped by the OXIEN Remedies. Wishing you great prosperity, I remain, your friend,

MRS. A. F. COOPER, 1530 Packard Ave.

That OXIEN is as good for the young as it is for the old, there can be no possible doubt. Thousands of letters are received giving testimonies about people of all ages, from two months to ninety years old.

Martha L. Kayes of Cottage Grove, Oregon, writes that she gave OXIEN to one child that had been affected from birth with muscle and nervous troubles. It was never able to walk a step until he used OXIEN. Mollie Marsh of Clifton, Ark., says her baby is only two months old and she gives her OXIEN, and she is getting to be a fine, strong girl. Mrs. Barney Philpot, Gusion, Tenn., says her boy was ruptured when three years old. Doctors said he would always have to wear a brace, but by using OXIEN and OXIEN Plasters he was cured of the rupture and is now ten years old, sound and well. Mrs. Chas. Balcom, Peach, Wash., says she realizes the power of the wonderful OXIEN. It cured her 14-year-old boy after he had lost the use of his left side from St. Vitus' Dance. Mrs. Laura O'Quinn, Jumbo Mines, Indian Territory, says doctor's medicine did not do her sick baby any good, but a box of OXIEN entirely cured it. Mrs. M. S. Anderson, Griffin, Ga., who has used a great deal of the OXIEN Remedies, says she has given the tablets to young children as well as old people, and finds them good to quiet both old and young. Isa. Graves, Boligee, Ala., writes that he has used OXIEN Remedies for his family for many years, and sold them to others. They all derive great benefit from their use. His wife gave birth to twins, one of whom was very ill. Although being afraid to give it doctor's medicine, a quarter of an OXIEN Tablet was dissolved in water and saved the child's life. He writes that his wife was very ill after the birth of her twins, and suffered all sorts of complications. The doctor could not relieve her nervous indisposition. The OXIEN treatment not only cured that, but heart trouble and other suffering as well. Sixty-five-year-old W. R. Balfour, Butler, Tenn., says he had been afflicted forty years—first by Typhoid Fever, then Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Goit and Dropsey. Specialists could not do him any good, but OXIEN has helped him where all doctors failed. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture

is printed here, also writes that OXIEN Remedies saved her daughter's life. She was nearly killed by being thrown from a car, but by the use of OXIEN Remedies she was brought back to life. Julia Bernthisel, Haskins, Ohio, says some 12 years ago OXIEN saved two of her girls from an early grave. She is happy to relate that, due to OXIEN, both are now married and well. Mrs. A. Kelley, Whitefish, Mich., says that 14 years ago Rheumatism set in in her right leg, which she saw drawn up eight inches; her right hip was drawn out of shape, her head was turned to one side. She employed five different doctors to put her into shape. They finally said she could not live. Then suffering she took \$5.00 worth of laudanum, and had to go on crutches five years. Seven years ago she heard of OXIEN, and after using \$5.00 worth of these wonderful remedies she was entirely cured. She is now 55 years of age, enjoys good health, and thinks OXIEN is a godsend. Mathews Words, Blaine, Mich., who is 69 years old, says OXIEN cured him of heart disease, from which he had suffered 20 years. He could not sleep and often had to sit up all night. He is now so well that he can sleep all night and work all day. Mrs. Anna Fry, Fredonia, Kans., writes that she was so crippled in her limb that she could hardly walk and was unable to get along well; but at 37 years of age she heard of OXIEN, which cured her, so that this is the best medicine on earth for either old or young. Sixty-six-year-old Rebecca M. Williams of Maumee, Ark., writes that after 30 years of terrible suffering from kidney and stomach trouble, OXIEN was the only thing that she could find that would relieve her. She now feels perfectly well and has no aches and pains. Fannie Fowler of Faulkner, Ga., says she gained 17 pounds after taking OXIEN for Rheumatism, from which she had suffered for years. Mrs. A. Burtell of Edgewood, Ill., says she is 75 years old and since taking OXIEN her health is better than for ten years. She thinks there is nothing like OXIEN in the world to cure pain and disease.

Heed the warning Nature is giving you in the form of pain and suffering. Don't become a physical wreck. Write for OXIEN—while there is yet time for you to take advantage of our great free trial offer, and reap the benefits of this great discovery.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

To those who will agree to test the powers of your Wonderful Discoveries, either personally or in their own homes, or in the home of some friend, and who will cut out and mail to us the following coupon, we will send all charges paid, a sample box of OXIEN, with a 25-cent Oxiene Electric Plaster and samples of our Wonderful New Oxiene Tablet Pills. As this offer is made exclusively to those who will make a PERSONAL TEST as here stipulated.

PERSONAL COUPON.

Name _____

Address _____

All communications in reply to this special offer must be addressed to THE GIANT OXIE CO., 14 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.



6737—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 in. bust.

6727—LADIES' TUCKED WAIST with Removable Tucker; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 in. bust.

6755—LADIES' WRAP-OVER TEA GOWN; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 in. bust.

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Bear in mind our perfect fitting patterns are seam-allowing so that no material is wasted and with the instructions as to the quantity of material required, and the plan of cutting, you cannot fail to understand. All contribute to the pleasure and economy of home dressmaking. Every pattern we give is warranted perfect. Orders filled promptly as per our offers allowed.

We publish this month twenty-four designs. A pattern of any of these designs may be obtained by sending to the pattern department with 20c. for a year's subscription to this paper, or you may have two patterns and a full year's subscription for 30c. An easier way is to send a club of two yearly 15c. subscribers for two patterns. If you are already a paid-up subscriber to this paper, and cannot get up a club today, we will send any of these patterns for 10c. each.

Address COMFORT, Pattern Department, Augusta, Maine.

"Com'n' Home for Christmas"

BY F. M. VAN PELT.

Yes, guess they'll come home for Christmas,
Least that's what our daughter writes,
And we're awful glad they're com'n'
Cause we lie awake o' nights
Almost count'n' every minute,
And a wonder'n' if the train
Will be late, or something happen
That would spoil our plans again.

Now we're noth'n' but the common
Folks, you meet with every day,
And most every gray-haired couple
Has a child that's gone away,
And I'm sure what I'm relat'n'
Bout, will touch some tender spot,
With most everyone, don't matter
Whether they've got kids or not.

When you think about the old times
With the circle all complete,
One can almost hear their prattle
And the patter of their feet
As they slipped around and wondered
What Old Santa Claus would bring,
And each cup of joy gush over,
Though he'd bring the same old thing.

Do you wonder why we're happy
Then, when they all get back home?
Though they laugh and whoop and holler,
Like a circus what had come.
It repays for all the worry
That we've had while they were gone,
And we sometimes can't help think'n'
It's the break'n' of the dawn.

Of the ever-last'n' Christmas
In the good sweet by and by,
Where each can act as Santa Claus
To some poor one if they'll try;
By dispelling all the darkness,
Making each day bright and fair,
For you know the poet tells us
That "it's always Christmas there."

So to those who can't be look'n'
For their children to return,
There is surely one great lesson
That will do them good to learn.
Let them scatter rays of sunshine,
Give a welcome and good cheer,
Doing what they can in helping
Make it, always Christmas here.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

At last the locomotive signaled that all was ready; and as the train moved on, Edna caught a glimpse of a form standing under a lamp, leaning with folded arms against the post—a form strangely like Mr. Murray's. She leaned out and watched it till the cars swept round a curve, and lamp and figure and village vanished. How could he possibly be in Chattanooga? The conjecture was absurd; she was the victim of some optical illusion. With a long, heavily-drawn sigh, she leaned against the window-frame and looked at the dark mountain mass looming behind her; and after a time, when the storm drew nearer, she saw it only now and then, as

A vivid, vindictive and serpentine flash
Gored the darkness, and shone it across with a gash.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT HAVE YOU WRITTEN?

In one of those brown-stone, palatial houses on Fifth Avenue, sat Mrs. Andrews's "new governess," a week after her arrival in New York. A few days sufficed to give the stranger an accurate insight into the characters and customs of the family with whom she was now domesticated.

Though good-natured, intelligent, and charitable, Mrs. Andrews was devoted to society, and gave to the demands of fashion much of the time which had been better expended at home in training her children, and making her heartstone rival the attractions of the club, where Mr. Andrews generally spent his leisure hours. She was much younger than her husband, was handsome, gay, and ambitious, and the polished *hauteur* of her bearing often reminded Edna of Mrs. Murray; while Mr. Andrews seemed immersed in business during the day, and was rarely at home except at his meals.

Felix, the elder of the two children, was a peevish, spoiled, exacting boy of twelve years of age, endowed with a remarkably active intellect, but pitifully dwarfed in body and hopelessly lame in consequence of a deformed foot. His sister Hattie was only eight years old, a bright, pretty, affectionate girl, over whom Felix tyrannized unmercifully, and who from earliest recollection had been accustomed to yield both her rights and privileges to the fretful invalid.

The room occupied by the governess was small but beautifully furnished, and the windows commanded a view of the trees in a neighboring park, and the waving outline of Long Island.

On the day of her arrival Mrs. Andrews entered into a minute analysis of the characters of the children, indicated the course which she wished pursued toward them, and, impressing upon Edna the grave responsibility of her position, the mother gave her children to the stranger's guardianship and seemed to consider her maternal duties fully discharged.

Edna soon ascertained that her predecessors had found the path intolerably thorny, and abandoned it in consequence of Felix's uncontrollable fits of sullessness and passion. Tutors and governesses had quickly alternated, and as the cripple finally declared he would not tolerate the former, his mother resolved to humor his caprice in the choice of a teacher.

Fortunately the boy was exceedingly fond of his books, and as the physicians forbade the constant use of his eyes, the governess was called on to read aloud at least one half of the day. From eight o'clock in the morning till eight at night the whole care of these children devolved on Edna; who ate, talked, drove with them, accompanied them wherever their inclination led, and had not one quiet moment from breakfast until her pupils went to sleep. Sometimes Felix was restless and wakeful, and on such occasions he insisted that his governess should come and read him to sleep.

Notwithstanding the boy's imperious nature, he possessed some redeeming traits, and Edna soon became much attached to him; while his affection for his new keeper astonished and delighted his mother.

For a week after Edna's arrival, inclement weather prevented the customary daily drive which contributed largely to the happiness of the little cripple; but one afternoon as the three sat in the schoolroom, Felix threw his Latin grammar against the wall and exclaimed:

"I want to see the swans in Central Park, and I mean to go, even if it does rain! Hattie, ring for Patrick to bring the carriage round to the door. Miss Earl, don't you want to go?"

"Yes, for there is no longer any danger of rain, the sun is shining beautifully; and besides, I hope you will be more amiable when you get into the open air."

She gave him his hat and crutches, and they went down to the neat carriage drawn by a handsome chestnut horse, and set apart for the use of the children.

As they entered the park, Edna noticed that the boy's eyes brightened, and that he looked eagerly at every passing face.

"Now, Hattie, you must watch on your side, and I will keep a good lookout on mine. I wonder if she will come this evening?"

"For whom are you both looking?" asked the teacher.

"Oh! for little Lila, Bro' Felix's sweetheart!" laughed Hattie, glancing at him with a mischievous twinkle in her bright eyes.

"No such thing! Never had a sweetheart in my life! Don't be silly, Hattie! mind your window, or I guess we sha'n't see her."

"Well, anyhow, I heard Uncle Grey tell mamma that he kissed his sweetheart's hand at the party, and I saw Bro' Felix kiss Lila's last week."

"I didn't, Miss Earl!" cried the cripple, reddening as he spoke.

"Oh! he did, Miss Earl! Stop pinching me, Bro' Felix. My arm is all black and blue, now. There she is! Look, here on my side! Here is 'Red Ridinhood!'"

Edna saw a little girl clad in scarlet, and led by a grave, middle-aged nurse, who was walking leisurely toward one of the lakes.

Felix put his head out of the window and called to the woman.

"Hannah, are you going to feed the swans?"

"Good evening. Yes, we are going there now."

"Well, we will meet you there."

"What is the child's name?" asked Edna.

"Lila Manning, and she is deaf and dumb. We talk to her on our fingers."

They left the carriage, and approached the groups of children gathered on the edge of the water, and at sight of Felix, the little girl in scarlet sprang to meet him, moving her slender fingers rapidly as she conversed with him. She was an exceedingly lovely but fragile child, apparently about Hattie's age; and as Edna watched the changing expression of her delicate features, she turned to the nurse and asked:

"Is she an orphan?"

"Yes, miss; but she will never find it out as long as her uncle lives. He makes a great pet of her."

"What is his name, and where does he live?"

"Mr. Douglass G. Manning. He boards at No.—Twenty-third street, but he spends most of his time at the office. No matter what time of night he comes home, he never goes to his own room till he has looked at Lila, and kissed her goodnight."

For some time the children were much amused in watching the swans, and when they expressed themselves willing to resume their drive, an arrangement was made with Hannah to meet at the same place the ensuing day. They returned to the carriage, and Felix said:

"Don't you think Lila is a little beauty?"

"Yes, I quite agree with you. Do you know her uncle?"

"No, and don't want to know him; he is too cross and sour. I have seen him walking sometimes with Lila, and mamma has him at her parties and dinners; but Hattie and I never see the company unless we peep, and above all things, I hate peeping! Mr. Manning is an old bachelor, and very crabbed, so my Uncle Grey says. He is the editor of the — Magazine, that mamma declares she can't live without. Look! look, Hattie! There goes mamma this minute! Stop, Patrick! Uncle Grey! Uncle Grey! hold up, won't you, and let me see the new horses!"

An elegant phaeton, drawn by a pair of superb black horses, drew up close to the carriage, and Mrs. Andrews and her only brother, Mr. Grey Chilton, leaned forward and spoke to the children; while Mr. Chilton, who was driving, teased Hattie by touching her head and shoulders with his whip. "Uncle Grey, I think the bays are the handsomest."

"Which proves you utterly incapable of judging horseflesh; for these are the finest horses in the city. I presume this is Miss Earl, though nobody seems polite enough to introduce us."

He raised his hat slightly, bowed, and drove on. "Is this the first time you have met my uncle?" asked Felix.

"Yes. Does he live in the city?"

"Why! he lives with us! Haven't you seen him about the house? You must have heard him romping around with Hattie; for they make noise enough to call in the police. I think my Uncle Grey is the handsomest man I ever saw, except Edwin Booth, when he plays 'Hamlet.' What do you say?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the January number of COMFORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly renewed on expiration. Read notices on another page. The price will soon be advanced.

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This great country of ours would be ideal to live in, were it not for the sudden changes of temperature, which produce many complicated diseases—the commonest of all is Catarrh, which very frequently leads on to that scourge of our climate, consumption. There are many great and noble men devoting their lives to the bettering of humanity, by curing this disease. One man stands out from all others—Catarrh Specialist Sprocole; a true and genuine benefactor, who has perhaps cured more cases of Catarrh than any man living. We publish his announcement on page 24 of this issue. It will be well for all Catarrh sufferers to avail themselves of his services.

Fortunately the boy was exceedingly fond of his books, and as the physicians forbade the constant use of his eyes, the governess was called on to read aloud at least one half of the day. From eight o'clock in the morning till eight at night the whole care of these children devolved on Edna; who ate, talked, drove with them, accompanied them wherever their inclination led, and had not one quiet moment from breakfast until her pupils went to sleep. Sometimes Felix was restless and wakeful, and on such occasions he insisted that his governess should come and read him to sleep.

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Great Renewal and Premium Club Offer.

Great Book Free to All Club Workers.

A Revolution in Book Making, Dumps Thousands of Volumes on the Market at One Tenth their Former Price, Creates a Panic, Demoralizes the Book Trade, and Gives Our Subscribers the Benefit of a Most Wonderful Bargain. Read About this Great and Wonderful Work, WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY—the Standard Work for All Homes.

It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of all animals and shows them as they live.

Wood's Natural History is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the habits, haunts, peculiarities and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interestingly told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations. This mammoth Cyclopaedia of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8x11 inches, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred illustrations by special artists. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people, who traverse mountains and morasses, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heartfelt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the gnat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cuscus, no boy, no hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers. So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story; and yet they are all true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travelers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and world-worn reader; while every teacher in the land should provide herself or himself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for schools, nothing could excel Wood's Natural History; because, in the first place, it will so absorb the attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in his work; and, in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.

Special Club Offer. As long as our limited supply lasts, we will mail one copy of WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY to any one who will send us a club of only 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WE GIVE THIS WATCH FOR A CLUB OF 10.



Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time simply because they cannot. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 10 subscribers to this paper, at our special subscription price of 15 cents a year each. Do this, sending us \$1.50, with the names of 10 subscribers to this paper, and we will send our paper to each subscriber for one year, and we will send you the watch to reward you for your efforts in our behalf. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get 12 subscribers and send us NOW \$1.80 for the same, we will also send you a nice chain. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

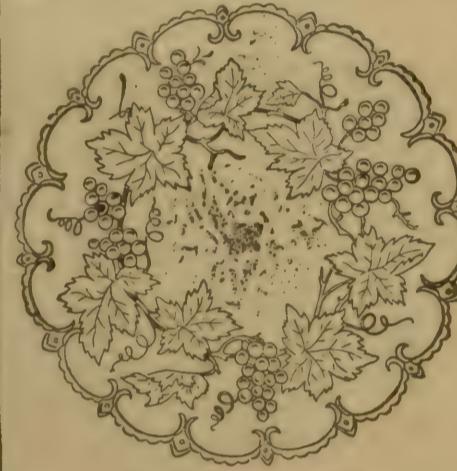
24-INCH CENTERPIECES.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand our simple needlework instructions furnished free. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, as well as all materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidery shirt

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN.

waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and per-



CARNATION PINK PATTERN.

to aid you. To be done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the swellest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wheat Pattern.

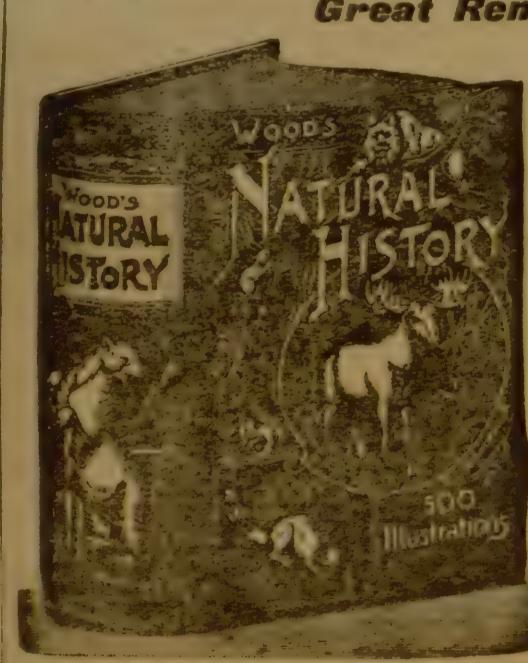
This centerpiece perhaps requires the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done



WILD ROSE PATTERN.



WHEAT PATTERN.



ENGLISH EDITION.

49 New Idea Transfer Designs
Over 2000 Square Inches of Patterns
FREE

Fancy Work Patterns, Readily Transferable
to any Material

By the use of this new method which has proven superior to old style perforated paper patterns, one may have an extensive variety of patterns on hand embracing an unlimited quantity of designs for every kind of work. One special feature of these patterns that will please you is



SHOWING ONE OF THE 16 PATTERN SHEETS REDUCED.

the ease and simplicity of transferring the design. By simply dampening the material you are to stamp, laying the design on perfectly smooth and flat and slightly rubbing with a handkerchief or cloth the trick is done and the pattern can be laid aside for future use. The designs are furnished on large sheets of extra strong paper by a patented process and can be transferred to fine, lawn, or any material you may desire to use, with the aid of a cloth (full directions with each).

Our assortment of sixteen sheets, each sheet 10 x 14 inches or 140 square inches of pattern, comprises a great variety of useful and practical articles for personal wear or home adornment, such as Shirt-waists and Baby's Cap. Our latest addition gives you an idea of some of the patterns we selected while the others are equally as attractive. We have arranged to distribute an immense quantity of these transfer pattern sheets, 10 x 14 inches each, in sets of sixteen, the equivalent of over twenty-two hundred square inches of standard patterns of the old or perforated style.

The following is a list of the chief patterns on each sheet: Shirt-waist Pattern; Gulls and Cellar; Baby's Cap; Mail Centerpiece; Dolly Pattern; Picture Frame and Glass; Sofa Pillow; Bureau or Table Scarf; Back of Set; Wall Pocket; Tumbler; Dolly; Circular Scarf; Baby Bib; Collar and Crib; Corset; Corset-cover Fronts; Match Holder; Shirt-waist Front; Gull and Cellar Set; Children's Small or Fancy Handkerchiefs; Chemise.

In addition to these mentioned, others are put up to fill all the space so that in all, we actually give you 49 designs and five alphabets (all different).

Special Offer. These paper patterns are put up in sets of sixteen on sheets and we will send you one full set by mail for a club of only 2 years subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



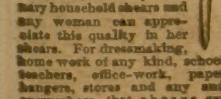
CHASED AND PLAIN BAND RINGS. Silk Elastic Web Nose Supporters for Ladies and Misses, far superior to the band hose supporters made of flat elastic. They fit about the limbs. These supporters are now in general use and are always recommended and worn by the best dressed women. The entire supporter is made of fine quality elastic with bright metal adjusting clasp.

MAGIC HARMONIUM. Anyone can play on it. It is a complete Orchestra and Full Brass Band all in one. It is a delightful instrument to play upon. We send special instructions how to set up and teach you to play perfectly.

FREE GAIN. Through the failure of the large manufacturers of this style silverware it was possible for us to get a large quantity of these wonderful Gold-lined Dishes warranted quadruple plated silver, fitted top and beautiful and useful ornaments.

LADIES' GOLD FINGER RINGS. The delight of every young lady is in having hand-made finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with two side stones. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections. Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring.

A PAIR OF SHEARS. Made of steel which is very hard and will hold sharp longer and better than any ordinary household shears used by any woman can appreciate this quality in her shears. For dressmaking, book work, any kind, school teachers, office-work, paper hangers, stores and any and everywhere that shears are used these will fill the want.



YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE. The two-blade Chain Pocket Knives are made of the finest English Steel with Cobocob handles of the best selection and long steel chain. The two blades are full gauge. This is an American made knife, hand forged and tempered in the most careful manner. It is three and three quarters inches long, the handle is six inches long, the weight is one and one half ounces, and we will guarantee it not found perfect in every way. We make this offer because we know the knives are free from flaws and will last a lifetime.

The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of five is a very popular quantity. Many send five subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only five yearly subscribers to our magic monthly, COMFORT, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AIR RIFLE. Pneumatic action. A New King all Steel Combination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be obtained anywhere at a trifling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement. There are no odds or dust from this gun, it is endorsed by many officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shot guns makes him a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with the boys for marksmen's honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.

WEDDING RING. A solid gold ring, weighing and the most used ring for the wedding season. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate that wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not tell you how good they are except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will never regret having made the selection or one.

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15c. each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE LAST CHANCE AT 15 CENTS A YEAR

This is the last month of the year that the FIFTEEN CENT yearly subscription rate is in force, and it means a great deal to you, whether you are a subscriber or not. Not only are we to maintain the variety of excellent features that have made COMFORT the peerless magazine with the greatest number of warm admirers, but we have arrangements in hand to perfect, as time will permit, that will make COMFORT so much more the leading magazine than it has been, that you will be amazed at our accomplishment. We have something new to tell you each month; this time it is of

"THE SHADOW OF A CROSS"

the sweetest and most interesting piece of American fiction ever written, which is to be for the first time, offered to the readers of a monthly publication in serial form.

In giving our readers the great story, "St. Elmo," COMFORT expended a tremendous sum and surmounted, what to others would have been insurmountable, obstacles to secure this great privilege. Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson has received more royalty from the tremendous sale of "St. Elmo" than any living author. It is a story, while written a number of years ago, which enjoys the unique distinction of being one of the few most valuable copyrights in existence. Volume after volume has been prepared in six dollar editions, and less pretentious editions at two dollars and fifty cents have been sold in great quantities, while a popular edition at one dollar and fifty cents per copy has been sold in hundreds of thousands.

Our subscribers all say this successful work of Mrs. Wilson is the

Greatest "Humane Interest" Story Ever Printed in COMFORT, or any other similar publication for that matter, and our readers will now well understand "St. Elmo" is the most fascinating and pleasing story they ever read.

The splendid character of the heroine, who transforms a wild, wicked and worldly man to one of the sweetest and manly men, is told in charming words by Mrs. Wilson and the phenomenal success of "St. Elmo," which has been increasing for the past twenty-five years, will be as enduring as time, and the story of the greatness of Mrs. Wilson and "St. Elmo" will always be told to generations to come.

There are several books that every reader of COMFORT should be familiar with, and they are the Bible, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "St. Elmo," and we now have the greatest pleasure we have had for years, which is to present you with the privilege of reading the whole of the story of "St. Elmo" in book form, if you but get up a club of seven subscribers to your favorite magazine, COMFORT at 15 cents a year.

IF YOU DO IT NOW,

as the rate is to be advanced and it will cost even more to receive COMFORT than at present. See special offer on page 27. "ST. ELMO" is but one of the good features; there are other attractive stories, features and departments sufficient for the whole family or of general interest to each reader. It is hard to conceive a magazine edited and arranged with the care and thought that is exercised in arranging the pages of COMFORT to please each person who reads it, and thoroughly appeal to their better senses, furnishing amusement or instruction that is elevating in the highest.

THINK IT OVER

and if you decide to subscribe, renew your present subscription or send us a club of seven or more new subscriptions; do it now while the favorable rate is in force; you will be satisfied with your expenditure, many times over.

This Is The Day to Extend Your Subscription Now Only FIFTEEN CENTS NOW EXTENDS Now Only 15c. YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR 15c.

Dear Reader:

Whether you have been a regular reader of COMFORT the entire twelve months of 1906, or received but few of the more recent issues, we feel certain that you are satisfied with the bargain that FIFTEEN CENTS procured for you, and are willing to advise your friends to subscribe.

All the good things are kept, and each month sees something added to enhance the value of the magazine from any standpoint. It is our constant endeavor to give our subscribers a magazine so entirely satisfactory and pleasing that each subscriber voluntarily encourages others to become regular patrons. There are yet a few days left in which to subscribe for a year or more at the favorable rate of Fifteen Cents, but this price is to be increased the first of the new year to TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, and we shall expect to make COMFORT worth the new price.

COMFORT has so many desirable features all cannot be gone over here; we will mention, however, the new and large perfecting press, which will enable us to print a greater number of pages, with half-tone illustrations, and we plan to use higher cost paper and ink. So that it is reasonable to expect that COMFORT will always give full value for its subscription price.

DON'T WAIT A large number of COMFORT subscriptions expire before the first of January, and we must call your special attention to the notice to expiring subscribers that appears on this page. Certainly there are none among our subscribers who can afford not to send the small sum of fifteen cents for a prompt renewal. **DON'T WAIT until YOUR PAPER IS STOPPED** or the price is advanced to 25 cents before sending in your FIFTEEN CENTS for a renewal, but send today AT ONCE and thus give us time to extend your subscription to January, 1908, then you can be sure to read all of "St. Elmo," and the other interesting stories, all of which run for some months yet, besides all of the other good things. Look over the fine premiums in this issue and get up a club, then send for the regular Premium List and get up one more club before the price of COMFORT goes up to 25 cents per year.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE WRAPPER IN WHICH THIS PAPER COMES

Every month a certain number of subscriptions expire. The expiring number this month is 218, and the Nov. number was 217, while for January it will be 219. If any of these numbers appear on the address seal in which we send your copy of COMFORT, please attend to the renewal of your subscription without further notification from us; we do not carry delinquent subscription accounts nor send COMFORT to any whose subscription has expired.

Now we have appreciated your patronage during 1906, and wish to thank you for every favor or courtesy extended. If you will continue to share with us in the up-building of COMFORT by repeated courtesies of similar character, we shall be enabled to make COMFORT the greatest home publication in the civilized world. Begin today by subscribing for a friend or neighbor using coupon below. Or better still, get up a club of subscribers as per premium offer here printed.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.
For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT for one full year from this date.

Name _____ County _____
Town _____ State _____

Dec. '06. You can copy the coupon if you do not care to cut the paper.

Christmas Bells

The Christmas tree loaded with presents taken down by young and old. To assist in trimming the tree, the various rooms of the home, for Churches, Halls, and Schools we now furnish the daintiest

Paperet Christmas Bells

with loop for hanging from the tree, or from the window fastening; hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually

placed they add cheer and brilliancy to the room and particularly in the sick room, as they are made of rich red paperet ingeniously folded into the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches in height, sun proof may be kept hanging for months after the passing of evergreen withered and fallen. We have a special importation of a very large quantity of these Christmas Bells, made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home.

Send us only six cents for part cost of packing and postage and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just to interest you in our immense line of useful premiums all free. Address

COMFORT, Box R, Augusta, Maine.

AGENCINE RICHTER HARMONIUM

Every person knows that the "Hohner" is the popular standard of harmonicas. Ten keys, handsome nickel mounts and each a case. Here you have the opportunity of buying a genuine Richter. All persons with an ear for music will appreciate this instrument.

MUSIC, MONEY

A four-inch cylinder Harmonica, a Coin Holder and a Finger Case. The soft, sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior in many ways to an ordinary harmonica, owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly enclosed in the metal cylinder. It adds greatly to being a first-class Mouth Organ. It has combined with it a cute Six-Spot Puzzle and a Coin Holder for nickels, five cents pieces, for car fare, etc., all change. The pieces of money can be carried in this end of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind.

POCKET TALKING CHINE

Here is a fun maker that won't all. Carry one of these Marry-phone talkers around in your pocket and you will find joy and laughter by the barrel. When you meet a friend stretching his neck to break the eleventh commandment you begin to operate your talking machine, and you can amuse him. "Hohner" a few times the laugh is contagious and the fun begins. This convenient portable talking machine is a new and clever invention produced the sound made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation sufficient to startle people who are the least bit nervous or have a slight fear of mimicking others you can make in the dark. A durable and well-made article, can be carried in the pocket, and operated there or anywhere.

THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER

is a Marvelous Invention. It's answers to your questions are quickly given. It replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable arches are made of metal of special strength. You take it through it was alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can use it as our agent to sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others.

CORAL NECKLACE

Every girl or woman delights to possess a coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are so perfect. The coming of this Italian Wonder, it is a triple strand, beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most exquisite appearance.

A GREAT BIG BOX FULL OF PRETTY VINTAGE BEADS

In Great Many Sizes and Shapes. In this assortment you will find a sufficient quantity of fine beads to make several useful and stylish articles for personal use. Many persons have developed such skill and taste in the use of beads that they can make them very attractive for the young and old. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off, nor the body pulled apart, nor the hair torn, nor the skin rubbed off. The child to whom it is given will be delighted to have it as a toy. Bright colors, ornaments and novelties have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, destructible dolls that can be made to sit down, head over shoulders, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in color is a perfect example of the various articles, chiefly a box of our beads, some strong linen thread and a needle, and these will amuse children for months. This great variety of beads, nearly a thousand, hundred, is packed in a neat, round, wood-turned box with cover that fits securely so the beads are not likely to ever be spilled.

Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, COMFORT, at 15c, each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CHILD'S FUR SET.



A very serviceable, warm set of furs for little folks, consisting of a short collar with silk rosettes and fringe, also a pillow muff with a cute little change purse, silk rosette and tassels, with a twenty-four-inch silk cord. The collar and muff are both alike and are made of the softest whitest lamb's wool like fur, are as dainty and "comfy" appearing as our illustration shows. Our illustration shows the hands and wrists of the wearer—the little gilt top change purse is chamois lined and adds to the attractiveness of the muff as well as much delight for the user.

It is extremely important that the younger children should not contract throat troubles, also it is essential to their health that they have plenty of outdoor air, even during the crisp winter weather; by obtaining one of the juvenile fur sets the children can be taken out of doors at any time with perfect freedom from taking cold or a throat affection. This is the proper time to have this set of furs for your little boy or girl and we hope our offer below will appeal to you.

Club Offer. For a club of only 18 yearly subscribers to this monthly magazine at 15c each we will send the complete fur set of two pieces, Muff and Collar, by mail or express at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

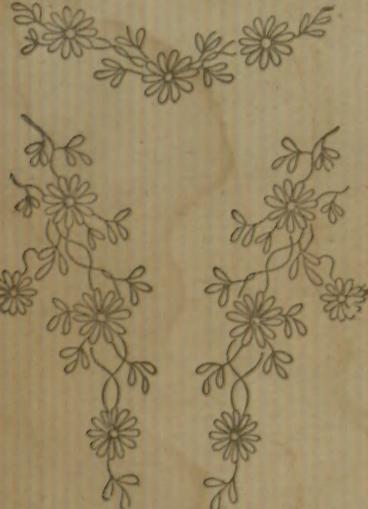
Designs on Linen



This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Book-mark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Dolly, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work.

Special Offer. As a special inducement we will give you one of these Outfits if you will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c, with no additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.



Perforated Shirt-waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-waist and Collar design, perforated upon fine Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one illustrated does not please you: Violet, Daisy, forget-me-not, pansies or chrysanthemum.

Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-waist patterns if you will send us but one yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c, and include 5c additional, making 20c in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Three Piece Lingerie Set.
Marguerite, Corset Cover and Drawers.

This outfit furnishes the actual material for the three underwear garments, over 5 1/2 yards of imported linen lawn. For the Marguerite or chemise, there are 2 2/3 yards of lawn 38 inches wide, for the Corset Cover there is one yard of material 27 inches wide, and for the Drawers there are two yards of material 38 inches wide. Each article has a stamped design for embroidery, buttonhole edge and French embroidery, with eyelets in the Marguerite and Corset Cover for ribbons.

The Drawers can be finished with lace insertion, for which we include four yards of suitable lace.

The soft linen lawn makes the most delightful underwear and is in general demand being much superior to muslin, and lends itself readily to embroidery, lace and ribbon trimming making the daintiest and loveliest ladies' undergarments imaginable.

The conventional pattern stamped on these three pieces alike, is readily worked with mercerized cotton, then ribbon and lace should be used to finish or adorn the garments and any lady has a three piece suit of her own handwork, that she can be very proud of, and a set of garments that it would cost five or eight dollars to purchase at retail. After embroidering the design, lay your own pattern onto the material and cut out, fit and make up to suit your own figure and tastes. You will be delighted with the result. We are very proud of this Underwear Set and are absolutely certain our lady readers will fully appreciate the opportunity to secure the set free in accordance with the liberal club premium offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 18 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c each we will send you this three piece Lingerie Underwear Set, including four yards lace for insertion, postage paid by us, guaranteeing perfect satisfaction or refund money. If you desire us to supply the paper patterns, add 30 cents and give sizes required. Mercerized cotton for the embroidery 25 cents per dozen. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE! AS BIG AS BABY. FREE!

Indestructible Stuffed Dolls that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off.

The indestructible dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You can see some of these dolls and you can assure yourself that the muffs are broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their possession. By the way, artists and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-priced, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, etc., and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of this latest effort. The doll is beautifully finished and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For more information about these dolls, we will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of them as they can be dressed in many different

ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump dollie or 1c lighter weight.

We Send You 2 Dolls
Now Instead of 1.

A new arrangement enables us to send you a 10 inch doll free, in connection with the 20 inch doll we have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send 1, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of 2 new yearly subscribers at 15 cents each.

Remember. We send this magazine to the subscribers you secure and send the dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 sets, 6 dolls for securing 4 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. 4 sets, of dolls free, for a club of 7 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SHIRT-WAIST PATTERNS.

Two and One Half Yards Goods.



Chrysanthemum design stamped front, collar and cuffs, ready to be hand embroidered. Just think of it, you can now have an embroidered shirt-waist without the immense expense heretofore necessary to purchase one. Anyone familiar with needlework can embroider this simple design and make up the complete waist from any patterns you are familiar with. We place before you the opportunity to get the stamped goods, two and one half yards, so that all you have to do is to embroider the design with the Utopia Luster we furnish, then cut out the material according to your pattern and make it up. You will then have one of the most fashionable and dainty shirt-waists imaginable, all your own handwork. Embroidered garments are all the rage and we can supply not only this waist, but a Linen Hat to match, Corset Covers, Chemise, Belts, etc., etc.

Club Offer. For a club of only 9 yearly subscribers we will send you one of these 2 1/2 yard stamped Chrysanthemum Shirt-waists, including sufficient skeins of mercerized embroidery cotton to work out the design. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Address COMF

The few items on this page represent some of our latest selections, all new goods, each having the qualifications to make themselves attractive and at once especially desired by each reader. Now is the best time of all the year to get new subscriptions and renewal orders..

Accurate Weighing Scales



many things, such as his produce or poultry, or in his general work there is always need arising for a pair of scales, even for weighing the baby. In stores and shops where so many articles are sold by weight, a pair of scales are indispensable and in constant use. These family or counter scales are thoroughly well made, the sides, top and bottom are pressed steel, with a laked enameled surface, the dial is white with the graduated lines and numbers in black, the surface of the rim around the dial is stenciled in gold leaf, the scoop holder is cast iron enameled, and the scoop is of block tin plate. The balance is two sections of cast steel and a spiral spring, with an adjustment for correcting the balance, should the scale at any time vary in weighing, due to heat, cold or other conditions. However, at the factory and before shipping, every scale is adjusted and inspected by a government sealer of weights and measures, therefore you are protected from any inaccuracy. Remember, these scales are full family size, thirteen inches high, with a six-inch dial, and when ready to ship they weigh about seven pounds. So you are getting a bona fide article that which there is nothing better or more practical.

Club Offer. For a club of only 20 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will forward to you a set of these Scales, including Scoop, just as shown in our illustration, and guarantee satisfaction. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NUT CRACKER

and

SIX PICKS

FREE



A practical set of table articles, seven pieces, including a substantial Nut Cracker with Six Picks. These articles are made of solid steel highly plated, impossible to wear off the finish, and they are so strong you cannot bend or break them. The Cracker is so made it can be inverted, use one side for large nuts, such as walnuts, and the other or narrower opening for small nuts. The leverage is so nearly perfect, that a slight pressure does the trick. The handles of the Cracker and Picks are perfectly round, a bit fancy, as shown in our illustration. The entire set is thoroughly good, and as solid gold or silver is naturally soft, there is no more suitable article than nickel steel for a nut set. We guarantee these sets to be perfect, to be just as described, full family or adult size, and practically indestructable, or money refunded.

Club Offer. For a club of only 5 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will send you one of these Seven-Piece Nut Sets, Six Picks and a Cracker, postpaid.

Another Offer. If you already have a Nut Cracker, we will send you a set of six of these Nut Picks for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PRINCESS STAMPING OUTFIT.

Over 60 Designs on Eight Sheets 17X22 Inches.

Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's needle. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this outfit, and will outwear any similar paper heretofore used, including full directions and package of stamping compound.



In quantity and quality we give more in value than will be found in many dollar outfits, as we have always made a specialty of Stamping Outfits for our lady readers, and have had this outfit made up just as we wished, and with only new and pleasing patterns. You will not find these patterns in any other stamping outfit, offered elsewhere.

The following is a complete list of the various patterns included in the Outfit, and we ask that you read it over as there are innumerable designs and patterns new and not included in the assortment of any other outfit.

Two Complete Shirts

Waist Sets.

Two Complete Alphabets. 26 letters in each alphabet, also many designs on 8 sheets of bond paper, a box of Modern Stamping Material, with full directions to stamp.

1 Large Tab Collar.

1 Lace Collar.

1 Turnover Collar & Cuffs.

1 Fagoted Collar & Cuffs.

1 Sofa Pillow, Daisies Never Tell.

1 10 in. Cut Work Dolly.

1 8 in. Strawberry Dolly.

1 8 in. Forget-me-not Dolly.

1 8 in. Lace Dolly.

1 4 in. Strawberry Dolly.

1 5 in. Whist Dolly.

Words and Letters, etc.

Photographs, Gloves,

Handkerchiefs,

Collars & Cuffs.

1 Suspender Design,

Daisies.

1 Suspender Design,

Forget-me-nots.

Style and custom now require that ladies wear hand-embroidered neckwear, shirt waists and underwear, also the fad is prevalent for all sorts of embroidered fancy work, such as doilies, table covers, cushion covers and many other articles of use and ornament. The most fastidious person will find this assortment so varied and yet complete, hardly a want can be imagined that will not be satisfied with this outfit. Our monthly home magazines are of interest to each and every member of the household, and today represent the efforts of the best writers and illustrators, contains clean, fascinating stories in great number, and have also many interesting and instructive departments. In order to enlarge their field of usefulness, we offer you, as an inducement to extend the circulation among your acquaintances, one of these Outfits free of cost.

EMBROIDERED SHIRT WAIST.



Our Princess Outfit Offer.

For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine, at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these outfits at our expense.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

49 New Idea Transfer Designs FREE

Over 2000 Square Inches of Patterns

Fancy Work Patterns, Readily Transferable to Any Material

By the use of this new method which has proven superior to old style perforated paper patterns, one may have an extensive variety of patterns on hand embracing an unlimited quantity of designs for every kind of work. One special feature of these patterns that will please you is

a lever which can be turned back to take up the tare or weight of the scoop.

A pair of scales in the kitchen are of great assistance to the lady of the house. When pesoing rice, she can weigh her sugar or her berries; when purchasing of the grocer she can verify the weight of a package of sugar, meat or fish, and oftentimes detect an error. A few errors save many pennies. For the man of the house scales are handy to weigh the weight of a package of meat, the surface of the rim around the dial is stenciled in gold leaf, the scoop holder is cast iron enameled, and the scoop is of block tin plate. The balance is two sections of cast steel and a spiral spring, with an adjustment for correcting the balance, should the scale at any time vary in weighing, due to heat, cold or other conditions. However, at the factory and before shipping, every scale is adjusted and inspected by a government sealer of weights and measures, therefore you are protected from any inaccuracy. Remember, these scales are full family size, thirteen inches high, with a six-inch dial, and when ready to ship they weigh about seven pounds. So you are getting a bona fide article that which there is nothing better or more practical.

Special Offer. For a club of only 20 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will

forward to you a set of these Scales, including Scoop, just as shown in our illustration, and guarantee satisfaction.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

the ease and simplicity of transferring the design. By simply dampening the material you are to stamp, laying the design on perfectly smooth and flat and slightly rubbing with a handkerchief or cloth, the trick is done and the pattern can be laid aside to future use. The designs are furnished on large sheets of extra strong paper by a patented process and can be transferred to linen, lawn, or any material you may desire to use, with the aid of a cloth (full directions with each).

Our assortment of sixteen sheets, each sheet 10 x 14 inches or 140 square inches of pattern, comprises a great variety of useful and practical articles for personal wear or home adornment, such as Shirt-waists, Dollies and Baby's Cap. Our illustrations give you an idea of some of the patterns we selected while the others are equally as attractive. We have arranged to distribute an immense quantity of these transfer pattern sheets, 10 x 14 inches each, in Sets of sixteen, the equivalent of over twenty-two hundred square inches of standard pattern of the old or perforated paper.

Following is a list of the chief patterns on each sheet: Shirt-waist Pattern; Cuffs and Collar; Baby's Cap; Half Centerpiece; Dolly Pattern; Picture Frame and Baby's Shoes; Sofa Pillow; Bureau or Table Cloth; Back of Belt; Wall Pocket; Tumbler; Dolly; Oval Centerpiece; Baby's Bib; Cellar and Gulls; Jewel Bag; Corset-cover Fronts; Match Scratcher; Shirt-waist Front; Gulf and Collar Set; Children's Smock or Fancy Handkerchief; Chemiselet.

In addition to these designs, others are put on to fill all the space so that in all, we actually give you 49 designs and five alphabets (all different).

Special Offer. These paper patterns are put up in sets of sixteen on sheets and we will send you one full Set by mail for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A practical set of table articles, seven pieces, including a substantial Nut Cracker with Six Picks. These articles are made of solid steel highly plated, impossible to wear off the finish, and they are so strong you cannot bend or break them. The Cracker is so made it can be inverted, use one side for large nuts, such as walnuts, and the other or narrower opening for small nuts. The leverage is so nearly perfect, that a slight pressure does the trick. The handles of the Cracker and Picks are perfectly round, a bit fancy, as shown in our illustration. The entire set is thoroughly good, and as solid gold or silver is naturally soft, there is no more suitable article than nickel steel for a nut set. We guarantee these sets to be perfect, to be just as described, full family or adult size, and practically indestructable, or money refunded.

Club Offer. For a club of only 5 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will

send you one of these Seven-Piece Nut Sets, Six Picks and a Cracker, postpaid.

Another Offer. If you already have a Nut Cracker, we will send you a set of six of these Nut Picks for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEST BOOKS FREE.

Cloth Bound



Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large clear type, is 7/8 inches long, 5 wide and vary in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each.

Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored Inks.

Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the entire appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the shelf. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

USE NUMBERS NOT NAMES. When ordering kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling orders at this end.

Marie Corelli.

5. Maria.

Mary J. Holmes.

10. Aikenside.

11. Bad Hugh.

12. Cousin Mandie.

13. Darkness and Daylight.

14. Devil Dogs.

15. Edith Lyle's Secret.

16. Ethely's Mistake.

22. Bride's Fate Sequel to No. 1.

23. Deserter Wife.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.

24. Magdalene's Vow.

25. The Queen of the Isle.

26. The Midnight Queen.

27. The Dark Secret.

Gypsy Queen's Vow.

28. The Heiress Castle Cliff.

29. The Rival Brothers.

Charlotte M. Braeme.

30. Boni Thorne.

31. Throw on the World.

32. Reported at Leisure.

33. Golden Heart.

34. Her Martyrdom.

35. For Another's Sin.

36. Weaker Than a Woman.

37. Wife in Name Only.

38. Woman's Temptation.

39. Bells of Lynn.

Charles Wagner.

Simple Life.

For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we send you any book in this list free, postpaid. For 4 subscribers, we send two books free, or for a club of 5 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we send any four books you may select. REMEMBER. We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select, by mail or express at our expense, and fully guarantee them to be in every respect represented. Just think what an opportunity for Book Clubs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



SATIN GILT BRONZE MANTEL CLOCK

This beautiful new premium Clock really has to be seen to be fully appreciated. When we say it is an elegant present, we only half carry out the impression you get after seeing it. The style is the latest pattern, finished in Satin Gilt Bronze, that soft, rich, gold lustre that is used on all high-grade clocks. The width is six inches, with a good wide base to stand on, and the height of clock is nearly a foot. It is extremely ornamental, as well as useful. Movement guaranteed, a perfect time-keeper, and will last for years. We know of nothing better for a wedding gift than this clock, as the relief ornamentation has two cupids sporting themselves over the dial. Also as a holiday or birthday presentation gift this clock is bound to be fully appreciated by the receiver. Before you think of others, secure one for yourself under the terms of this liberal Club Offer.

For a club of only 14 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15c. each, we will forward to you one of these clocks by express or mail at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silver Jewel Casket

String of Pearl Beads, Broach Pin and Scarf or Stick Pin.

For a lady's dresser or bureau, here is a new and very beautiful Silver novelty. Made of solid metal with a raised decoration on sides and cover, four standards, a hinged cover, the inside tastily lined with pink or blue silk, finished with silk cord to match, completes a useful and attractive ornament which serves as a holder for a watch, necklaces

DECORATE YOUR HOME

The Editor Tells You Today of an Opportunity to Beautify Your Home Free of Charge

Every lady, rich or poor, likes to have a pretty home.

Of course you want nice furniture and pretty decorations in your house and as nice as any of your neighbors have.

Sometimes it is a pretty hard pull to keep up with the richer people and yet have that air of culture and refinement about the home of which every woman is proud.

But when you can get beautiful decorations and get them free—just for doing somebody a friendly turn without even any real work—then it's your loss, Madam, if you neglect this opportunity.

A Wonderful Liberal Offer

And just because I know that the readers of my paper will take advantage of this opportunity, I am particularly glad to tell my subscribers of a most honest and wonderfully liberal offer. Look on this page at the magnificent dinner set with the



"SAVED"—Beautiful free picture.

initials in gold. Mr. Geo. Clark, publisher of the famous "High-Art Pictures," tells me that he will give every one of my lady readers one of these magnificent dinner sets absolutely free if she only helps him with a little recommendation of his pictures. As you see, Mr. Clark does not want you to do any canvassing.

Read on this page where it says in big black type, "Here is the Offer." I can guarantee you that Mr. Clark's offer is exactly as represented and I am proud that he has selected the readers of this paper, and shows his confidence in the honesty of my subscribers in making this offer here.

Two Pictures Free Anyway

You will also see that even if you do not succeed in carrying out the conditions of Mr. Clark's offer, he wants you to keep two of his famous pictures absolutely free just because you have made an honest effort.

I would like to feel that every one of my subscribers will get not only the two free pictures but also the free dinner set.

Imagine how your dining room will look with the elegant monogram dinner set and the high-art pictures hanging on the wall.

I have several of Mr. Clark's pictures in my home now and they are certainly very, very beautiful pictures. The way they are printed here I cannot begin to show you how beautiful they look in their many splendid colors. These pictures are real works of art, fit for the finest residence, 16 x 20 inches. What is more they come ready to hang on the wall; for every picture is



"NATURE'S GOODIES"—Also free.

finished with a lithograph scroll and facsimile lithograph gold frame, ready for wall, just as received from Mr. Clark.

And I hope that every lady reader of this paper will sign the free coupon and send for Mr. Clark's high-art pictures today.

(Signed)
Editor Home Folks.

Why He Stopped Drinking

BY A. W. KOENIG.

A ROUGH-LOOKING red-faced man under the influence of liquor, sat in the rear room of a down-town saloon with several other men playing cards, being almost insensible as to what was going on around him.

On this particular evening he was losing heavily and became noisy and ugly. The proprietor had spoken to him; he was attracting a crowd, everyone expecting a quarrel at any moment; however, they were disappointed as the man became drowsy and fell asleep.

After his companions had won all of his money they departed, leaving him sitting there in a drunken stupor. The proprietor did not disturb him, allowing him to sleep where his companions had left him.

All was quiet in and around the saloon for about an hour, when suddenly a great deal of commotion was heard outside and a large crowd had collected in front of the saloon. A man was seen coming toward the door with a small boy in his arms, apparently lifeless. A handsome child with light curly hair and fair complexion; he was poorly clad and poorly nourished and without shoes or stockings. His mother had sent him out to find his father, as the baby had been taken sick quite suddenly during

the evening. The boy had first stopped at the doctor's, and while crossing the street was knocked down and run over by an automobile and instantly killed.

When the father awoke from his drunken stupor, he was so dazed from the sight that he beheld, that for a few moments he appeared speechless. After recovering, he started for his home to inform his wife of the sad news; but on arriving at the door of his home he was met by her and led to the little room, where he beheld the lifeless form of his baby girl.

The man was an inveterate drinker, but he loved his babies dearly, and the thought of losing them both in one evening, almost drove him frantic with grief. He made a vow that night never to touch a drop of liquor again, and while he has kept his word ever since, bitter memories pass in sad review.

Wonderful Monogram Dinner Set Offer

This is positively the most wonderful, most liberal and most generous offer ever made on a dinner set or on any other premium.

The Editor of Home Folks certifies that every statement is the truthful, reliable, honest statement of a very large and thoroughly reliable firm.

Just for a few minutes of your spare time—no work and not a bit of canvassing either—you will get this magnificent monogram dinner set absolutely free and, if you write at once, your initial in gold will be engraved and burnt into the china. Remember—everything is absolutely **FREE**

This Elegant Dinner Set is a complete dinner set of 42 beautiful pieces—finest Parisien China, the kind endorsed and used by the most stylish people. Although this superior china costs us a great deal of money, we chose the Parisien China to give away; for we figure that by being very generous and liberal with you and giving you the best right now, we would at once win your friendship and recommendation, and the beautiful dinner set standing on your table and envied by all your neighbors—the best dinner set in town—ought to prove a fine advertisement for our proposition. As you can see from the picture every piece of the Dinner Set is decorated with the modern high art, and besides, if you write at once, every piece (except cups and saucers) with your initial in pure gold free of charge. Read what the editor of *Home Folks* says in the first column of this page. This is no toy or small size dinner set, but everyone of the 42 pieces is regulation full size. The 42 pieces are: Six large size 9-inch plates, six smaller size 7-inch dessert plates, six large size cups, six saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, two large size vegetable dishes, six individual butter dishes, one platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, one gravy bowl. We guarantee that this Parisien China Dinner Set is exactly as represented and exactly as shown in the picture, with rose design in colors, gold initial, and edges traced in gold.

HERE is the Offer: Send no money. Just mail the coupon at the bottom of this page. You will then get 24 famous high-art pictures, richly colored, 16 x 20 inches, complete with facsimile lithographed gold scroll frames, for you to distribute, and two extra pictures for you to keep—a total of 26 pictures. The two extra pictures you hang up in your home. Invite your friends to see your pictures, and whenever a friend calls hand her one of the other 24 pictures at only 25c each. By giving away the 24 pictures at only 25c each you will take in \$6.00. Send us the \$6.00 and we will send you the aristocratic 42-piece monogram dinner set free.

As soon as people see the pictures decorating the walls of your room they will be eager to get a similar picture. But if for any reason you should not succeed, we will pay you for the number of pictures you distributed and besides we want you to keep the two extra pictures anyway, just for having made an honest effort. The art pictures are fully described by the editor in the first column of this page.

Mayor Grosse's wife writes us as follows:

"I received your beautiful monogram dinner set with initial in gold and it is certainly beautiful. The stores here do not carry anything like it. It is so artistic and elegant."

"Our dining room with the new set of dishes looks twice as good as before."

"I want to thank you also for the two extra pictures you allowed me to keep."

"I shall always be glad to recommend you for fairness, promptness and generosity."

Sincerely yours,

MRS. MARTIN W. GROSSE.

Harlem, Ill., October 9, 1906.

Cultured and refined people appreciate the value of this offer. They know that this is no ordinary premium offer. We have thousands of letters like Mrs. Grosse's and when you send us the coupon we will send you our mammoth circular of testimonials and one thousand references.



Dining room of Mayor Grosse, of Harlem, Ill., whose wife earned the beautiful monogram dinner set and also the free pictures. (From photograph by Orville Hart, all rights reserved.)

Free Coupon

GEO. CLARK, Mgr.,

63-69 Washington Street,
Suite 1449, CHICAGO, ILL.

I would like to earn your Monogram Dinner Set. Please send me your art pictures at once, prepaid, as per your offer above.

Name.....

Address.....

Read This—Important!

HERE is the Coupon for you to sign right now.

You need not bother with a letter—just write your name and address plainly on the coupon and mail in an envelope. You will then get by return mail a magnificent colored circular picturing and fully describing our 42-piece Monogram Dinner Set; you will also get the mammoth testimonial sheet and a letter telling you just what to do. At the same time you will also get the pictures so you can distribute them at once.

REMEMBER! Everybody gets two 16x20 inch high-art pictures free anyway, just for making an honest effort.

Sign this coupon and get the wonderfully liberal offer before anybody else gets it in your town. Don't delay—sign the coupon now.

GEO. CLARK, Mgr., 63-69 Washington Street, Suite 1449, CHICAGO, ILL.

(Incorporated in Illinois for \$60,000.00.)